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*Lord Byron  
in an Albanian dress  
from a picture in the possession of Mr. John Murray*

The Works  
OF  
LORD BYRON

A NEW REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

Poetry Vol III

EDITED BY

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE M A,  
F R S L

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## PREFACE TO THE THIRD VOLUME

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THE present volume contains the six metrical tales which were composed within the years 1812 and 1815 the *Hebrew Melodies*, and the minor poems of 1809–1816 With the exception of the first fifteen poems (1809–1811) —*Chansons de Voyage* as they might be called—the volume as a whole was produced on English soil Beginning with the *Giaour* which followed in the wake of *Childe Harold* and shared its triumph and ending with the ill omened *Domestic Pieces* or *Poems of the Separation* the poems which Byron wrote in his own country synchronize with his popularity as a poet by the acclaim and suffrages of his own countrymen His greatest work by which his lasting fame has been established and by which his relative merits as a great poet will be judged in the future, was yet to come, but the work which made his name which is stamped with his sign manual and which has come to be regarded as distinctively and



characteristically Byronic, preceded maturity and achievement.

No poet of his own or other times, not Walter Scott, not Tennyson, not Mr Kipling, was ever in his own lifetime so widely, so amazingly popular. Thousands of copies of the "Tales" of the *Bride of Abydos*, of the *Corsair*, of *Lara*—were sold in a day, and edition followed edition month in and month out. Everywhere men talked about the "noble author" in the capitals of Europe, in literary circles in the United States, in the East Indies. He was "the glass of fashion the observ'd of all observers," the swayer of sentiment, the master and creator of popular emotion. No other English poet before or since has divided men's attention with generals and sea-captains and statesmen, has attracted and fascinated and overcome the world so entirely and potently as Lord Byron.

It was *Childe Harold*, the unfinished, immature *Childe Harold*, and the Turkish and other "Tales," which raised this sudden and deafening storm of applause when the century was young, and now, at its close (I refer, of course, to the Tales, not to Byron's poetry as a whole, which, in spite of the critics, has held and still holds its own), are ignored if not forgotten, passed over if not despised which but few know thoroughly, and "very few" are found to admire or to love. *Ubi lapsus, quid feci?* might the questioning spirit of the author exclaim with regard to his "Haris and Laris, Pilgrims and

Pirates who once held the field and now seem to have gone under in the struggle for poetical existence !

To what, then may we attribute the passing away of interest and enthusiasm ? To the caprice of fashion to an insistence on a more faultless *technique* to a nicer taste in ethical sentiment to a preference for a subtler treatment of loftier themes ? More certainly and more particularly I think to the blurring of outline and the blotting out of detail due to lapse of time and the shifting of the intellectual standpoint

However much the charm of novelty and the contagion of enthusiasm may have contributed to the success of the Turkish and other Tales it is in the last degree improbable that our grandfathers and great grandfathers were enamoured not of a reality but of an illusion born of ignorance or of vulgar bewilderment. They were carried away because they breathed the same atmosphere as the singer and being undistracted by ethical or grammatical or metrical offences they not only read these poems with avidity but understood enough of what they read to be touched by their vitality to realize their verisimilitude

*Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner* Nay more the knowledge the comprehension of essential greatness in art in nature or in man is not to know that there is aught to forgive. But that sufficing knowledge which the reader of average intelligence brings with him for the comprehension and appreciation of contemporary



of memory and observation and wrought them into shape with the ' pen of a ready writer ' They will be once more recognized as works of genius an integral portion of our literary inheritance which has its proper value and will repay a more assiduous and a finer husbandry

I have once more to acknowledge the generous assistance of the officials of the British Museum and more especially, of Mr A G Ellis of the Oriental Printed Books and MSS Department who has afforded me invaluable instruction in the compilation of the notes to the *Giaour* and *Bride of Abydos*

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For many of the ' parallel passages ' from the works of other poets which are to be found in the notes I am indebted to a series of articles by A A Watts in the *Literary Gazette* February and March 1881, and to the notes to the late Professor E Kolbing's *Siege of Corinth*

On behalf of the publisher I beg to acknowledge



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INTRODUCTION TO THE *OCCASIONAL PIECES*  
(*POEMS* 1809-1813 *POEMS* 1814-1816)

THE Poems afterwards entitled 'Occasional Pieces' which were included in the several editions of the Collected Works issued by Murray 1819-1831 numbered fifty seven in all. They may be described as the aggregate of the shorter poems written between the years 1809-1818 which the author thought worthy of a permanent place among his poetical works. Of these the first twenty nine appeared in successive editions of *Childe Harold* (Cantos I II) [viz fourteen in the first edition twenty in the second and twenty nine in the seventh edition] while the thirtieth the *Ode on the Death of Sir Peter Parker* was originally attached to *Hebrew Melodies*. The remaining twenty seven pieces consist of six poems first published in the Second Edition of the *Corsair* 1814 eleven which formed the collection entitled *Poems* 1816 six which were appended to the *Prisoner of Chillon* December 1816 the *Very Mournful Ballad* and the *Sonnet by Vittorelli* which accompanied the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold* 1818 the *Sketch* first included by Murray in his edition of 1819 and the *Ode to Venice* which appeared in the same volume as *Ma eppa*.

Thus matters stood till 1831, when seventy new poems sixty had been published by Moore in *Letters and Journals* 1830 six were republished from Hobhouse's *Imitations and Translations* 1809 and four derived from other sources) were included in a sixth volume of the Collected Works.

In the edition of 1832-35, twenty-four new poems were added, but four which had appeared in *Letters and Journals*, 1830, and in the sixth volume of the edition of 1831 were omitted. In the one-volume edition (first issued in 1837 and still in print), the four short pieces omitted in 1832 once more found a place, and the lines on "John Keats," first published in *Letters and Journals*, and the two stanzas to Lady Caroline Lamb, "Remember thee! remember thee," first printed by Medwin, in the *Conversations of Lord Byron*, 1824, were included in the Collection.

The third volume of the present issue includes all minor poems (with the exception of epigrams and *jeux d'esprit* reserved for the sixth volume) written after Byron's departure for the East in July, 1809, and before he left England for good in April, 1816.

The "Separation" and its consequent exile afforded a pretext and an opportunity for the publication of a crop of spurious verses. Of these *Madame Lavalette* (first published in the *Examiner*, January 21, 1816, under the signature B B, and immediately preceding a genuine sonnet by Wordsworth, "How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright!") and *Oh Shame to thee, Land of the Gaul!* included by Hone, in *Poems on his Domestic Circumstances*, 1816, and *Farewell to England, Ode to the Isle of St Helena, To the Lily of France, On the Morning of my Daughter's Birth*, published by J. Johnston, 1816, were repudiated by Byron, in a letter to Murray, dated July 22, 1816. A longer poem entitled *The Tempest*, which was attached to the spurious *Pilgrimage to the Holy Land*, published by Johnston, "the Cheapside impostor," in 1817, was also denounced by Byron as a forgery in a letter to Murray, dated December 16, 1816.

The *Triumph of the Whale*, by Charles Lamb, and the *Enigma on the Letter H*, by Harriet Fanshawe, were often included in piratical editions of Byron's *Poetical Works*. Other attributed poems which found their way into newspapers and foreign editions, viz (i) *To my dear Mary Anne*, 1804, "Adieu to sweet Mary for ever," and (ii) *To Miss Chaworth*, "Oh, memory, torture me no more," 1804, published in *Works of Lord Byron*, Paris, 1828, (iii) lines written *In the Bible*, "Within this awful volume lies," quoted

in *Life Writings Opinions etc* 1825 iii 414 (iv) lines addressed to (?) George Anson Byron "And dost thou ask the reason of my sadness?" *Nicnac* March 29 1823 (v) *To Lady Caroline Lamb* "And sayst thou that I have not felt" published in *Works, etc* 1828 (vi) lines *To her who can best understand them* "Be it so we part for ever" published in the *Works of Lord Byron In Verse and Prose* Hartford 1847 (vii) *Lines found in the Travellers' Book at Chamouni* "How many numbered are how few agreed!" published *Works etc* 1828 and (viii) a second copy of verses with the same title "All hail Mont Blanc! Mont au Vert hail!" *Life Writings etc* 1825 ii 384 (ix) *Lines addressed by Lord Byron to Mr Hobhouse on his Election for Westminster* "Would you get to the house by the true gate?" *Works etc* 1828 and (x) *Enigma on the Letter I* "I am not in youth nor in manhood nor age" *Works etc* Paris p 70 together with sundry epigrams must failing the production of the original MSS be accounted forgeries or perhaps in one or two instances of doubtful authenticity

The following poems *On the Quotation 'And my true faith etc [Love and Gold]* *Julian [a Fragment]* and *On the Death of the Duke of Dorset* are now published for the first time from MSS in the possession of Mr John Murray





# POEMS 1809—1813

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## THE GIRL OF CADIZ <sup>1</sup>

### I

OH never talk again to me  
Of northern climes and British ladies  
It has not been your lot to see <sup>1</sup>  
Like me the lovely Girl of Cadiz  
Although her eye be not of blue,  
Nor fair her locks like English lasses  
How far its own expressive hue  
The languid azure eye surpasses <sup>1</sup>

### 2

Prometheus like from heaven she stole  
The fire that through those silken tresses  
In darkest glances seems to roll  
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes

<sup>1</sup> *For thou hast ne'er liv'd to see* —[MS *M* erased]

<sup>1</sup> [These stanzas were inserted in the first draft of the First Canto of *Childe Harold* after the eighty sixth stanza. The struggle against the Demon's sway (see stanza lxxxiv) had apparently resulted in victory for the unpremeditated lay poured forth at the time betrays the youth and high spirits of the singer. But the inconsistency was detected in time and the lines *To thee* dated January 25 1810 with their touches of dreariest sadness were substituted for the simple and cheerful strains of *The Girl of Cadiz* (see *Poetical Works* 1899 ii 75 note 1 *Life* p 151)]

And as along her bosom steal  
 In lengthened flow her raven tresses,  
 You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,  
 And curled to give her neck caresses

## 3.

Our English maids are long to woo,<sup>1</sup> 1  
 And frigid even in possession,  
 And if their charms be fair to view,  
 Their lips are slow at Love's confession,  
 But, born beneath a brighter sun,  
 For love ordained the Spanish maid is,  
 And who, when fondly, fairly won,  
 Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?

## 4

The Spanish maid is no coquette,  
 Nor joys to see a lover tremble,  
 And if she love, or if she hate,  
 Alike she knows not to dissemble  
 Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold  
 Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely,  
 And, though it will not bend to gold,  
 'Twill love you long and love you dearly

## 5

The Spanish girl that meets your love  
 Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,  
 For every thought is bent to prove  
 Her passion in the hour of trial

1 *The Saxon maids* —[MS M]

1 [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto I stanza lxxiii lines 8, 9,  
*Poetical Works*, 1899, II 59, note 1]

When thronging foemen menace Spain  
 She dares the deed and shares the danger,  
 And should her lover press the plain,  
 She hurls the spear, her love's avenger

## 6

And when beneath the evening star,  
 She mingles in the gay Bolero <sup>1</sup>  
 Or sings to her attuned guitar  
 Of Christian knight or Moorish hero  
 Or counts her beads with fairy hand  
 Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,<sup>2</sup>  
 Or joins Devotion's choral band  
 To chaunt the sweet and hallowed vesper,—

## 7

In each her charms the heart must move  
 Of all who venture to behold her  
 Then let not maids less fair reprove  
 Because her bosom is not colder  
 Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam  
 Where many a soft and melting maid is  
 But none abroad and few at home  
 May match the dark eyed Girl of Cadiz <sup>11</sup>

1809  
 [First published 1832]

<sup>1</sup> *Or tells with light and fairy hand  
 Her beads beneath the rays of Hesper* —[MS *M* erased]

<sup>11</sup> — *the lovely Girl of Cadiz* —[MS *M*]

<sup>1</sup> [For Bolero see *Poetical Works* 1898 : 49 note 1]

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM, AT MALTA<sup>1</sup>

## I

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone  
 Some *name* arrests the passer-by,  
 Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,  
 May *mine* attract thy pensive eye<sup>1</sup>

- 1 *Written in an Album* — [Editions 1812-1831]  
*Written in Mrs Spencer S's* — [MS M erased]  
*Written at the request of a lady in her memorandum book* —  
 [MS B M "Mrs S S's request" — Erased MS B M]

1 [The possessor of the album was, doubtless, Mrs Spencer Smith, the "Lady" of the lines *To Florence*, "the sweet Florence" of the *Stanzas composed during a Thunderstorm*, and of the *Stanzas written in passing through the Ambracian Gulf*, and, finally, when "The Spell is broke, the Charm is flown," the "fair Florence" of stanzas xxxii, xxxiii of the Second Canto of *Childe Harold*. In a letter to his mother, dated September 15, 1809, Byron writes, "This letter is committed to the charge of a very extraordinary woman, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs Spencer Smith, of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago (*Travels in the Year 1806, from Italy to England through the Tyrol, etc*, containing the particulars of the liberation of Mrs Spencer Smith from the hands of the French Police. London 12mo, 1807). She has since been shipwrecked, and her life has been from its commencement so fertile in remarkable incidents, that in a romance they would appear improbable. She was born at Constantinople [*circa* 1785], where her father, Baron Herbert, was Austrian Ambassador, married unhappily, yet has never been impeached in point of character, excited the vengeance of Buonaparte by a part in some conspiracy, several times risked her life, and is not yet twenty-five."

John Spencer Smith, the "Lady's" husband, was a younger brother of Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, the hero of the siege of Acre. He began life as a Page of Honour to Queen Charlotte, was, afterwards, attached to the Turkish Embassy, and (May 4, 1798) appointed Minister Plenipotentiary. On January 5, 1799, he concluded the treaty of defensive alliance with the Porte, and, October 30, 1799, obtained the freedom of the Black Sea for the English flag (see *Remains of the late John Tweddell*. London 1815. See, too, for Mrs Spencer Smith, *Letters*, 1898, i 244, 245, note 1.)]

## 2

And when by thee that name is read  
 Perchance in some succeeding year  
 Reflect on *me* as on the *dead*  
 And think my *Heart* is buried *here*

Malta *September 14* 1809  
 [First published *Childe Harold* 1812 (410) ]

TO FLORENCE <sup>1</sup>

## 1

OH Lady ! when I left the shore  
 The distant shore which gave me birth  
 I hardly thought to grieve once more  
 To quit another spot on earth

## 2

Yet here amidst this barren isle  
 Where panting Nature droops the head  
 Where only thou art seen to smile  
 I view my parting hour with dread

## 3

Though far from Albin's craggy shore  
 Divided by the dark blue main  
 A few, brief rolling seasons o'er  
 Perchance I view her cliffs again

## 4

But wheresoe'er I now may roam  
 Through scorching clime and varied sea  
 Though Time restore me to my home  
 I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee

1 To — — [Editions 1811-1832]

## 5.

On thee, in whom at once conspire  
 All charms which heedless hearts can move,  
 Whom but to see is to admire,  
 And, oh ! forgive the word to love

## 6

Forgive the word, in one who ne'er  
 With such a word can more offend ,  
 And since thy heart I cannot share,  
 Believe me, what I am, thy friend

## 7

And who so cold as look on thee,  
 Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less?  
 Nor be, what man should ever be,  
 The friend of Beauty in distress?

## 8

Ah ! who would think that form had past  
 Through Danger's most destructive path,<sup>1</sup>  
 Had braved the death-winged tempest's blast,  
 And 'scaped a Tyrant's fiercer wrath?

## 9

Lady ! when I shall view the walls  
 Where free Byzantium once arose,  
 And Stamboul's Oriental halls  
 The Turkish tyrants now enclose,

<sup>1</sup> *Through giant Danger's rugged path* —[MS M]

## 10

Though mightiest in the lists of fame  
 That glorious city still shall be,  
 On me twill hold a dearer claim  
 As spot of thy nativity

## 11

And though I bid thee now farewell,  
 When I behold that wondrous scene—  
 Since where thou art I may not dwell—  
 Twill soothe to be where thou hast been

*September 1809*

[First published *Childe Harold* 181 (410)]

STANZAS COMPOSED DURING A THUNDER  
STORM<sup>1</sup>

## I

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast  
 Where Pindus mountains rise

1 *Stanzas*—[1812]

1 Composed Oct 11 1809 during the night in a thunderstorm when the guides had lost the road to Zitzza, near the range of mountains formerly called Pindus in Albania [Editions 1812-1831]

[This thunderstorm occurred during the night of the 11th October 1809 when Lord Byron's guides had lost the road to Zitzza near the range of mountains formerly called Pindus in Albania. Hobhouse who had ridden on before the rest of the party and arrived at Zitzza just as the evening set in describes the thunder as rolling without intermission—the echoes of one peal had not ceased to roll in the mountains before another tremendous crash burst over our heads whilst the plains and the distant hills visible through the cracks in the cabin appeared in a perpetual blaze. The tempest was altogether terrific and worthy of the Grecian Jove. Lord Byron with the priest and the servants did not enter our hut before three (in the morning). I now learnt from him that they had lost their way



And angry clouds are pouring fast  
The vengeance of the skies.

## 2

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,  
And lightnings, as they play,  
But show where rocks our path have crost,  
Or gild the torrent's spray

## 3

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?  
When lightning broke the gloom  
How welcome were its shade! ah, no!  
'Tis but a Turkish tomb

## 4

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,  
I hear a voice exclaim  
My way-worn countryman, who calls  
On distant England's name

## 5

A shot is fired by foe or friend?  
Another—'tis to tell  
The mountain-peasants to descend,  
And lead us where they dwell

## 6

Oh! who in such a night will dare  
To tempt the wilderness?

and that after wandering up and down in total ignorance of their position, had, at last, stopped near some Turkish tombstones and a torrent, which they saw by the flashes of lightning. They had been thus exposed for nine hours. It was long before we ceased to talk of the thunderstorm in the plain of Zitza"—*Travels in Albania*, 1858, i 70, 72, *Childe Harold*, Canto II stanza xlviii, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii 129, note 1 ]

And who mid thunder peals can hear  
Our signal of distress ?

## 7

And who that heard our shouts would rise  
To try the dubious road ?  
Nor rather deem from nightly cries  
That outlaws were abroad

## 8

Clouds burst skies flash oh dreadful hour !  
More fiercely pours the storm !  
Yet here one thought has still the power  
To keep my bosom warm

## 9

While wandering through each broken path  
O'er brake and craggy brow  
While elements exhaust their wrath  
Sweet Florence where art thou ?

## 10

Not on the sea not on the sea—  
Thy bark hath long been gone  
Oh may the storm that pours on me  
Bow down my head alone !

## 11

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc  
When last I pressed thy lip  
And long ere now with foaming shock  
Impelled thy gallant ship

## 12

Now thou art safe ; nay, long ere now  
Hast trod the shore of Spain ,  
'Twere hard if aught so fair as thou  
Should linger on the main

## 13

And since I now remember thee  
In darkness and in dread,  
As in those hours of revelry  
Which Mirth and Music sped ,

## 14

Do thou, amid the fair white walls,  
If Cadiz yet be free,  
At times from out her latticed halls  
Look o'er the dark blue sea ,

## 15

Then think upon Calypso's isles,  
Endeared by days gone by ,  
To others give a thousand smiles,  
To me a single sigh

## 16

And when the admiring circle mark  
The paleness of thy face,  
A half-formed tear, a transient spark  
Of melancholy grace,

## 17

Again thou'lt smile, and blushing shun  
Some coxcomb's raillery ,  
Nor own for once thou thought'st on one,  
Who ever thinks on thee.

## 18

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,  
 When severed hearts repine,  
 My spirit flies o'er Mount and Main  
 And mourns in search of *thine*

October 11 1809

[*MS M* First published *Childe Harold* 1812 (4to) ]

STANZAS WRITTEN IN PASSING THE  
AMBRACIAN GULF<sup>1</sup>

## 1

THROUGH cloudless skies in silvery sheen  
 Full beams the moon on Actium's coast  
 And on these waves for Egypt's queen  
 The ancient world was won and lost

## 2

And now upon the scene I look  
 The azure grave of many a Roman,  
 Where stern Ambition once forsook  
 His wavering crown to follow *Woman*

## 3

Florence<sup>1</sup> whom I will love as well  
 (As ever yet was said or sung  
 Since Orpheus sang his spouse from Hell)  
 Whilst *thou* art *fair* and *I* am *young*

## 4

Sweet Florence<sup>1</sup> those were pleasant times  
 When worlds were staked for Ladies' eyes

<sup>1</sup> *Stan as* — [1812]

Had bards as many realms as rhymes,<sup>i</sup>  
 Thy charms might raise new Antonies "

## 5

Though Fate forbids such things to be,<sup>iii</sup>  
 Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curled<sup>i</sup>  
 I cannot *lose* a *world* for thee,  
 But would not lose *thee* for a *World*<sup>1</sup>

November 14, 1809

[MS M First published, *Childs Harold*, 1812 (410) ]

# THE SPELL IS BROKE, THE CHARM IS FLOWN<sup>1</sup>"

WRITTEN AT ATHENS, JANUARY 16, 1810

THE spell is broke, the charm is flown<sup>i</sup>  
 Thus is it with Life's fitful fever  
 We madly smile when we should groan,  
 Delirium is our best deceiver  
 Each lucid interval of thought  
 Recalls the woes of Nature's charter,  
 And *He* that acts as *wise men ought*,  
 But *lives* as Saints have died a martyr

[MS M First published, *Childs Harold*, 1812 (410) ]

<sup>i</sup> *Had Bards but realms along with rhymes* —[MS M]

<sup>ii</sup> *Again we'd see some Antonies* —[MS M]

<sup>iii</sup> *Though Jove* —[MS M]

<sup>iv</sup> *Written at Athens* —[1812]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare [*A Woman's Hair*] stanza 1, line 4, "I would not lose you for a world"—*Poetical Works*, 1898, 1 233 ]

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS  
TO ABYDOS<sup>1</sup>

I

IF in the month of dark December  
Leander, who was nightly wont  
(What maid will not the tale remember?)  
To cross thy stream broad Hellespont<sup>1</sup>

I On the 3rd of May 1810 while the *Salsette* (Captain Bathurst) was lying in the Dardanelles Lieutenant Ekenhead of that frigate and the writer of these rhymes swam from the European shore to the Asiatic—by the by from Abydos to Sestos would have been more correct The whole distance from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side including the length we were carried by the current was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles though the actual breadth is barely one The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can row directly across and it may in some measure be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five and by the other in an hour and ten minutes The water was extremely cold from the melting of the mountain snows About three weeks before in April we had made an attempt but having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning and the water being of an icy chillness we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles when we swam the straits as just stated entering a considerable way above the European and landing below the Asiatic fort [Le] Chevalier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress and Olivier mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan but our consul Tarragona, remembered neither of these circumstances and tried to dissuade us from the attempt A number of the *Salsette's* crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance and the only thing that surprised me was that as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability [See letter to Drury dated May 3 to his mother May 24 1810 etc (*Letters* 1898 i 262 275)] Compare the well known lines in *Don Juan* Canto II stanza cv —

A better swimmer you could scarce see ever  
He could perhaps have passed the Hellespont  
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)  
Leander Mr Ekenhead and I did

Compare too *Childe Harold* Canto IV stanza clxxxiv line 3 and the *Bride of Abydos* Canto II stanza 1 *Poetical Works* 1899 ii 461 note 2 et post p 178 ]

## 2

If, when the wintry tempest roared,  
 He sped to Hero, nothing loth,  
 And thus of old thy current poured,  
 Fair Venus ! how I pity both !

## 3.

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,  
 Though in the genial month of May,  
 My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,  
 And think I've done a feat to-day

## 4

But since he crossed the rapid tide,  
 According to the doubtful story,  
 To woo, and Lord knows what beside,  
 And swam for Love, as I for Glory ,

## 5

'Twere hard to say who fared the best  
 Sad mortals ! thus the Gods still plague you !  
 He lost his labour, I my jest .  
 For he was drowned, and I've the ague !

May 9, 1810

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to) ]

1 [Hobhouse, who records the first attempt to cross the Hellespont, on April 16, and the successful achievement of the feat, May 3, 1810, adds the following note "In my journal, in my friend's handwriting 'The whole distance E and myself swam was more than four miles—the current very strong and cold—some large fish near us when half across—we were not fatigued, but a little chilled—did it with little difficulty—May, 6, 1810 Byron'"—*Travels in Albania*, 11 195 ]

# LINES IN THE TRAVELLERS BOOK AT ORCHOMENUS <sup>1</sup>

IN THIS BOOK A TRAVELLER HAD WRITTEN —

'FAIR Albion smiling sees her son depart  
To trace the birth and nursery of art  
Noble his object glorious is his aim  
He comes to Athens, and he—writes his name

BENEATH WHICH LORD BYRON INSERTED THE  
FOLLOWING —

THE modest bard, like many a bard unknown  
Rhymes on our names but wisely hides his own  
But yet whoever he be to say no worse  
His name would bring more credit than his verse

1810

[First published *Life* 1830]

# MAID OF ATHENS ERE WE PART <sup>1</sup>

Ζωή μου σὺς ἀγαπῶ

I

MAID of Athens <sup>2</sup> ere we part  
Give oh give me back my heart!

1 Song —[181 ]

1 [ At Orchomenus where stood the Temple of the Graces I was tempted to exclaim Whither have the Graces fled? Little did I expect to find them here Yet here comes one of them with golden cups and coffee and another with a book The book is a register of names Among these is Lord Byron's connected with some lines which I shall send you Fair Albion etc (See *Travels in Italy Greece etc* by H W Williams, ii 290 -91 *Life* p 101 )]

2 [The Maid of Athens was, it is supposed the eldest of three sisters daughters of Theodora Macri the widow of a former English



Or, since that has left my breast,  
 Keep it now, and take the rest '  
 Heal my vow before I go,  
 Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.<sup>1</sup>

## 2

By those tresses unconfined,  
 Wooed by each Ægean wind ,

vice-consul. Byron and Hobhouse lodged at her house. The sisters were sought out and described by the artist, Hugh W. Williams, who visited Athens in May, 1817. "Theresa, the Maid of Athens, Catinco, and Mariana, are of middle stature. The two eldest have black, or dark hair and eyes, their visage oval, and complexion somewhat pale, with teeth of pearly whiteness. Their cheeks are rounded, their noses straight, rather inclined to aquiline. The youngest, Mariana, is very fair, her face not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters', whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be said to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant, and their manners pleasing and lady-like, such as would be fascinating in any country. They possess very considerable powers of conversation, and their minds seem to be more instructed than those of the Greek women in general"—*Travels in Italy, Greece, etc.*, ii 291, 292.

Other travellers, Hughes, who visited Athens in 1813, and Walsh (*Narrative of a Resident in Constantinople*, i 122), who saw Theresa in 1821, found her charming and interesting, but speak of her beauty as a thing of the past. "She married an Englishman named Black, employed in H M Consul's Service at Mesolonghi. She survived her husband and fell into great poverty." Theresa Black died October 15, 1875, aged 80 years" (See *Letters*, 1898, i 269, 270, note 1, and *Life*, p 105, note).

"Maid of Athens" is possibly the best-known of Byron's short poems, all over the English-speaking world. This is no doubt due in part to its having been set to music by about half a dozen composers—the latest of whom was Gounod.]

1 Roman expression of tenderness. If I translate it, I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I supposed they could not, and if I do not, I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconstruction on the part of the latter, I shall do so, begging pardon of the learned. It means, "My life, I love you!" which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day as, Juvenal tells us, the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenised. [The reference is to the Ζωή καὶ Ψυχὴ of Roman courtesans. Vide Juvenal, lib ii, *Sat* vi line 195, Martial, *Epig* x 68. 5.]

By those lids whose jetty fringe  
 Kiss thy soft cheeks blooming tinge,  
 By those wild eyes like the roe  
*Ζωή μου, σὰς ἑγάρῳ*

## 3

By that lip I long to taste,  
 By that zone-encircled waist  
 By all the token flowers<sup>1</sup> that tell  
 What words can never speak so well  
 By love's alternate joy and woe  
*Ζωή μου, σὰς ἑγάρῳ*

## 4

Maid of Athens! I am gone  
 Think of me, sweet! when alone  
 Though I fly to Istambol  
 Athens holds my heart and soul  
 Can I cease to love thee? No!  
*Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαθῷ*

*Athens 1810*

[First published *Childs Harold* 1812 (410)]

1 In the East (where ladies are not taught to write lest they should scribble assignations) flowers cinders pebbles etc convey the sentiments of the parties by that universal deputy of Mercury—the old woman A cinder says I burn for thee a bunch of flowers tied with hair Take me and fly but a pebble declares—what nothing else can [Compare *The Bride of Abydos* line 95—

What I not receive my foolish flower<sup>2</sup>

See too Medwin's story of one of the principal incidents in *The Giaour* I was in despair and could hardly contrive to get a cinder or a token flower sent to express it —*Conversations of Lord Byron* 1824 p 12 ]

2 Constantinople [Compare—

Tho I am parted yet my mind  
 That's more than self still stays behind

*Poems* by Thomas Carew ed 1640 p 36 ]

FRAGMENT FROM THE "MONK OF ATHOS"<sup>1</sup>

## I

BESIDE the confines of the Ægean main,  
Where northward Macedonia bounds the flood,  
And views opposed the Asiatic plain,  
Where once the pride of lofty Ilion stood,  
Like the great Father of the giant brood,  
With lowering port majestic Athos stands,  
Crowned with the verdure of eternal wood,  
As yet unspoiled by sacrilegious hands,  
And throws his mighty shade o'er seas and distant  
lands

## 2

And deep embosomed in his shady groves  
Full many a convent rears its glittering spire,  
Mid scenes where Heavenly Contemplation loves  
To kindle in her soul her hallowed fire,  
Where air and sea with rocks and woods conspire  
To breathe a sweet religious calm around,  
Weaning the thoughts from every low desire,  
And the wild waves that break with murmuring sound  
Along the rocky shore proclaim it holy ground

## 3

Sequestered shades where Piety has given  
A quiet refuge from each earthly care,

<sup>1</sup> [Given to the Hon Roden Noel by S McCalmont Hill, who inherited it from his great-grandfather, Robert Dallas No date or occasion of the piece has been recorded — *Life of Lord Byron*, 1890, p 5 ]

Whence the rapt spirit may ascend to Heaven !

Oh ye condemned the ills of life to bear !

As with advancing age your woes increase

What bliss amidst these solitudes to share

The happy foretaste of eternal Peace,

Till Heaven in mercy bids your pain and sorrows cease.

[First published in the *Life of Lord Byron* by the  
Hon Roden Noel London 1890 pp 206 207]

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE<sup>1</sup>

I

DEAR object of defeated care !

Though now of Love and thee bereft

To reconcile me with despair

Thine image and my tears are left.

~

Tis said with Sorrow Time can cope

But this I feel can ne'er be true

For by the death blow of my Hope

My Memory immortal grew

*Atleis January 1811*

[First published *Childe Harold* 1812 (4to)]

1 [These lines are copied from a leaf of the original MS of the Second Canto of *Childe Harold*. They are headed "Lines written beneath the Picture of J U D".

In a curious work of doubtful authority entitled *The Life Writings Opinions and Times of the Right Hon G G Noel Byron* London 1825 (iii 123-132) there is a long and circumstantial narrative of a defeated attempt of Byron's to rescue a Georgian girl whom he had bought in the slave market for 800 piastres from a life of shame and degradation. It is improbable that these verses suggested the story and on the other hand the story if true does afford some clue to the verses.]

# TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR SONG,

“ Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων ”<sup>1</sup>

Sons of the Greeks, arise !  
The glorious hour's gone forth,  
And, worthy of such ties,  
Display who gave us birth

## CHORUS

Sons of Greeks ! let us go  
In arms against the foe,  
Till their hated blood shall flow  
In a river past our feet

Then manfully despising  
The Turkish tyrant's yoke,

<sup>1</sup> The song Δεῦτε παῖδες, etc., was written by Riga, who perished in the attempt to revolutionize Greece. This translation is as literal as the author could make it in verse. It is of the same measure as that of the original. [For the original, see *Poetical Works*, 1891, Appendix, p. 792. For Constantine Rhigas, see *Poetical Works*, 1899, II 199, note 2. Hobhouse (*Travels in Albania*, 1858, II 3) prints a version (Byron told Murray that it was “well enough,” *Letters*, 1899, III 13) of Δεῦτε παῖδες, of his own composition. He explains in a footnote that the metre is “a mixed trochaic, except the chorus.” “This song,” he adds, “the chorus particularly, is sung to a tune very nearly the same as the Marseillois Hymn. Strangely enough, Lord Byron, in his translation, has entirely mistaken the metre.” The first stanza runs as follows —

“Greeks arise ! the day of glory  
Comes at last your swords to claim  
Let us all in future story  
Rival our forefathers' fame  
Underfoot the yoke of tyrants  
Let us now indignant trample,  
Mindful of the great example,  
And avenge our country's shame ”]

Let your country see you rising  
 And all her chains are broke  
 Brave shades of chiefs and sages,  
 Behold the coming strife !  
 Hellènes of past ages  
 Oh, start again to life !  
 At the sound of my trumpet breaking  
 Your sleep oh join with me !  
 And the seven hilled city ! seeking  
 Fight conquer till we re free  
 Sons of Greeks etc

Sparta, Sparta why in slumbers  
 Lethargic dost thou lie ?  
 Awake, and join thy numbers  
 With Athens old ally !  
 Leonidas recalling  
 That chief of ancient song  
 Who saved ye once from falling  
 The terrible ! the strong !  
 Who made that bold diversion  
 In old Thermopylæ  
 And warring with the Persian  
 To keep his country free  
 With his three hundred waging  
 The battle long he stood  
 And like a lion raging  
 Expired in seas of blood  
 Sons of Greeks etc

[First published *Ci lde Harold* 1812 (4to) ]

## TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG,

“Μπένω μεσ’ τὸ περιβόλι,  
 ‘Ωραιστᾶτῃ Χαηδή,” κ τ λ <sup>1</sup>

I ENTER thy garden of roses,  
 Belovéd and fair Haidée,  
 Each morning where Flora reposes,  
 For surely I see her in thee.  
 Oh, Lovely ! thus low I implore thee,  
 Receive this fond truth from my tongue,  
 Which utters its song to adore thee,  
 Yet trembles for what it has sung ,  
 As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,  
 Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,  
 Through her eyes, through her every feature,  
 Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful  
 When Love has abandoned the bowers ,  
 Bring me hemlock since mine is ungrateful,  
 That herb is more fragrant than flowers  
 The poison, when poured from the chalice,  
 Will deeply embitter the bowl ,  
 But when drunk to escape from thy malice,  
 The draught shall be sweet to my soul  
 Too cruel ! in vain I implore thee  
 My heart from these horrors to save  
 Will nought to my bosom restore thee ?  
 Then open the gates of the grave

<sup>1</sup> The song from which this is taken is a great favourite with the young girls of Athens of all classes Their manner of singing it is by verses in rotation, the whole number present joining in the chorus I have heard it frequently at our “*χόροι*” in the winter of 1810-11 The air is plaintive and pretty

As the chief who to combat advances  
 Secure of his conquest before  
 Thus thou with those eyes for thy lances  
 Hast pierced through my heart to its core  
 Ah tell me my soul ! must I perish  
 By pangs which a smile would dispel ?  
 Would the hope which thou once hadst me cherish,  
 For torture repay me too well ?  
 Now sad is the garden of roses  
 Beloved but false Haidée !  
 There Flora all withered reposes  
 And mourns o'er thine absence with me

1811

[First published *Childe Harold* 1811. (4to) ]

## ON PARTING

## I

THE kiss dear maid ! thy lip has left  
 Shall never part from mine  
 Till happier hours restore the gift  
 Untainted back to thine

## 2

Thy parting glance which fondly beams  
 An equal love may see <sup>1</sup>  
 The tear that from thine eyelid streams  
 Can weep no change in me

## 3

I ask no pledge to make me blest  
 In gazing when alone <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Has bound my soul to thee* —[MS M]<sup>11</sup> *When wandering forth alone* —[MS M]



Nor one memorial for a breast,  
Whose thoughts are all thine own

## 4.

Nor need I write to tell the tale  
My pen were doubly weak  
Oh ! what can idle words avail,<sup>1</sup>  
Unless the heart could speak ?

## 5.

By day or night, in weal or woe,  
That heart, no longer free,  
Must bear the love it cannot show,  
And silent ache for thee

March, 1811

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to) ]

FAREWELL TO MALTA.<sup>1</sup>

ADIEU, ye joys of La Valette !  
Adieu, Sirocco, sun, and sweat !  
Adieu, thou palace rarely entered !  
Adieu, ye mansions where I've ventured !  
Adieu, ye curséd streets of stairs !<sup>2</sup>  
(How surely he who mounts them swears !)  
Adieu, ye merchants often failing !  
Adieu, thou mob for ever railing !

<sup>1</sup> *Oh ! what can tongue or pen avail  
Unless my heart could speak* —[MS M]

<sup>1</sup> [These lines, which are undoubtedly genuine, were published for the first time in the sixth edition of *Poems on his Domestic Circumstances* (W Hone, 1816) They were first included by Murray in the collected *Poetical Works*, in vol. xvii, 1832 ]

<sup>2</sup> [“The principal streets of the city of Valetta are flights of stairs”—*Gazettier of the World* ]

Adieu, ye packets—without letters !  
 Adieu, ye fools—who ape your betters ! 10  
 Adieu thou damned st quarantine  
 That gave me fever, and the spleen !  
 Adieu that stage which makes us yawn, Sirs  
 Adieu his Excellency's dancers !<sup>1</sup>  
 Adieu to Peter—whom no faults in  
 But could not teach a colonel waltzing,  
 Adieu ye females fraught with graces !  
 Adieu red coats, and redder faces !  
 Adieu the supercilious air  
 Of all that strut *en militaire* !<sup>2</sup> 20  
 I go—but God knows when or why  
 To smoky towns and cloudy sky  
 To things (the honest truth to say)  
 As bad—but in a different way

Farewell to these but not adieu  
 Triumphant sons of truest blue !  
 While either Adriatic shore<sup>3</sup>  
 And fallen chiefs and fleets no more

1 [Major General Hildebrand Oakes (1754-1824) succeeded Admiral Sir Richard Goodwin Keates as his Majesty's commissioner for the affairs of Malta April 7 1810. There was an outbreak of plague during his tenure of office (1810-13) — *Annual Register* 1810 p 320 *Diet Nat Biog* art Oakes.]

2 [Lord Byron was once *rather near* fighting a duel—and that was with an officer of the staff of General Oakes at Malta (1809) — *Westminster Review* January 1825 iii 21 (by J C Hobhouse). (See too *Life* (First Edition 1830 4to) i 202 2)]

3 [On March 13 1811 Captain (Sir William) Hoste (1780-1828) defeated a combined French and Italian squadron off the island of Lissa on the Dalmatian coast. The French commodore's ship *La Frivole* was burnt himself (Dubourdieu) being killed. The four victorious frigates with their prizes arrived at Malta, March 31 when the garrison ran out unarmed to receive and hail them. The *Voyage* in which Byron returned to England took part in the engagement. Captain Hoste had taken a prize off Fiume in the preceding year — *Annual Register* 1811 *Memoirs and Letters of Sir W Hoste* ii 79.]

And nightly smiles, and daily dinner,<sup>1</sup>  
 Proclaim you war and women's winners 30  
 Pardon my Muse, who apt to prate is,  
 And take my rhyme—because 'tis "gratis."

And now I've got to Mrs. Fraser,<sup>2</sup>  
 Perhaps you think I mean to praise her  
 And were I vain enough to think  
 My praise was worth this drop of ink,  
 A line—or two—were no hard matter,  
 As here, indeed, I need not flatter  
 But she must be content to shine  
 In better praises than in mine, 40  
 With lively air, and open heart,  
 And fashion's ease, without its art,  
 Her hours can gaily glide along  
 Nor ask the aid of idle song.

And now, O Malta! since thou'st got us,  
 Thou little military hot-house!  
 I'll not offend with words uncivil,  
 And wish thee rudely at the Devil,  
 But only stare from out my casement,  
 And ask, "for what is such a place meant?" 50  
 Then, in my solitary nook,  
 Return to scribbling, or a book,

1 ["We have had balls and fêtes given us by all classes here, and it is impossible to convey to you the sensation our success has given rise to"—*Memoirs and Letters of Sir W. Hoste*, II 82]

2 [Mrs (Susan) Fraser published, in 1809, "*Camilla de Florian* (the scene is laid in Valetta) and *Other Poems* By an Officer's Wife" Byron was, no doubt, struck by her admiration for Macpherson's *Ossian*, and had read with interest her version of "The Address to the Sun," in *Carthou*, p. 31 (see *Poetical Works*, 1898, I 229) He may, too, have regarded with favour some stanzas in honour of the *Bolero* (p. 82), which begin, "When, my Love, supremely *laying*"]

Or take my physic while I m able  
 (Two spoonfuls hourly, by this label)  
 Prefer my nightcap to my beaver,  
 And bless my stars I ve got a fever

*May 26 1811*<sup>1</sup>

[First published 1816]

## NEWSTEAD ABBEY

### 1

In the dome of my Sires as the clear moonbeam falls  
 Through Silence and Shade o'er its desolate walls,  
 It shines from afar like the glories of old,  
 It gilds but it warms not—tis dazzling but cold

### 2

Let the Sunbeam be bright for the younger of days  
 'Tis the light that should shine on a race that decays  
 When the Stars are on high and the dew on the ground  
 And the long shadow lingers the ruin around

### 3

And the step that o erechoes the gray floor of stone  
 Falls sullenly now for tis only my own,  
 And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth,  
 And empty the goblet and dreary the hearth

### 4

And vain was each effort to raise and recall  
 The brightness of old to illumine our Hall,  
 And vain was the hope to avert our decline  
 And the fate of my fathers had faded to mine

<sup>1</sup> [Byron left Malta for England June 13 1811 (See Letter to H Drury July 17 1811 *Letters* 1898 i 318)]

## 5

And theirs was the wealth and the fulness of Fame,  
 And mine to inherit too haughty a name, '  
 And theirs were the times and the triumphs of yore,  
 And mine to regret, but renew them no more

## 6

And Ruin is fixed on my tower and my wall,  
 Too hoary to fade, and too massy to fall,  
 It tells not of Time's or the tempest's decay,"  
 But the wreck of the line that have held it in sway

*August 26, 1811*

[First published in *Memoir* of Rev F Hodgson, 1878, 1 187 ]

## EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,<sup>1</sup>

IN ANSWER TO SOME LINES EXHORTING THE AUTHOR  
 TO BE CHEERFUL, AND TO "BANISH CARE"

"OH ! banish care" such ever be  
 The motto of *thy* revelry !  
 Perchance of *mine*, when wassail nights  
 Renew those riotous delights,  
 Wherewith the children of Despair  
 Lull the lone heart, and "banish care"  
 But not in Morn's reflecting hour,  
 When present, past, and future lower,  
 When all I loved is changed or gone,  
 Mock with such taunts the woes of one,

<sup>1</sup> *And mine was the pride and the worth of a name* —[MS M]

<sup>11</sup> *It tells not of time* —[MS M]

Whose every thought—but let them pass—  
Thou know st I am not what I was  
But above all if thou wouldst hold  
Place in a heart that ne'er was cold  
By all the powers that men revere  
By all unto thy bosom dear  
Thy joys below, thy hopes above  
Speak—speak of anything but Love

Twere long to tell and vain to hear  
The tale of one who scorns a tear,  
And there is little in that tale  
Which better bosoms would bewail  
But mine has suffered more than well  
Twould suit philosophy to tell  
I've seen my bride another's bride —  
Have seen her seated by his side —  
Have seen the infant which she bore  
Wear the sweet smile the mother wore  
When she and I in youth have smiled  
As fond and faultless as her child —  
Have seen her eyes in cold disdain  
Ask if I felt no secret pain  
And I have acted well my part  
And made my cheek belie my heart  
Returned the freezing glance she gave  
Yet felt the while *that* woman's slave —  
Have kissed, as if without design  
The babe which ought to have been mine  
And showed, alas! in each caress  
Time had not made me love the less

But let this pass—I'll whine no more  
Nor seek again an eastern shore,

The world befits a busy brain,  
 I'll hie me to its haunts again.  
 But if, in some succeeding year,<sup>1</sup>  
 When Britain's "May is in the sere,"  
 Thou hear'st of one, whose deepening crimes  
 Suit with the sablest of the times,  
 Of one, whom love nor pity sways,  
 Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise,  
 One, who in stern Ambition's pride,  
 Perchance not blood shall turn aside,  
 One ranked in some recording page  
 With the worst anarchs of the age,  
 Him wilt thou *know*—and *knowing* pause,  
 Nor with the *effect* forget the cause

Newstead Abbey, Oct 11, 1811  
 [First published, *Life*, 1830]

## TO THYRZA<sup>1 2</sup>

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,<sup>3</sup>  
 And say, what Truth might well have said,<sup>4</sup>

1 *On the death of Thyrsa* —[MS]

11 *And soothe if such could soothe thy shade* —[MS erased]

1 [Hodgson stipulated that the last twelve lines should be omitted, but Moore disregarded his wishes, and included the poem as it stands in his *Life*. A marginal note ran thus "N B The poor dear soul meant nothing of this F H"—*Memoir of Rev Francis Hodgson*, 1878, 1 212]

2 [The following note on the identity of Thyrsa has been communicated to the Editor —

"The identity of Thyrsa and the question whether the person addressed under this name really existed, or was an imaginary being, have given rise to much speculation and discussion of a more or less futile kind

"This difficulty is now incapable of definite and authoritative

By all, save one, perchance forgot  
 Ah! wherefore art thou lowly laid?  
 By many a shore and many a sea<sup>1</sup>  
 Divided yet beloved in vain

1 *By many a land* — —[*MS*]

solution and the allusions in the verses in some respects disagree with things said by Lord Byron later. According to the poems, Thyrsa had met him

many a day  
 In these to me deserted towers  
 (Newstead October 11 1811)

When stretched on fever's sleepless bed  
 (At Patras about September 1810)

Death for thee  
 Prepared a light and pangless dart

And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon  
 When sailing o'er the Ægean wave  
 Now Thyrsa gazes on that moon —  
 Alas, it gleamed upon her grave!  
 (*One struggle more and I am free*)

Finally in the verses of October 11 1811—

The pledge we wore—I wear it still  
 But where is thine?—Ah! where art thou?

There can be no doubt that Lord Byron referred to Thyrsa in conversation with Lady Byron and probably also with Mrs. Leigh as a young girl who had existed and the date of whose death almost coincided with Lord Byron's landing in England in 1811. On one occasion he showed Lady Byron a beautiful tress of hair which she understood to be Thyrsa's. He said he had never mentioned her name and that now she was gone his breast was the sole depository of that secret. I took the name of Thyrsa from Gesner. She was Abel's wife.

Thyrsa is mentioned in a letter from Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire to Augustus Foster (London May 4 1812). Your little friend Caro William (Lady Caroline Lamb) as usual is doing all sorts of imprudent things for him (Lord Byron) and with him he admires her very much but is supposed by some to admire our Caroline (the Hon. Mrs. George Lamb) more. He says she is like Thyrsa, and her singing is enchantment to him. From this extract it is obvious that Thyrsa is alluded to in the following lines which with the above quotation may be reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Vere Foster from his most interesting book *The Two Duchesses* (1898 pp. 362-374).



The Past, the Future fled to thee,  
To bid us meet—no ne'er again !

““VERSES ADDRESSED BY LORD BYRON IN THE YEAR 1812 TO  
THE HON MRS GEORGE LAMB

““The sacred song that on my ear  
Yet vibrates from that voice of thine  
I heard before from one so dear,  
'Tis strange it still appears divine  
But oh ! so sweet that *look* and *tone*  
To her and thee alike is given ,  
It seemed as if for me alone  
That *both* had been recalled from Heaven  
And though I never can redeem  
The vision thus endeared to me,  
I scarcely can regret my dream  
When realized again by thee ”

(It may be noted that the name Thyrza, or Thyrsa, a variant of Theresia, had been familiar to Byron in his childhood. In the Preface to *Cain* he writes, “Gesner's *Death of Abel*! I have never read since I was eight years of age at Aberdeen. The general impression of my recollection is delight, but of the contents I remember only that Cain's wife was called Mahala, and Abel's Thyrza.” Another and more immediate suggestion of the name may be traced to the following translation of Meleager's Epitaphium *In Heliodorum*, which one of the “associate bards,” Bland, or Mervale, or Hodgson, contributed to their *Translations chiefly from the Greek Anthology*, 1806, p. 4, a work which Byron singles out for commendation in *English Bards, etc* (lines 881-890) —

“Tears o'er my parted Thyrza's grave I shed,  
Affection's fondest tribute to the dead

Break, break my heart, o'ercharged with bursting woe  
An empty offering to the shades below !  
Ah, plant regretted ! Death's remorseless power,  
With dust unfruitful checked thy full-blown flower  
Fare, earth, the gentle inmate to thy breast,  
And soft embosomed let my Thyrza rest ”

The MSS. of “To Thyrza,” “Away, away, ye notes of Woe !” “One struggle more, and I am free,” and, “And thou art dead, as young and fur,” which belonged originally to Mrs Leigh, are now in the possession of Sir Theodore Martin, K C B —EDITOR ]]

3 [For the substitution in the present issue of continuous lines for stanzas, Byron's own authority and mandate may be quoted. “In reprinting the 4th vol. I perceive that piece 12 (“Without a Stone”) is made nonsense of (that is, greater nonsense than usual) by dividing it into stanzas 1, 2, etc.”—Letter to John Murray, Aug. 26, 1815, *Letters*, 1899, iii 215 ]

Could this have been—a word, a look  
 That softly said "We part in peace  
 Had taught my bosom how to brook  
 With fainter sighs thy soul's release  
 And didst thou not since Death for thee  
 Prepared a light and pangless dart  
 Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see  
 Who held, and holds thee in his heart?  
 Oh! who like him had watched thee here?  
 Or sadly marked thy glazing eye  
 In that dread hour ere Death appear  
 When silent Sorrow fears to sigh  
 Till all was past? But when no more  
 'Twas thine to reckon human woe  
 Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er  
 Had flowed as fast—as now they flow  
 Shall they not flow when many a day  
 In these to me deserted towers  
 Ere called but for a time away  
 Affection's mingling tears were ours?  
 Ours too the glance none saw beside,  
 The smile none else might understand  
 The whispered thought of hearts allied<sup>1</sup>  
 The pressure of the thrilling hand,  
 The kiss so guiltless and refined  
 That Love each warmer wish forbore  
 Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind  
 Even Passion blushed to plead for more<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *And shall they not* — —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> — — *the w l k aside* —[MS]

<sup>111</sup> (a) *The kiss t/ at left no stin<sup>o</sup> behind  
 So guiltless Passion t/ us forbore  
 Those eyes bespoke so pure a mind  
 That Love forgot to {plead  
 ask} for more*

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,  
 When prone, unlike thee, to repine;  
 The song, celestial from thy voice,  
 But sweet to me from none but thine,  
 The pledge we wore *I* wear it still,  
 But where is thine? Ah! where art thou?  
 Oft have I borne the weight of ill,  
 But never bent beneath till now!  
 Well hast thou left in Life's best bloom<sup>i</sup>  
 The cup of Woe for me to drain<sup>ii</sup>  
 If rest alone be in the tomb,  
 I would not wish thee here again  
 But if in worlds more blest than this  
 Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,  
 Impart some portion of thy bliss,  
 To wean me from mine anguish here  
 Teach me too early taught by thee!<sup>i</sup>  
 To bear, forgiving and forgiven  
 On earth thy love was such to me,  
 It fain would form my hope in Heaven!<sup>iii</sup>

October 11, 1811

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to)]

- (b) *The kiss that left no sting behind,  
 So guiltless Love each wish forebore,  
 Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,  
 That Passion blushed to smile for more —*  
 [Pencilled alternative stanzas]
- <sup>i</sup> *Well hast thou fled* —[MS erased]
- <sup>ii</sup> *If judging from my present pain  
 That rest alone* —[MS erased]  
*If rest alone is in the tomb* —[MS]
- <sup>iii</sup> *So let it be my hope in Heaven* —[MS erased]

AWAY, AWAY YE NOTES OF WOE!<sup>1</sup>

## I

AWAY away, ye notes of Woe!  
 Be silent thou once soothing Strain,  
 Or I must flee from hence—for, oh!  
 I dare not trust those sounds again!  
 To me they speak of brighter days—  
 But lull the chords for now alas!<sup>ii</sup>  
 I must not think I may not gaze!  
 On what I *am*—on what I *was*

## 2

The voice that made those sounds more sweet  
 Is hushed and all their charms are fled  
 And now their softest notes repeat  
 A dirge an anthem o'er the dead!  
 Yes, Thyrsa! yes they breathe of thee  
 Belovéd dust! since dust thou art  
 And all that once was Harmony  
 Is worse than discord to my heart!

## 3

'Tis silent all!—but on my ear!  
 The well remembered Echoes thrill  
 I hear a voice I would not hear  
 A voice that now might well be still

<sup>i</sup> *Stay as* —[*MS* Editions 1812-1832]

<sup>ii</sup> *I dare not hear* — —[*MS* erased]

<sup>iii</sup> *But hush the chords* — —[*MS* erased]

<sup>v</sup> — *I dare not gaze* —[*MS* erase!]

<sup>v</sup> *The voice that made it at song more sweet* —[*MS*]

<sup>vi</sup> *'Tis silent now* — —[*MS*]

<sup>1</sup> [ I wrote it a day or two ago on hearing a song of former days —Letter to Hodgson December 8 1811 *Letters* 1898 ii 82 ]

Yet oft my doubting Soul 'twill shake ,  
 Ev'n Slumber owns its gentle tone,  
 Till Consciousness will vainly wake  
 To listen, though the dream be flown

## 4

Sweet Thyrsa ! waking as in sleep,  
 Thou art but now a lovely dream ,  
 A Star that trembled o'er the deep,  
 Then turned from earth its tender beam  
 But he who through Life's dreary way  
 Must pass, when Heaven is veiled in wrath,  
 Will long lament the vanished ray  
 That scattered gladness o'er his path

December 8, 1811

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to) ]

ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND I AM FREE<sup>1</sup>

## I

ONE struggle more, and I am free  
 From pangs that rend my heart in twain ,<sup>11</sup>  
 One last long sigh to Love and thee,  
 Then back to busy life again  
 It suits me well to mingle now  
 With things that never pleased before<sup>111</sup>  
 Though every joy is fled below,  
 What future grief can touch me more ?<sup>14</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *To Thyrsa* —[*Editions* 1812-1831 ]

<sup>11</sup> *From pangs that tear* —[*MS* ]  
*Such pangs that tear* —[*MS* *erased* ]

<sup>111</sup> *With things that moved me not before* —[*MS* *erased* ]

<sup>14</sup> *What sorrow cannot* —[*MS* ]

## 2

Then bring me wine the banquet bring  
 Man was not formed to live alone  
 I'll be that light unmeaning thing  
 That smiles with all and weeps with none  
 It was not thus in days more dear  
 It never would have been but thou<sup>1</sup>  
 Hast fled, and left me lonely here  
 Thou art nothing—all are nothing now

## 3

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe !  
 The smile that Sorrow fain would wear  
 But mocks the woe that lurks beneath  
 Like roses o'er a sepulchre  
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl  
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill  
 Though Pleasure fires the maddening soul  
 The Heart—the Heart is lonely still<sup>1</sup>

## 4

On many a lone and lovely night  
 It soothed to gaze upon the sky,  
 For then I deemed the heavenly light  
 Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye  
 And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon  
 When sailing o'er the Ægean wave  
 ' Now Thyra gazes on that moon —  
 Alas it gleamed upon her grave !

## 5

When stretched on Fever's sleepless bed  
 And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins

<sup>1</sup> *It would not be so hadst not thou*  
*Withdrawn so* — — [MS erased]

" 'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,<sup>1</sup>  
 " That 'Thyrza cannot know my pains " "  
 Like freedom to the time-worn slave " "  
 A boon 'tis idle then to give  
 Relenting Nature vainly gave<sup>1</sup>  
 My life, when Thyrza ceased to live !

## 6

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,"  
 When Love and Life alike were new !  
 How different now thou meet'st my gaze !  
 How tinged by time with Sorrow's hue !  
 The heart that gave itself with thee  
 Is silent ah, were mine as still !  
 Though cold as e'en the dead can be,  
 It feels, it sickens with the chill

## 7

Thou bitter pledge ! thou mournful token !  
 Though painful, welcome to my breast !  
 Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,  
 Or break the heart to which thou'rt pressed  
 Time tempests Love, but not removes,  
 More hallowed when its Hope is fled  
 Oh ! what are thousand living loves  
 To that which cannot quit the dead ?

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to) ]

- <sup>1</sup> *how oft I said* —[MS erased ]  
<sup>11</sup> *Like freedom to the worn-out slave* —[MS ]  
*But Health and life returned and gave,*  
*A boon 'twas idle then to give,*  
*Relenting Health in mocking gave* —[MS B M erased ]  
<sup>111</sup> *Dear simple gift* —[MS erased ]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare *My Epitaph* "Youth, Nature and relenting Joy  
 —Letter to Hodgson, October 3, 1810, *Letters*, 1898, 1 298 ]

## EUTHANASIA

## I

WHEN Time or soon or late, shall bring  
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead  
Oblivion<sup>1</sup> may thy languid wing  
Wave gently o'er my dying bed !

## 2

No band of friends or heirs be there<sup>1</sup>  
To weep or wish the coming blow  
No maiden with dishevelled hair  
To feel or feign decorous woe

## 3

But silent let me sink to Earth  
With no officious mourners near  
I would not mar one hour of mirth  
Nor startle Friendship with a fear

## 4

Yet Love if Love in such an hour  
Could nobly check its useless sighs  
Might then exert its latest power  
In her who lives, and him who dies

## 5

Twere sweet, my Psyche<sup>1</sup> to the last  
Thy features still serene to see

1 [Compare *A Wish* by Matthew Arnold stanza 3 etc —

Spare me the whispering crowded room  
The friends who come and gape and go etc ]



Forgetful of its struggles past,  
E'en Pain itself should smile on thee

## 6.

But vain the wish for Beauty still  
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath,  
And Woman's tears, produced at will,  
Deceive in life, unman in death

## 7

Then lonely be my latest hour,  
Without regret, without a groan,  
For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,  
And pain been transient or unknown

## 8

"Aye but to die, and go," alas !  
Where all have gone, and all must go !  
To be the nothing that I was  
Ere born to life and living woe !

## 9

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,  
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,  
And know, whatever thou hast been,  
'Tis something better not to be

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (Second Edition) ]

AND THOU ART DEAD AS YOUNG AND  
FAIR<sup>1</sup>

Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse !<sup>1</sup>

## I

AND thou art dead as young and fair  
As aught of mortal birth,  
And form so soft and charms so rare  
Too soon returned to Earth<sup>1</sup>;  
Though Earth received them in her bed  
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread<sup>11</sup>  
In carelessness or mirth,  
There is an eye which could not brook  
A moment on that grave to look

<sup>1</sup> *Stan as* —[Editions 1812-1831]

<sup>11</sup> *Are mingled with the Earth* —[MS]  
*Were never meant for Earth* —[MS erased]

<sup>111</sup> *Unhonour'd with th vulgar dead* —[MS erased]

I [ The Lovers Walk is terminated with an ornamental urn inscribed to Miss Dolman a beautiful and amiable relation of Mr Shenstone's who died of the small pox about twenty one years of age in the following words on one side —

Peramabili consobrinæ  
M D

On the other side—

Ah ! Maria !  
pvellarym elegantissima !  
ah Flore venustatis abrepta  
vale !  
heu quanto minus est  
cum reliquis versari  
quam tui  
m m n e

(From a *Description of the Leasowes* by A Dodsley *Poetical Works* of William Shenstone [1798] p xxix )]

## 2

I will not ask where thou liest low,<sup>i</sup>  
 Nor gaze upon the spot,  
 There flowers or weeds at will may grow,  
 So I behold them not<sup>ii</sup>  
 It is enough for me to prove  
 That what I loved, and long must love,  
 Like common earth can rot,<sup>iii</sup>  
 To me there needs no stone to tell,  
 'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.<sup>iv</sup>

## 3

Yet did I love thee to the last  
 As fervently as thou,<sup>v</sup>  
 Who didst not change through all the past.  
 And canst not alter now  
 The love where Death has set his seal,  
 Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,<sup>vi</sup>  
 Nor falsehood disavow<sup>vii</sup>  
 And, what were worse, thou canst not see<sup>viii</sup>  
 Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.<sup>ix</sup>

## 4

The better days of life were ours,  
 The worst can be but mine

- i *I will not ask where thou art laid,*  
*Nor look upon the name* —[MS erased]
- ii *So I shall know it not* —[MS erased]
- iii *Like common dust can rot* —[MS]
- iv *I would not wish to see nor touch* —[MS erased]
- v *As well as warm as thou* —[MS erased]
- vi MS transposes lines 5 and 6 of stanza 3
- vii *Nor frailty disavow* —[MS]
- viii *Nor canst thou fair and faultless see* —[MS erased]
- ix *Nor wrong, nor change, nor fault in me* —[MS]

The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers  
 Shall never more be thine  
 The silence of that dreamless sleep  
 I envy now too much to weep  
 Nor need I to repine  
 That all those charms have passed away  
 I might have watched through long decay

## 5

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched  
 Must fall the earliest prey  
 Though by no hand untimely snatched  
 The leaves must drop away  
 And yet it were a greater grief  
 To watch it withering leaf by leaf  
 Than see it plucked to day  
 Since earthly eye but ill can bear  
 To trace the change to foul from fair

## 6

I know not if I could have borne<sup>1</sup>  
 To see thy beauties fade,  
 The night that followed such a morn  
 Had worn a deeper shade  
 Thy day without a cloud hath passed  
 And thou wert lovely to the last  
 Extinguished not decayed

<sup>1</sup> *The cloud that cheers* — —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *The sweetness of that silent deep* —[MS]

<sup>111</sup> *The flower in beauty's bloom unmatched*

*Is still the earliest prey* —[MS]

*The rose by some rude fingers snatched*

*Is earliest doomed to fade* —[MS erased]

<sup>111</sup> *I do not deem I could have borne* —[MS]

<sup>v</sup> *But night and day of thine are passed*

*And thou wert lovely to the last*

*Destroyed* — —[MS erased]

As stars that shoot along the sky<sup>1</sup>  
Shine brightest as they fall from high

## 7

As once I wept, if I could weep,  
My tears might well be shed,  
To think I was not near to keep  
One vigil o'er thy bed,  
To gaze, how fondly<sup>1</sup> on thy face,  
To fold thee in a faint embrace,  
Uphold thy drooping head.  
And show that love, however vain,  
Nor thou nor I can feel again

## 8

Yet how much less it were to gain,  
Though thou hast left me free,"  
The loveliest things that still remain,  
Than thus remember thee!  
The all of thine that cannot die  
Through dark and dread Eternity<sup>iii</sup>  
Returns again to me,  
And more thy buried love endears  
Than aught, except its living years

February, 1812

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (Second Edition) ]

<sup>1</sup> *As stars that seem to quit the sky* —[MS]

<sup>ii</sup> *O how much less it were to gain,  
All beautiful though they be* —[MS]

<sup>iii</sup> *Through dark and dull Eternity* —[MS]



*Her Majesty the Queen with a letter of Her Majesty's*



LINES TO A LADY WEeping<sup>1</sup>

WEep daughter of a royal line  
 A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay  
 Ah! happy if each tear of thine  
 Could wash a Father's fault away!

1 *Sympathetic Address to a Young Lady* —  
 [Morning Chronicle March 7 1812]

1 [The scene which begat these memorable stanzas was enacted at a banquet at Carlton House February 22 1812 On March 6 the following quatrain entitled *Impromptu on a Recent Incident* appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* —

Blest omens of a happy reign  
 In swift succession hourly rise  
 Forsaken friends vows made in vain—  
 A daughter's tears a nation's sighs

Byron's lines headed *Sympathetic Address to a Young Lady* were published anonymously in the *Morning Chronicle* of March 7 but it was not till March 10 that the *Courier* ventured to insert a report of *The Fracas at Carlton House on the 22nd ult* which had already been communicated to the *Caledonian Mercury*

The party consisted of the Princess Charlotte the Duchess of York the Dukes of York and Cambridge Lords Moira Erskine Lauderdale Messrs Adams and Sheridan

The Prince Regent expressed his surprise and mortification at the conduct of Lords Grey and Grenville [who had replied unfavourably to a letter addressed by the P. R. to the Duke of York suggesting an united administration] Lord Lauderdale thereupon with a freedom unusual in courts asserted that the reply did not express the opinions of Lord Grey and Grenville only but of every political friend of that way of thinking and that he had been present at and assisted in the drawing up and that every sentence had his cordial assent The Prince was suddenly and deeply affected by Lord Lauderdale's reply so much so that the Princess observing his agitation dropt her head and burst into tears—upon which the Prince turned round and begged the female part of the company to withdraw

In the following June at a ball at Miss Johnson's Byron was presented by order to our gracious Regent who honoured me with some conversation and for a time he ignored and perhaps regretted his anonymous *jeu d'esprit* But early in 1814 either out



Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears  
 Auspicious to these suffering Isles ,  
 And be each drop in future years  
 Repaid thee by thy People's smiles !

March, 1812

[*MS M.* First published, *Morning Chronicle*, March 7, 1812  
 (*Corsair*, 1814, Second Edition) ]

## IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS OF MEN

### I

If sometimes in the haunts of men  
 Thine image from my breast may fade,  
 The lonely hour presents again  
 The semblance of thy gentle shade  
 And now that sad and silent hour  
 Thus much of thee can still restore,  
 And sorrow unobserved may pour  
 The plaint she dare not speak before

### 1 Stanzas —[1812]

of mere bravado or in an access of political rancour, he determined to republish the stanzas under his own name. The first edition of the *Corsair* was printed, if not published, but in accordance with a peremptory direction (January 22, 1814), "eight lines on the lit. Royalty weeping in 1812," were included among the poems printed at the end of the second edition.

The "newspapers were in hysterics and town in an uproar at the avowal and republication" of the stanzas (*Diary*, February 1 and during Byron's absence from town "Murray omitted the *Ten* in several of the copies"—that is, in the Third Edition—but yielded to *force majeure*, replaced them in a Fourth Edition, which was issued early in February. (See Letters of July 6, 1812, January 2, February 2, and February 10, 1814 (*Letters*, 1898, II 134, etc. and for "Newspaper Attacks upon Byron," see *Letters*, 1898, Appendix VII pp 463-492 ))

2

Oh pardon that in crowds awhile  
I waste one thought I owe to thee  
And self condemned, appear to smile  
Unfaithful to thy memory  
Nor deem that memory less dear  
That then I seem not to repine ,  
I would not fools should overhear  
One sigh that should be wholly *thine*

3

If not the Goblet pass unquaffed  
It is not drained to banish care ,  
The cup must hold a deadlier draught  
That brings a Lethe for despair  
And could Oblivion set my soul  
From all her troubled visions free  
I d dash to earth the sweetest bowl  
That drowned a single thought of thee

4

For wert thou vanished from my mind  
Where could my vacant bosom turn ?  
And who would then remain behind  
To honour thine abandoned Urn ?  
No no—it is my sorrow's pride  
That last dear duty to fulfil ,  
Though all the world forget beside  
Tis meet that I remember still

5

For well I know that such had been  
Thy gentle care for him who now

Unmourned shall quit this mortal scene,  
 Where none regarded him, but thou  
 And, oh ! I feel in *that* was given  
 A blessing never meant for me ,  
 Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven,  
 For earthly Love to merit thee

March 14, 1812

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (Second Edition) ]

# ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH WAS BROKEN <sup>1</sup>

## I

ILL-FATED Heart ! and can it be,  
 That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain ?  
 Have years of care for thine and thee  
 Alike been all employed in vain ?

## 2.

Yet precious seems each shattered part,  
 And every fragment dearer grown,  
 Since he who wears thee feels thou art  
 A fitter emblem of *his own*

March 16, 1812

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (Second Edition) ]

<sup>1</sup> [For allusion to the "Cornelian" see "The Cornelian," ["Pignus Amoris"], and "The Adieu," stanza 7, *Poetical Works*, 1898, 1 66, 231, 240 See, too, *Letters*, 1898, 1 130, note 3 ]

## THE CHAIN I GAVL

FROM THE TURKISH

## I

THE chain I gave was fair to view  
The lute I added sweet in sound  
The heart that offered both was true  
And ill deserved the fate it found

## 2

These gifts were charmed by secret spell  
Thy truth in absence to divine  
And they have done their duty well —  
Alas ! they could not teach thee thine

## 3

That chain was firm in every link  
But not to bear a stranger's touch  
That lute was sweet—till thou couldst think  
In other hands its notes were such

## 4

Let him who from thy neck unbound  
The chain which shivered in his grasp  
Who saw that lute refuse to sound  
Restring the chords renew the clasp

## 5

When thou wert changed they altered too  
The chain is broke the music mute  
Tis past—to them and thee adieu—  
False heart frail chain and silent lute

LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF  
*THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY*<sup>1</sup>

## 1

ABSENT or present, still to thee,  
 My friend, what magic spells belong<sup>1</sup>  
 As all can tell, who share, like me,  
 In turn thy converse,<sup>1</sup> and thy song

## 2

But when the dreaded hour shall come  
 By Friendship ever deemed too nigh,  
 And "MEMORY" o'er her Druid's tomb<sup>2</sup>  
 Shall weep that aught of thee can die,

## 3

How fondly will she then repay  
 Thy homage offered at her shrine,  
 And blend, while ages roll away,  
*Her* name immortally with *thine*!

April 19, 1812

[First published, *Poems*, 1816]

1 *To Samuel Rogers, Esq* — [*Poems*, 1816]

1 ["Rogers is silent,—and, it is said, severe When he does talk, he talks well, and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry If you enter his house—his drawing-room—his library—you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor"—*Diary*, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, II 331]

2 [Compare Collins' *Ode on the Death of Mr Thomson*—

"In yonder grave a Druid lies"]

ADDRESS SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF  
DRURY LANE THEATRE, SATURDAY  
OCTOBER 10 1812<sup>1</sup>

In one dread night our city saw and sighed  
Bowed to the dust the Drama's tower of pride,  
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane  
Apollo sink and Shakespeare cease to reign

Ye who beheld (oh! sight admired and mourned  
Whose radiance mocked the ruin it adorned!)  
Through clouds of fire the massy fragments riven  
Like Israel's pillar chase the night from heaven,  
Saw the long column of revolving flames  
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames<sup>2</sup> 10  
While thousands thronged around the burning dome  
Shrank back appalled and trembled for their home  
As glared the volumed blaze and ghastly shone<sup>1</sup>

1 *As flashing far the new Volcano shone*  
*And swept the skies with { meteors } not their own*  
*{ lightnings }*

or *As flashed the volumed blaze and { sadly } shone*  
*{ ghastly }*  
*The skies with lightnings awful as their own —*  
[Letter to Lord Holland Sept 5 1812]

or *As glared each rising flash and ghastly shone*  
*The skies with lightnings awful as their own —*  
[Letter to Lord Holland Sept 27 1812]

1 [ Mr Elliston then came forward and delivered the following *Prose* address We cannot boast of the eloquence of the delivery It was neither gracefully nor correctly recited The merits of the production itself we submit to the criticism of our readers We cannot suppose that it was selected as the most poetical composition of all the scores that were submitted to the committee But perhaps by its tenor by its allusions to Garrick to Siddons and to Sheridan it was thought most applicable to the occasion notwithstanding its being in part unmusical and in general tame —*Morning Chronicle* October 1 1812 ]

2 [ By the by the best view of the said fire [February 24 1809]

The skies, with lightnings awful as their own,  
 Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall<sup>1</sup>  
 Usurped the Muse's realm, and marked her fall,  
 Say shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,  
 Reared where once rose the mightiest in our isle,  
 Know the same favour which the former knew,  
 A shrine for Shakespeare worthy him and *you*? 20

Yes it shall be—the magic of that name  
 Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame,"  
 On the same spot still consecrates the scene,  
 And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been*  
 This fabric's birth attests the potent spell—  
 Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well*!

As soars this fane to emulate the last,  
 Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,  
 Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast  
 Names such as hallow still the dome we lost 30  
 On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art  
 O'erwhelmed the gentlest, stormed the sternest heart  
 On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew,  
 Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,  
 Sighed his last thanks, and wept his last adieu  
 But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom,

- 1 *Till slowly ebb'd the* { lava of the } *wave*  
   *spent volcanic*  
 or, *Till ebb'd the lava of* { the burning } *wave,*  
   *that molten*  
   *And blackening ashes mark'd the Muse's grave —*  
   [Letter to Lord Holland, Sept 28, 1812 ]  
 11 *That scorns the scythe of Time, the torch of Flame —*  
   [Letter to Lord Holland, Sept 28, 1812 ]

(which I myself saw from a house-top in Covent-garden) was at Westminster Bridge, from the reflection on the Thames"—Letter to Lord Holland, September 25, 1812, *Letters*, 1898, ii 148 ]

That only waste their odours o'er the tomb  
 Such Drury claimed and claims—nor you refuse  
 One tribute to revive his slumbering muse  
 With garlands deck your own Menander's head 40  
 Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead  
 Dear are the days which made our annals bright  
 Ere Garrick fled or Brinsley<sup>1</sup> ceased to write<sup>2</sup>  
 Heirs to their labours like all high born heirs  
 Vain of *our* ancestry as they of *theirs*  
 While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass  
 To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass  
 And we the mirror hold where imaged shine  
 Immortal names emblazoned on our line,  
 Pause—ere their feebler offspring you condemn 50  
 Reflect how hard the task to rival them<sup>3</sup>

Friends of the stage<sup>4</sup> to whom both Players and  
 Plays  
 Must sue alike for pardon or for praise

- <sup>1</sup> *Far be from him that hour which asks in vain  
 Tears such as flow for Garrick in his strain*  
 or *Far be it that hour that vainly asks in turn  
 Sad verse for him as {crowned his} Garrick's urn —*  
 [Letter to Lord Holland Sept 30 1812]

- <sup>2</sup> *Such are the names that here your plauds sought  
 When Garrick acted and when Brinsley wrote — [MS]* \*

<sup>3</sup> [Originally *Ere Garrick died* etc By the by one of  
 my corrections in the fair copy sent yesterday has dived into the  
 bathos some sixty fathom—

When Garrick died and Brinsley ceased to write

Ceasing to *live* is a much more serious concern and ought not to be  
 first therefore I will let the old couplet stand with its half rhymes  
 sought and wrote [*vide supra variant 11*] Second thoughts  
 in every thing are best but in rhyme third and fourth don't come  
 in. I always scrawl in this way and smooth as much as I  
 can but never sufficiently —Letter to Lord Holland September 26  
 1812 *Letters* 1898 11 150]



Whose judging voice and eye alone direct  
 The boundless power to cherish or reject,  
 If e'er frivolity has led to fame,  
 And made us blush that you forbore to blame—  
 If e'er the sinking stage could condescend  
 To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend  
 All past reproach may present scenes refute, 60  
 And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!<sup>1</sup>  
 Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,  
 Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause,  
 So Pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,  
 And Reason's voice be echoed back by ours!

This greeting o'er—the ancient rule obeyed,<sup>2</sup>  
 The Drama's homage by her herald paid

1 [The following lines were omitted by the Committee —

*"Nay, lower still, the Drama yet deplores  
 That late she deigned to crawl upon all-fours  
 When Richard roars in Bosworth for a horse,  
 If you command, the steed must come in course  
 If you decree, the Stage must condescend  
 To soothe the sickly taste we dare not mend  
 Blame not our judgment should we acquiesce,  
 And gratify you more by showing less  
 Oh, since your Fiat stamps the Drama's laws,  
 Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause,  
 That public praise be ne'er again disgrac'd,  
 From { brutes to man recall } a nation's taste,  
 { babes and brutes redeem }  
 Then pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,  
 When Reason's voice is echoed back with ours"*

The last couplet but one was altered in a later copy, thus—

*"The past reproach let present scenes refute,  
 Nor shift from man to babe, from babe to brute"*

"Is Whitbread," wrote Lord Byron, "determined to castrate all my cavalry lines?" I do implore, for my own gratification, one lash on those accursed quadrupeds—"a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!"—*Letter to Lord Holland*, September 28, 1812, *Letters*, 1898, II 156 For "animal performers," *vide ibid*, note 1 ]

<sup>2</sup> [Lines 66-69 were added on September 24, in a letter to Lord Holland ]

Receive *our welcome* too—whose every tone  
 Springs from our hearts and fain would win your own  
 The curtain rises—may our stage unfold 70  
 Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old !  
 Britons our judges Nature for our guide  
 Still may *we* please—long long may *you* preside

[First published *Morning Chronicle* Oct 12 1812]

## PARENTHETICAL ADDRESS<sup>1</sup>

BY DR PLAGIARY

*Half stolen* with acknowledgments to be spoken in an inarticulate voice by Master — at the opening of the next new theatre  
 [Stolen parts marked with the inverted commas of quotation—thus — ]

WHEN energising objects men pursue  
 Then Lord knows what is wnt by Lord knows who

1 [The original of Dr Busby's address entitled Monologue submitted to the Committee of Drury Lane Theatre which was published in the *Morning Chronicle* October 17 1812 will be found in the *Gen me Rejected Addresses* as well as parodied in *Rejected Addresses* ( Architectural Atoms ) On October 14 young Busby forced his way on to the stage of Drury Lane attempted to recite his father's address and was taken into custody On the next night Dr Busby speaking from one of the boxes obtained a hearing for his son who could not however make his voice heard in the theatre To the failure of the younger Busby (himself a competitor and the author of an Unanalogue ) to make himself heard Byron alludes in the stage direction to be spoken in an inarticulate voice (See *Letters* 1898 ii 176 and for Dr Busby see *Poetical Works* 1898 i 481 485) Busby's Address ran as follows —

When energising objects men pursue  
 What are the prodigies they cannot do?  
 A magic edifice you here survey  
 Shot from the ruins of the other day !  
 As Harlequin had smote the slumberous heap  
 And bade the rubbish to a fabric leap

A modest Monologue you here survey,  
Hissed from the theatre the "other day,"

Yet at that speed you'd never be amazed  
Knew you the *zeal* with which the pile was raised ,  
Nor even here your smiles would be repress,  
Knew you the rival flame that fires our breast, 10  
Flame ' fire and flame ' sad heart-appalling sounds,  
Dread metaphors that ope our healing wounds—  
A sleeping pang awakes—and But 11  
With all reflections that would cloud the day  
That this triumphant, brilliant prospect brings,  
Where Hope reviving re-expands her wings ,  
Where generous joy exults, where duteous ardour springs }

If mighty things with small we may compare }  
This spirit drives Britannia's conquering car, }  
Burns in her ranks and kindles every tar  
Nelson displayed its power upon the main,  
And Wellington exhibits it in Spain ,  
Another Marlborough points to Blenheim's story,  
And with its lustre, blends his kindred glory 40

In Arms and Science long our Isle hath shone,  
And SHAKESPEARE—wondrous SHAKESPEARE—reared a throne  
For British Poesy—whose powers inspire  
The British pencil, and the British lyre—  
Her we invoke—her Sister Arts implore  
Their smiles beseech whose charms yourselves adore,  
These if we win, the Graces too we gain—  
Their dear, beloved, inseparable train ,  
THREE who their witching arts from Cupid stole  
And three acknowledged sovereigns of the soul 50  
Harmonious throng ' with nature blending art ' }  
Divine SESTETTO ' warbling to the heart  
For Poesy shall here sustain the upper part  
Thus lifted gloriously we'll sweep along,  
Shine in our music, scenery and song ,  
Shine in our farce, masque, opera and play,  
And prove old DRURY has not had her day  
Nay more—so stretch the wing the world shall cry,  
Old DRURY never, never soared so high  
' But hold,' you'll say, ' this self-complacent boast , 60  
Easy to reckon thus without your host '  
True, true—that lowers at once our mounting pride ,  
'Tis yours alone our merit to decide ,  
'Tis ours to look to you, you hold the prize  
That bids our great, our best ambitions rise  
A *double* blessing *you* rewards impart,  
Each good provide and elevate the heart

As if Sir Fretful wrote "the slumberous verse  
 And gave his son ' the rubbish to rehearse  
 Yet at the thing you d never be amazed  
 Knew you the rumpus which the Author raised  
 Nor even here your smiles would be repress,  
 Knew you these lines—the badness of the best 10  
 ' Flame ' fire ! and flame ! (words borrowed from  
 Lucretius <sup>1</sup>)  
 Dread metaphors which open wounds like issues !  
 And sleeping pangs awake—and But away —  
 (Confound me if I know what next to say)  
 Lo " Hope reviving re expands her wings  
 And Master G— recites what Dr Busby sings !—  
 If mighty things with small we may compare  
 (Translated from the Grammar for the fair !)  
 Dramatic ' spirit drives a conquering car  
 And burn d poor Moscow like a tub of tar 0  
 This spirit " Wellington has shown in Spain  
 To furnish Melodramas for Drury Lane  
 Another Marlborough points to Blenheim s story  
 And George and I will dramatise it for ye

In Arts and Sciences our Isle hath shone  
 (This deep discovery is mine alone)

Our twofold feeling owns its twofold cause  
 Your bounty's *comfort*—*rapture* your applause  
 When in your fosterin<sup>g</sup> beam you bid us live 70  
 You give the means of life and gild the means you give  
*Morning Chronicle* October 17 181 ]

1 [Busby's translation of Lucretius (*The Nature of Things* a Didactic Poem) was published in 1813 Byron was a subscriber and is mentioned in the preface as one of the most distinguished poets of the age The passage in question is perhaps taken from the Second Book lines 880 881 which Busby renders—

Just as she quickens fuel into fire  
 And bids it flaming to the skies aspire ]

Oh "British poesy, whose powers inspire"  
 My verse—or I'm a fool—and Fame's a liar.  
 "Thee we invoke, your Sister Arts implore"  
 With "smiles," and "lyres," and "pencils," and much  
 more 30

These, if we win the Graces, too, we gain  
*Disgraces*, too! "inseparable train!"  
 "Three who have stolen their witching airs from Cupid"  
 (You all know what I mean, unless you're stupid)  
 "Harmonious throng" that I have kept *in petto*  
 Now to produce in a "divine *sestetto*"!!  
 "While Poesy," with these delightful doves,  
 "Sustains her part" in all the "upper" boxes!  
 "Thus lifted gloriously, you'll sweep along,"  
 Borne in the vast balloon of Busby's song, 40  
 "Shine in your farce, masque, scenery, and play"  
 (For this last line George had a holiday)  
 "Old Drury never, never soar'd so high,"  
 So says the Manager, and so say I.  
 "But hold," you say, "this self-complacent boast."  
 Is this the Poem which the public lost?  
 "True—true that lowers at once our mounting pride,"  
 But lo, the Papers print what you deride  
 "'Tis ours to look on *you*—*you* hold the prize,"  
 'Tis *twenty guineas*, as they advertise! 50  
 "A *double* blessing your rewards impart"—  
 I wish I had them, then, with all my heart  
 "Our *twofold* feeling *owns* its twofold cause,"  
 Why son and I both beg for your applause  
 "When in your fostering beams you bid us live,"  
 My next subscription list shall say how much you give!

[First published, *Morning Chronicle*, October 23, 1812]

VERSES FOUND IN A SUMMER HOUSE AT  
HALES-OWEN<sup>1</sup>

WHEN Dryden's fool, "unknowing what he sought,  
 His hours in whistling spent "for want of thought"<sup>2</sup>  
 This guiltless oaf his vacancy of sense  
 Supplied and amply too by innocence  
 Did modern swains possessed of Cymon's powers  
 In Cymon's manner waste their leisure hours  
 Th' offended guests would not, with blushing see  
 These fair green walks disgraced by infamy  
 Severe the fate of modern fools alas!  
 When vice and folly mark them as they pass  
 Like noxious reptiles o'er the whitened wall  
 The filth they leave still points out where they crawl

[First published 183 vol xvii]

REMEMBER THEE! REMEMBER THEE!<sup>3</sup>

## I

REMEMBER thee! remember thee!

Till Lethe quench life's burning stream

1 [The Leasowes the residence of the poet Shenstone 1 near the village of Halesowen in Shropshire]

2 [See Dryden's *Cymon and Iphigenia* lines 84 85]

3 [The sequel of a temporary *liaison* formed by Lord Byron during his career in London occasioned this impromptu. On the cessation of the connection the fair one [Lady C Lamb see *Letters* 1898 ii 451] called one morning at her quondam lover's apartments. His Lordship was from home but finding *Vathek* on the table the lady wrote in the first page of the volume the words Remember me! Byron immediately wrote under the ominous warning these two stanzas — *Conversations of Lord Byron* by Thomas Medwin 1824 pp 329 330

In Medwin's work the euphemisms *false* and *fend* are represented by asterisks]

Remorse and Shame shall cling to thee,  
And haunt thee like a feverish dream !

## 2

Remember thee ! Aye, doubt it not  
Thy husband too shall think of thee  
By neither shalt thou be forgot,  
Thou *false* to him, thou *fiend* to me !<sup>1</sup>

[First published, *Conversations of Lord Byron*, 1824 ]

## TO TIME.

TIME ! on whose arbitrary wing  
The varying hours must flag or fly,  
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,  
But drag or drive us on to die  
Hail thou ! who on my birth bestowed  
Those boons to all that know thee known,  
Yet better I sustain thy load,  
For now I bear the weight alone  
I would not one fond heart should share  
The bitter moments thou hast given,  
And pardon thee since thou couldst spare  
All that I loved, to peace or Heaven.

1 [“To Bd , Feb 22, 1813

“ ‘Remember thee,’ nay—doubt it not—  
Thy Husband too may ‘*think*’ of thee !  
By neither canst thou be forgot,  
Thou false to him—thou fiend to me !

“ ‘Remember thee’ ? Yes—yes—till Fate  
In Lethe quench the guilty dream  
Yet then—e’en then—Remorse and *Hate*  
Shall vainly quaff the vanquished stream ”

From a MS (in the possession of Mr Hallam  
Murray) not in Byron’s handwriting ]

To them be joy or rest—on me  
 Thy future ills shall press in vain ,  
 I nothing owe but years to thee,  
 A debt already paid in pain  
 Yet even that pain was some relief ,  
 It felt but still forgot thy power <sup>1</sup>  
 The active agony of grief  
 Retards, but never counts the hour <sup>11</sup>  
 In joy I've sighed to think thy flight  
 Would soon subside from swift to slow  
 Thy cloud could overcast the light  
 But could not add a night to Woe ,  
 For then, however drear and dark,  
 My soul was suited to thy sky  
 One star alone shot forth a spark  
 To prove thee—not Eternity  
 That beam hath sunk—and now thou art  
 A blank—a thing to count and curse  
 Through each dull tedious trifling part  
 Which all regret yet all rehearse  
 One scene even thou canst not deform—  
 The limit of thy sloth or speed  
 When future wanderers bear the storm  
 Which we shall sleep too sound to heed  
 And I can smile to think how weak  
 Thine efforts shortly shall be shown  
 When all the vengeance thou canst wreak  
 Must fall upon—a nameless stone

[ MS M First published *Childe Harold* 1814 (Seventh Edition) ]

1 — not confessed thy power —[MS M erased]

11 — it forgets the hour —[MS M erased]



THOU ART NOT FALSE, BUT THOU ART  
FICKLE.<sup>1</sup>

## I

THOU art not false, but thou art fickle,  
To those thyself so fondly sought,  
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle  
Are doubly bitter from that thought  
'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grieveest,  
*Too well* thou lov'st *too soon* thou leavest

## 2.

The wholly false the *heart* despises,  
And spurns deceiver and deceit,  
But she who not a thought disguises,  
Whose love is as sincere as sweet,  
When *she* can change who loved so truly,  
It *feels* what mine has *felt* so newly

## 3

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow  
Is doomed to all who love or live,  
And if, when conscious on the morrow,  
We scarce our Fancy can forgive,  
That cheated us in slumber only,  
To leave the waking soul more lonely,

## 4

What must they feel whom no false vision  
But truest, tenderest Passion warmed?

<sup>1</sup> *Song* —[*Childe Harold*, 1814]

<sup>11</sup> *But her who not* —[*MS M*]

<sup>1</sup> ["I send you some lines which may as well be called 'A Song' as anything else, and will do for your new edition"—B —(*MS M*)]

Sincere but swift in sad transition  
 As if a dream alone had charmed?  
 Ah! sure such *grief* is *Fancy's* scheming  
 And all thy *Change* can be but *dreaming*!

*MS M* First published *Childe Harold* 1814 (Seventh Edition) ]

# ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE ORIGIN OF LOVE <sup>1</sup>

THE Origin of Love! —Ah why  
 That cruel question ask of me  
 When thou mayst read in many an eye  
 He starts to life on seeing thee?  
 And shouldst thou seek his *end* to know  
 My heart forebodes my fears foresee  
 He'll linger long in silent woe  
 But live until—I cease to be  
 [First published *Childe Harold* 1814 (Seventh Edition) ]

## ON THE QUOTATION

And my true faith can alter never  
 Though thou art gone perhaps for ever

### I

AND thy true faith can alter never? —  
 Indeed it lasted for a—week!  
 I know the length of Love's forever  
 And just expected such a freak  
 In peace we met in peace we parted  
 In peace we vowed to meet again  
 And though I find thee fickle hearted  
 No pang of mine shall make thee vain

<sup>1</sup> *To Ianthe* —[ *MS M* Compare The Dedication  
 to *Childe Harold* ]

## 2

One gone 'twas time to seek a second,  
 In sooth 'twere hard to blame thy haste  
 And whatsoe'er thy love be reckoned,  
 At least thou hast improved in taste  
 Though one was young, the next was younger,  
 His love was new, mine too well known  
 And what might make the chain still stronger,  
 The youth was present, I was flown

## 3

Seven days and nights of single sorrow '  
 Too much for human constancy '  
 A fortnight past, why then to-morrow,  
 His turn is come to follow me  
 And if each week you change a lover,  
 And so have acted heretofore,  
 Before a year or two is over  
 We'll form a very pretty *coups*

## 4

Adieu, fair thing ' without upbraiding  
 I fain would take a decent leave,  
 Thy beauty still survives unfading,  
 And undeceived may long deceive  
 With him unto thy bosom dearest  
 Enjoy the moments as they flee,  
 I only wish his love sincerer  
 Than thy young heart has been to me

1812

[From a MS in the possession of Mr Murray,  
 now for the first time printed]

REMEMBER HIM WHOM PASSION'S POWER<sup>1</sup>

## I

REMEMBER him whom Passion's power  
 Severely—deeply—vainly proved  
 Remember thou that dangerous hour  
 When neither fell though both were loved

## 2

That yielding breast that melting eye  
 Too much invited to be blessed  
 That gentle prayer that pleading sigh  
 The wilder wish reproved repressed

## 3

Oh! let me feel that all I lost<sup>1</sup>  
 But saved thee all that Conscience fears,  
 And blush for every pang it cost  
 To spare the vain remorse of years

## 4

Yet think of this when many a tongue  
 Whose busy accents whisper blame  
 Would do the heart that loved thee wrong  
 And brand a nearly blighted name

<sup>1</sup> *To him who loves a girl her who loved* —[MS M]

<sup>11</sup> *That trembling form* — —[MS M]

<sup>111</sup> *Reserving thee alas! I I st*

*Joys bought to dear if bright with tears*

*Yet ne'er regret the pang it cost* —[MS M era ed]

<sup>1v</sup> *And crush* — —[MS M]

<sup>1</sup> [It is possible that these lines as well as the Sonnets To Geneva were addressed to Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster —See Letters 1898 i 7 note 1 and Letters 1899 iii 8 note 1]

## 5

Think that, whate'er to others, thou  
 Hast seen each selfish thought subdued  
 I bless thy purer soul even now,  
 Even now, in midnight solitude.

## 6.

Oh, God ! that we had met in time,  
 Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free,  
 When thou hadst loved without a crime,  
 And I been less unworthy thee !<sup>1</sup>

## 7

Far may thy days, as heretofore,"  
 From this our gaudy world be past !  
 And that too bitter moment o'er,  
 Oh ! may such trial be thy last

## 8

This heart, alas ! perverted long,  
 Itself destroyed might there destroy,  
 To meet thee in the glittering throng,  
 Would wake Presumption's hope of joy<sup>'''</sup>

## 9.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,  
 Like mine, is wild and worthless all,  
 That world resign—such scenes forego,  
 Where those who feel must surely fall

## 10

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness  
 Thy soul from long seclusion pure,

<sup>1</sup> *And I been not unworthy thee* —[MS M]

<sup>11</sup> *Long may thy days* —[MS M]

<sup>111</sup> *Might make my hope of guilty joy* —[MS]

From what even here hath passed may guess  
What there thy bosom must endure

11

Oh! pardon that imploring tear  
Since not by Virtue shed in vain  
My frenzy drew from eyes so dear  
For me they shall not weep again

12

Though long and mournful must it be  
The thought that we no more may meet  
Yet I deserve the stern decree  
And almost deem the sentence sweet

13

Still—had I loved thee less—my heart  
Had then less sacrificed to thine,  
It felt not half so much to part  
As if its guilt had made thee mine

1813,

[MS M First published *Childe Harold* 1814 (Seventh Edition) ]

IMPROMPTU IN REPLY TO A FRIEND<sup>1</sup>

WHEN from the heart where Sorrow sits  
Her dusky shadow mounts too high

1 [Byron forwarded these lines to Moore in a postscript to a letter dated September 27 1813. Here s he writes an impromptu for you by a person of quality written last week on being reproached for low spirits —*Letters* 1898 ii 268. They were written at Aston Hall Rotherham where he stayed a week and behaved very well—though the lady of the house [Lady F Wedderburn Webster] is young and religious and pretty and the master is my particular friend —*Letters* 1898 ii 267.]

And o'er the changing aspect flits,  
 And clouds the brow, or fills the eye,  
 Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink  
 My Thoughts their dungeon know too well,  
 Back to my breast the Wanderers shrink,  
 And *droop* within their silent cell<sup>1</sup>

*Sept. 17, 1813*

[*MS M* First published, *Childs Harold*, 1814 (Seventh Edition) ]

## SONNET

10 GENLVRA

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,  
 And the waim lustre of thy features—caught  
 From contemplation—where serenely wrought,  
 Seems Sorrow's softness charmed from its despair—  
 Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,  
 That—but I know thy blessed bosom fraught  
 With mines of unalloyed and stainless thought—  
 I should have deemed thee doomed to earthly care  
 With such an aspect, by his colours blent,  
 When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,  
 (Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)  
 The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn  
 Such seem'st thou—but how much more excellent<sup>1</sup>  
 With nought Remorse can claim—nor Virtue scorn

*December 17, 1813<sup>1</sup>*

[*MS M* First published, *Corsani*, 1814 (Second Edition) ]

1 *And bleed* —[*MS M*]

1 [“Redde some Italian, and wrote two Sonnets I never wrote but one sonnet before, and that was not in earnest, and many years ago, as an exercise—and I will never write another They are the most puling, petrifying, stupidly platonic compositions”—*Dialy*, December 18, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, ii 379 ]

## SONNET

TO GENEVRA

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe  
 And yet so lovely that if Mirth could flush  
 Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush  
 My heart would wish away that ruder glow  
 And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes—but oh !  
 While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush  
 And into mine my mother's weakness rush  
 Soft as the last drops round Heaven's airy bow  
 For through thy long dark lashes low depending  
 The soul of melancholy Gentleness  
 Gleams like a Seraph from the sky descending  
 Above all pain yet pitying all distress,  
 At once such majesty with sweetness blending  
 I worship more, but cannot love thee less

December 17 1813

[MS M First published *Corsaire* 1814 (Second Edition) ]

## FROM THE PORTUGUESE

"TU MI CHAMAS

I

IN moments to delight devoted <sup>1</sup>  
 My Life ! with tenderest tone you cry

<sup>1</sup> — *Hope whispers not from you* — [MS M]

1 [ In moments to delight devoted  
     My Life ! is still the name you give  
     Dear words ! on which my heart had doted  
     Had Man an endless term to live  
     But ah ! so swift the seasons roll  
     That name must be repeated never



Dear words! on which my heart had doted,  
If Youth could neither fade nor die

## 2

To Death even hours like these must roll,  
Ah! then repeat those accents never,  
Or change "my Life!" into "my Soul!"  
Which, like my Love, exists for ever

[MS M]

## ANOTHER VERSION.

You call me still your *Life* — Oh! change the word—  
Life is as transient as the inconstant sigh  
Say rather I'm your Soul, more just that name,  
For, like the soul, my Love can never die.

[Stanzas 1, 2 first published, *Childe Harold*, 1814 (Seventh Edition)  
"Another Version," first published, 1832]

For 'Life' in future say, 'My Soul,'  
Which like my love exists for ever "

Byron wrote these lines in 1815, in Lady Lansdowne's album, at Bowood —Note by Mr Richard Edgecombe, *Notes and Queries*, Sixth Series, vii 46]

# THE GIAOUR

A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE

---

One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws  
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes—  
To which Life nothing darker nor brighter can bring  
For which joy hath no balm—and affliction no sting

MOORE

[ As a beam o'er the face etc —*Irish Melodies* ]

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## INTRODUCTION TO *THE GIAOUR*

IN a letter to Murray dated Pisa December 1 181 (*Life* p 545) Byron avows that the Giaour Story had actually some foundation on facts. Soon after the poem appeared (June 5 1813) a story was circulated by some gentle women a little too close to the text (*Letters to Moore* September 1 1813 *Letters* 1898 II 58) and in order to put himself right with his friends or posterity Byron wrote to his friend Lord Sligo who in July 1810 was anchored off Athens in a twelve gun brig with a crew of fifty men (see *Letters* 1898 I 89 note 1) requesting him to put on paper not so much the narrative of an actual event but 'what he had heard at Athens about the affair of that girl who was so near being put an end to while you were there. According to the letter which Moore published (*Life* p 178) and which is reprinted in the present issue (*Letters* 1898 II 57) Byron interposed on behalf of a girl who in compliance with the strict letter of the Mohammedan law had been sewn in a sack and was about to be thrown into the sea. I was told adds Lord Sligo that you then conveyed her in safety to the convent and despatched her off at night to Thebes. The letter which Byron characterizes as curious is by no means conclusive and to judge from the designedly mysterious references in the *Journal* dated November 16 and December 5 and in the second postscript to a letter to Professor Clarke dated December 15 1813 (*Letters* 1898 II 31 361 311) the circumstances which were the groundwork are not before us. 'An event says John Wright (ed 183 ix 143) in which Lord Byron was personally concerned undoubtedly supplied the groundwork of this tale but for the

story so circumstantially set forth (see Medwin's *Conversations*, 1824, pp 121, 124) of his having been the lover of this female slave, there is no foundation. The girl whose life the poet saved at Athens was not, we are assured by Sir John Hobhouse (*Westminster Review*, January, 1825, iii 27), an object of his Lordship's attachment, but of that of his Turkish servant. Nevertheless, whatever Byron may have told Hobhouse (who had returned to England), and he distinctly says (*Letters*, 1898, ii 393) that he did not tell him everything, he avowed to Clarke that he had been led "to the water's edge," and confided to his diary that to "describe the *feelings* of *that* situation was impossible—it is *icy* even to recollect them."

For the allusive and fragmentary style of the *Giaour*, *The Voyage of Columbus*, which Rogers published in 1812, is in part responsible. "It is sudden in its transitions," wrote the author, in the Preface to the first edition, "leaving much to be imagined by the reader." The story or a part of it is told by a fellow-seaman of Columbus, who had turned "eremite" in his old age, and though the narrative itself is in heroic verse, the prologue and epilogue, as they may be termed, are in "the romance or ballad-measure of the Spanish." The resemblance between the two poems is certainly more than accidental. On the other hand, a vivid and impassioned description of Oriental scenery and customs was, as Gifford observed, new and original, and though, by his own admission, Byron was indebted to *Vathek* (or rather S Henley's notes to *Vathek*) and to D'Herbelot's *Bibliothèque Orientale* for allusions and details, the "atmosphere" could only have been reproduced by the creative fancy of an observant and enthusiastic traveller who had lived under Eastern skies, and had come within ken of Eastern life and sentiment.

In spite, however, of his love for the subject-matter of his poem, and the facility, surprising even to himself, with which he spun his rhymes, Byron could not persuade himself that a succession of fragments would sort themselves and grow into a complete and connected whole. If his thrice-repeated depreciation of the *Giaour* is not entirely genuine, it is plain that he misdoubted himself. Writing to Murray (August 26,

1813) he says I have but with some difficulty *not* added any more to this snake of a poem, which has been lengthening its rattles every month to Moore (September 1)

The *Giaour* I have added to a good deal but still in foolish fragments and again to Moore (September 8) By the coach I send you a copy of that awful pamphlet the *Giaour*

But while the author doubted and apologized or deprecated his love's excess In words of wrong and bitterness' the public read, and edition followed edition with bewildering speed

The *Giaour* was reviewed by George Agar Ellis in the *Quarterly* (No xxxi January 1813 [published February 11, 1813]) and in the *Edinburgh Review* by Jeffrey (No 54 January 1813 [published February 14 1813])

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE ON *THE GIAOUR*

THE bibliography of the *Giaour* is beset with difficulties, and it is doubtful if more than approximate accuracy can be secured. The composition of the entire poem in its present shape was accomplished within six months, May—November, 1813, but during that period it was expanded by successive accretions from a first draft of 407 lines (extant in MS) to a seventh edition of 1334 lines. A proof is extant of an edition of 28 pages containing 460 lines, itself an enlargement on the MS, but whether (as a note in the handwriting of the late Mr Murray affirms) this was or was not published is uncertain. A portion of a second proof of 38 pages has been preserved, but of the publication of the poem in this state there is no record. On June 5 a first edition of 41 pages, containing 685 lines, was issued, and of this numerous copies are extant. At the end of June, or the beginning of July, 1813, a second edition, entitled, a "New Edition with some Additions," appeared. This consisted of 47 pages, and numbered 816 lines. Among the accretions is to be found the famous passage beginning, "He that hath bent him o'er the dead." Two MS. copies of this *pannus vere purpureus* are in Mr Murray's possession. At the end of July, and during the first half of August, two or more issues of a third edition were set up in type. The first issue amounted to 53 pages, containing 950 lines, was certainly published in this form, and possibly a second issue of 56 pages, containing 1004 lines, may have followed at a brief interval. A revise of this second issue, dated August 13, is extant. In the last fortnight of August a fourth edition of 58 pages, containing 1048 lines, undoubtedly saw the light. Scarcely more than a few days can have elapsed before the fifth edition of 66 pages,

containing 1215 lines was ready to supplant the fourth edition. A sixth edition & reproduction of the fifth may have appeared in October. A seventh edition of 75 pages containing 1334 lines which presented the poem in its final shape was issued subsequently to November 27 1813 (a seventh edition was advertised in the *Morning Chronicle* December 27 1813) the date of the last revise or of an advance copy of the issue. The ninth tenth eleventh and twelfth editions belong to 1814 while a fourteenth edition is known to have been issued in 1815. In that year and hence forward the *Giaour* was included in the various collected editions of Byron's works. The subjoined table assigns to their several editions the successive accretions in their order as now published —

L	G our	Edi of —
1— 6	MS	First edition of 28 pages
7— 20	Second edition	[47 pages 816 lines] Approximate date June 24, 1813
21— 45	Third edition	[53 pages, 930 lines] July 30 1813
46—107	Second edition	
103—167	Fifth edition	[66 pages 115 lines] August 25, 1813
168—199	MS	First edition of 28 pages
200—250	Third edition	
251—252	Seventh edition	[75 pages 1334 lines] November 7, 1813
253— 76	Third edition	
77—287	MS	First edition of 8 pages
288—351	Third edition	(Second issue?) August 11, 1813 [56 pages 1004 ? 1014 lines]
352—503	MS	First edition of 8 pages
504—518	Third edition	
519—619	MS	First edition of 8 pages
620—634	Second edition	
635—688	MS	First edition of 28 pages
689—72	Fourth edition	[58 pages 1048 lines] August 19
723—737	MS	First edition of 28 pages 733 4 not in the MS but in First edition of 28 pages



Lines	Giaour	Edition of
738—745	<i>First edition of 41 pages</i>	June 5, 1813
746—786	First edition of 28 pages	Not in the MS
787—831	<i>MS First edition of 28 pages</i>	
832—915	Seventh edition	
916—998	<i>First edition of 41 pages</i>	937-970 no MS
999—1023	Second edition	
1024—1028	Seventh edition	
1029—1079	<i>First edition of 41 pages</i>	
1080—1098	Third edition	
1099—1125	<i>First edition of 41 pages</i>	
1126—1130	Seventh edition	
1131—1191	Fifth edition	
1192—1217	Seventh edition	
1218—1256	Fifth edition	
1257—1318	<i>First edition of 41 pages</i>	
1319—1334	<i>MS First edition of 28 pages</i>	

## NOTE

The first edition is advertised in the *Morning Chronicle*, June 5, a third edition on August 11, 13, 16, 31, a fifth edition, with considerable additions, on September 11, on November 29 a "new edition," and on December 27, 1813, a seventh edition, together with a repeated notice of the *Bride of Abydos*. These dates do not exactly correspond with Murray's contemporary memoranda of the dates of the successive issues.

TO  
SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ  
AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN  
OF ADMIRATION OF HIS GENIUS  
RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER  
AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP  
THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED  
BY HIS OBLIGED  
AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT

BYRON

LONDON *May* 1813



## ADVERTISEMENT

THE tale which these disjointed fragments present is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the 'olden time or because the Christians have better fortune or less enterprise. The story, when entire contained the adventures of a female slave who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner into the sea for infidelity and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morea which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The desertion of the Mainotes on being refused the plunder of Misitra led to the abandonment of that enterprise and to the desolation of the Morea during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the faithful.



## THE GIAOUR

---

No breath of air to break the wave  
That rolls below the Athenian's grave  
That tomb<sup>1</sup> which gleaming o'er the cliff  
First greets the homeward veering skiff  
High o'er the land he saved in vain  
When shall such Hero live again?

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

1 A tomb above the rocks on the promontory by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles

[ There are says Cumberland in his *Observer* a few lines by Plato upon the tomb of Themistocles which have a turn of elegant and pathetic simplicity in them that deserves a better translation than I can give—

By the sea's margin on the watery strand  
Thy monument Themistocles shall stand  
By this directed to thy native shore  
The merchant shall convey his freighted store  
And when our fleets are summoned to the fight  
Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight

Note to Edition 1832

The traditional site of the tomb of Themistocles a rock hewn grave on the very margin of the sea generally covered with water adjoins the lighthouse which stands on the westernmost promontory of the Piræus some three quarters of a mile from the entrance to the harbour Plutarch in his *Themistocles* (cap xxxii) is at pains to describe the exact site of the altar like tomb and quotes the passage from Plato (the comic poet B C 428-389) which Cumberland paraphrases Byron and Hobhouse made the complete circuit of the peninsula of Munychia January 18 1810—*Travels in Albania* 1858 : 317 318]

Fair clime ! where every season smiles <sup>1</sup>  
 Benignant o'er those blessed isles,  
 Which, seen from far Colonna's height,  
 Make glad the heart that hails the sight, 10  
 And lend to loneliness delight  
 There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek  
 Reflects the tints of many a peak  
 Caught by the laughing tides that lave  
 These Edens of the eastern wave  
 And if at times a transient breeze  
 Break the blue crystal of the seas,  
 Or sweep one blossom from the trees,  
 How welcome is each gentle air  
 That wakes and wafts the odours there ! 20  
 For there the Rose, o'er crag or vale,  
 Sultana of the Nightingale,<sup>1</sup>

1 *Fair clime ! where ceaseless summer smiles*  
*Benignant o'er those blessed isles,*  
*Which seen from far Colonna's height,*  
*Make glad the heart that hails the sight,*  
*And lend to loneliness delight*  
*There shine the bright abodes ye seek,*  
*Like dimples upon Ocean's cheek,*  
*So smiling round the waters lave*  
*These Edens of the Eastern wave*  
*Or if, at times, the transient breeze*  
*Break the smooth crystal of the seas,*  
*Or brush one blossom from the trees,*  
*How grateful is each gentle air*  
*That wakes and wafts the fragrance there —[MS]*  
*the fragrance there —[Second Edition]*

1 The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well-known Persian fable. If I mistake not, the "Bulbul of a thousand tales" is one of his appellations

[Thus Mesih, as translated by Sir William Jones—

"Come, charming maid ! and hear thy poet sing,  
 Thyself the rose and he the bird of spring  
 Love bids him sing, and Love will be obey'd  
 Be gay too soon the flowers of spring will fade "

"The full style and title of the Persian nightingale (*Pycnonotus*

The maid for whom his melody  
 His thousand songs are heard on high  
 Blooms blushing to her lover's tale  
 His queen the garden queen his Rose  
 Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows  
 Far from the winters of the west,  
 By every breeze and season blest,  
 Returns the sweets by Nature given 30  
 In softest incense back to Heaven  
 And grateful yields that smiling sky  
 Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh  
 And many a summer flower is there  
 And many a shade that Love might share  
 And many a grotto meant for rest  
 That holds the pirate for a guest  
 Whose bark in sheltering cove below  
 Lurks for the passing peaceful prow  
 Till the gay mariner's guitar<sup>1</sup> 40  
 Is heard, and seen the Evening Star

*hemorrhous*) is Bulbul i haz r-dastân usually shortened to Hazar  
 (bird of a thousand tales = the thousand) generally called Anda  
 lib (See *Arabian Nights* by Richard F. Burton 1887 *Suppl*  
*mental Vglts* iii 506) For the nightingale's attachment to the  
 rose compare Moore's *Lalla Rookh*—

Oh sooner shall the rose of May  
 Take her own sweet nightingale etc  
 (Ed. Chandos Classics, p 43)

and Fitzgerald's translation of the *Rubâyât* of Omar Khayyam  
 (stanza vi)—

And David's lips are locket but in divine  
 High piping Pehlevi with Wine! Wine! Wine!  
 Red Wine! —the Nightingale cries to the Rose  
 That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine

*Rubâyât etc* 1899 p 9 and note p 6

Byron was indebted for his information to a note on a passage in  
*Latâ'ik* by S. Henley (*Pathos* 1893 p 217)

1 The guitar is the constant amusement of the Greek sailor by  
 night with a steady fair wind and during a calm it is accompanied  
 always by the voice and often by dancing



Then stealing with the muffled oar,  
 Far shaded by the rocky shore,  
 Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,  
 And turn to groans his roundelay.  
 Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,  
 As if for Gods, a dwelling place,  
 And every charm and grace hath mixed  
 Within the Paradise she fixed,  
 There man, enamoured of distress, 50  
 Should mar it into wilderness,<sup>1</sup>  
 And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower  
 That tasks not one laborious hour,  
 Nor claims the culture of his hand  
 To bloom along the fairy land,  
 But springs as to preclude his care,  
 And sweetly woos him—but to spare<sup>1</sup>  
 Strange that where all is Peace beside,  
 There Passion riots in her pride,  
 And Lust and Rapine wildly reign 60  
 To darken o'er the fair domain.  
 It is as though the Fiends prevailed  
 Against the Seraphs they assailed,  
 And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should dwell  
 The freed inheritors of Hell,  
 So soft the scene, so foimed for joy,  
 So cunst the tyrants that destroy<sup>1</sup>

He who hath bent him o'er the dead<sup>11</sup>  
 Ere the first day of Death is fled,

<sup>1</sup> *Should wanton in a wilderness* —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> The first draft of this celebrated passage differs in many

<sup>1</sup> [Compare "Beyond Milan the country wore the aspect of a wider devastation, and though everything seemed more quiet, the repose was like that of death spread over features which retain the

The first dark day of Nothingness 70  
 The last of Danger and Distress  
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers  
 Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers)  
 And marked the mild angelic air  
 The rapture of Repose that's there  
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak  
 The languor of the placid cheek  
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,  
 That fires not wins not weeps not now  
 And but for that chill changeless brow 80

particulars from the Fair Copy which with the exception of the passages marked as *vars* : (p 89) and i (p 90) is the same as the text It ran as follows —

*He who hat' bent him o'er the dead  
 Ere the first day of death is fled—  
 The first dark day of Nothingness  
 The last of doom and of distress—  
 Before Corruption's cankering fingers  
 Hath tinged the hue where Beauty lingers  
 And marked the soft and settled air  
 That dwells with all but Spirit there  
 The fixed yet tender lines that speak  
 Of Ease along the placid cheek  
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye  
 That fires not—pleads not—weeps not—now—  
 And but for that pale chilling brow  
 Whose touch tells of Mortality  
 And curdles to the Gazer's heart  
 As if to him it could impart  
 The doom he only looks upon—  
 Yes but for these and these alone  
 A moment—yet—a little hour  
 We still must doubt the Tyrant's power*

The eleven lines following (88-98) were not emended in the Fair Copy and are included in the text The Fair Copy is the sole MS authority for the four concluding lines of the paragraph

i And marked the almost dreamy air  
 Which speaks the sweet repose that's there —  
 [MS of Fair Copy]

impression of the last convulsions — *My stories of Udolpho* by Mrs Ann Radcliffe 1794 ii 29 ]

Where cold Obstruction's apathy<sup>1</sup>  
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,<sup>1</sup>  
 As if to him it could impart  
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon,  
 Yes, but for these and these alone,  
 Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,  
 He still might doubt the Tyrant's power,  
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,  
 The first, last look by Death revealed<sup>1 2</sup>  
 Such is the aspect of this shore,  
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more<sup>1 3</sup>  
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
 We start, for Soul is wanting there  
 Hers is the loveliness in death,  
 That parts not quite with parting breath,

90

<sup>1</sup> *Whose touch thrills with mortality,  
 And candles to the gazer's heart* —[*MS of Fair Copy*]

<sup>1</sup> "Aye, but to die, and go we know not where,  
 To lie in cold obstruction?"

*Measure for Measure*, act III sc 1, lines 115, 116

[Compare, too, *Childe Harold*, Canto II stanza iv line 5]

<sup>2</sup> I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description, but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours, after "the spirit is not there." It is to be remarked in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds, the expression is always that of languor, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character, but in death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last [According to Medwin (1824, 4to, p 223), an absurd charge, based on the details of this note, was brought against Byron, that he had been guilty of murder, and spoke from experience]

<sup>3</sup> [In Dallaway's *Constantinople* (p 2) [Rev James Dallaway (1763-1834) published *Constantinople Ancient and Modern, etc*, in 1797], a book which Lord Byron is not unlikely to have consulted, I find a passage quoted from Gillies' *History of Greece* (vol 1 p 335), which contains, perhaps, the first seed of the thought thus expanded into full perfection by genius "The present state of Greece, compared to the ancient, is the silent obscurity of the grave widetrasted with the vivid lustre of active life"—Moore, *Note to repose* 1832]

But beauty with that fearful bloom  
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb  
 Expression's last receding ray,  
 A gilded Halo hovering round decay,  
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away ! 100  
 Spark of that flame perchance of heavenly birth,  
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth !

Clime of the unforgotten brave !<sup>1</sup>  
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave  
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !  
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be<sup>11</sup>  
 That this is all remains of thee ?  
 Approach thou craven crouching slave  
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?<sup>12</sup>  
 These waters blue that round you lave — 110  
 Oh servile offspring of the free—  
 Pronounce what sea what shore is this ?  
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !  
 These scenes, their story not unknown  
 Arise and make again your own,  
 Snatch from the ashes of your Sires  
 The embers of their former fires,

<sup>1</sup> *Fountain of Wisdom I can it be — [MS erased]*

<sup>11</sup> *Why is not this Thermopylæ  
 These waters blue that round you lave  
 Degenerate offspring of the free—  
 How name ye them what shore is this ?  
 The wave the rock of Salamis ? — [MS]*

<sup>1</sup> [From hence to the conclusion of the paragraph the MS is written in a hurried and almost illegible hand as if these splendid lines had been poured forth in one continuous burst of poetic feeling which would hardly allow time for the pen to follow the imagination — (Note to Edition 1837 The lines were added to the Second Edition)]

[Compare—

Son of the Morning rise I approach you here !

*Childe Harold* Canto II stanza 111 line 1 ]

And he who in the strife expires<sup>1</sup>  
 Will add to theirs a name of fear  
 That Tyrianny shall quake to hear, 120  
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
 They too will rather die than shame  
 For Freedom's battle once begun,  
 Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,"  
 Though baffled oft is ever won.  
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page<sup>1</sup>  
 Attest it many a deathless age<sup>1'''</sup>  
 While Kings, in dusty darkness hid,  
 Have left a nameless pyramid,  
 Thy Heroes, though the general doom 130  
 Hath swept the column from their tomb,  
 A mightier monument command,  
 The mountains of their native land<sup>1</sup>  
 There points thy Muse to stranger's eye<sup>1''</sup>  
 The graves of those that cannot die<sup>1</sup>  
 'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,  
 Each step from Splendour to Disgrace,  
 Enough no foreign foe could quell  
 Thy soul, till from itself it fell,  
 Yet<sup>1</sup> Self-abasement paved the way 140  
 To villain-bonds and despot sway

What can he tell who treads thy shore?  
 No legend of thine olden time,  
 No theme on which the Muse might soar  
 High as thine own in days of yore,

1 *And he who in the cause expires,  
 Will add a name and fate to them  
 Well worthy of his noble stem* —[MS]

11 *Commenced by Sire—renewed by Son* —[MS]

111 *Attest it many a former age  
 While kings in dark oblivion hid* —[MS]

14 *There let the Muse direct thine eye* —[MS]

When man was worthy of thy clime  
 The hearts within thy valleys bred<sup>1</sup>  
 The fiery souls that might have led  
 Thy sons to deeds sublime  
 Now crawl from cradle to the Grave 150  
 Slaves—nay the bondsmen of a Slave<sup>1</sup>  
 And callous save to crime  
 Stained with each evil that pollutes  
 Mankind, where least above the brutes  
 Without even savage virtue blest,  
 Without one free or valiant breast  
 Still to the neighbouring ports they waft<sup>2</sup>  
 Proverbial wiles and ancient craft  
 In this the subtle Greek is found  
 For this, and this alone renowned 160  
 In vain might Liberty invoke  
 The spirit to its bondage broke  
 Or raise the neck that courts the yoke  
 No more her sorrows I bewail  
 Yet this will be a mournful tale  
 And they who listen may believe  
 Who heard it first had cause to grieve

\* \* \*

Far dark along the blue sea glancing  
 The shadows of the rocks advancing

1 *The hearts amid thy mountains bred* —[MS]

2 *Now to the neighbouring shores they waft  
 Their ancient and proverbial craft* —[MS erased]

1 Athens is the property of the Kızlar Aga [kızlar aghası] (the slave of the Seraglio and guardian of the women) who appoints the Waywode. A pander and eunuch—these are not polite yet true appellations—now governs the governor of Athens!

[Hobhouse maintains that this subordination of the waywodes (or vaivodes = the Slavonic β βόδα) (Turkish governors of Athens) to a higher Turkish official was on the whole favourable to the liberties and well being of the Athenians —*Travels in Albania* 1858 i. 46]

Start on the fisher's eye like boat 170  
 Of island-pirate or Mainote,  
 And fearful for his light carque,  
 He shuns the near but doubtful creek  
 Though worn and weary with his toil,  
 And cumbered with his scaly spoil,  
 Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,  
 Till Port Leone's safer shore  
 Receives him by the lovely light  
 That best becomes an Eastern night

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,<sup>1</sup> 180  
 With slackened bit and hoof of speed?  
 Beneath the clattering non's sound  
 The caverned Echoes wake around  
 In lash for lash, and bound for bound.  
 The foam that streaks the courser's side  
 Seems gathered from the Ocean-tide  
 Though weary waves are sunk to rest,  
 There's none within his rider's breast,  
 And though to-morrow's tempest lower,  
 'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!<sup>2</sup> 190

1 *He silent shuns the doubtful creek* —[MS]

1 [The reciter of the tale is a Turkish fisherman, who has been employed during the day in the gulf of Ægina, and in the evening, apprehensive of the Mainote pirates who infest the coast of Attica, lands with his boat on the harbour of Port Leone, the ancient Piræus. He becomes the eye-witness of nearly all the incidents in the story, and in one of them is a principal agent. It is to his feelings, and particularly to his religious prejudices, that we are indebted for some of the most forcible and splendid parts of the poem — Note by George Agar Ellis, 1797-1833.]

2 [In Dr Clarke's *Travels* (Edward Daniel Clarke, 1769-1822, published *Travels in Europe, Asia, Africa*, 1810-24), this word, which means *myiæel*, is always written according to its English pronunciation, *Djou*. Byron adopted the Italian spelling usual among the Franks of the Levant — *Note to Edition* 1832.]

The pronunciation of the word depends on its origin. If it is

I know thee not, I loathe thy race,  
 But in thy lineaments I trace  
 What Time shall strengthen not efface  
 Though young and pale that sallow front  
 Is scathed by fiery Passion's brunt,  
 Though bent on earth thine evil eye<sup>1</sup>  
 As meteor like thou glidest by  
 Right well I view and deem thee one  
 Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun

On—on he hastened and he drew 00  
 My gaze of wonder as he flew<sup>11</sup>  
 Though like a Demon of the night  
 He passed and vanished from my sight  
 His aspect and his air impressed  
 A troubled memory on my breast  
 And long upon my startled ear  
 Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear  
 He spurs his steed, he nears the steep  
 That jutting, shadows o'er the deep  
 He winds around, he hurries by 10  
 The rock relieves him from mine eye  
 For well I ween unwelcome he  
 Whose glance is fixed on those that flee  
 And not a star but shines too bright

<sup>1</sup> *Though scarcely marked* — —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *With him my wonder as he flew* —[MS]

*With him my ro used and wonders g sec* —[MS erased]

associated with the Arabic *jawr* a deviating or erring the initial consonant would be soft but if with the Persian *gawr* or *guebri* a fire worshipper the word should be pronounced *Gow-er*—as Gower Street has come to be pronounced. It is to be remarked that to the present day the Nestorians of Urumiah are contemned as *Gy ours* (the *G* hard) by their Mohammedan country men —(From information kindly supplied by Mr A G Ellis of the Oriental Printed Books and MSS Department British Museum)]



On him who takes such timeless flight.<sup>1</sup>  
 He wound along , but ere he passed  
 One glance he snatched, as if his last,  
 A moment checked his wheeling steed,<sup>1</sup>  
 A moment breathed him from his speed,  
 A moment on his stirrup stood 220  
 Why looks he o'er the olive wood ?<sup>11</sup>  
 The Crescent glimmers on the hill,  
 The Mosque's high lamps are quivering still  
 Though too remote for sound to wake  
 In echoes of the far tophaike,<sup>2</sup>  
 The flashes of each joyous peal  
 Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal  
 To-night, set Rhamazan's sun ,  
 To-night, the Barâm feast's begun ,  
 To-night but who and what art thou 230  
 Of foreign garb and fearful brow ?  
 And what are these to thine or thee,  
 That thou shouldst either pause or flee ?

He stood some dread was on his face,  
 Soon Hatred settled in its place  
 It rose not with the reddening flush

1 For him who takes so fast a flight —[MS erased ]

11 And looked along the olive wood —[MS ]

1 [Compare

“ A moment now he slack'd his speed,  
 A moment breathed his panting steed ”

Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto I stanza xxxii lines 1, 2 ]

2 “Tophaike,” musket The Barâm is announced by the cannon at sunset the illumination of the mosques, and the firing of all kinds of small arms, loaded with *ball*, proclaimed during the night [The Barâm, the Moslem Easter, a festival of three days, succeeded the Ramazân

For the illumination of the mosques during the fast of the Ramazân, see *Childe Harold*, Canto II stanza iv line 5, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii 134, note 2 ]

Of transient Anger's hasty blush <sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup>  
 But pale as marble o'er the tomb  
 Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom  
 His brow was bent his eye was glazed 240  
 He raised his arm and fiercely raised  
 And sternly shook his hand on high  
 As doubting to return or fly, <sup>1</sup>  
 Impatient of his flight delayed  
 Here loud his raven charger neighed—  
 Down glanced that hand and grasped his blade  
 That sound had burst his waking dream  
 As Slumber starts at owl's scream  
 The spur hath lanced his courser's sides  
 Away—away—for life he rides 50  
 Swift as the hurled on high jerrced  
 Springs to the touch his startled steed  
 The rock is doubled and the shore  
 Shakes with the clattering tramp no more,  
 The crag is won no more is seen

<sup>1</sup> *Of transient Anger's Darkening blush* —[ MS ]

<sup>11</sup> *As doubting if to stay or fly—  
 Then turned it swiftly to his blade  
 As loud his raven charger neighed—  
 That sound had spelled his waking dream  
 As sleepers start at owl's scream* —[ MS ]

<sup>1</sup> [For hasty all the editions till the twelfth read *darkening* blush On the back of a copy of the eleventh Lord Byron has written Why did not the printer attend to the solitary correction so repeatedly made I have no copy of this and desire to have none till my request is complied with —*Notes to Editions* 1831 1837 ]

<sup>2</sup> Jerrced or Djerrid [Jarid] a blunted Turkish javelin which is darted from horseback with great force and precision It is a favourite exercise of the Mussulmans but I know not if it can be called a *manly* one since the most expert in the art are the Black Eunuchs of Constantinople I think next to these a Mamlouk at Smyrna was the most skilful that came within my observation

[Lines 250 251 together with the note were inserted in the Third Edition]

His Christian crest and haughty mien  
 'Twas but an instant he restrained  
 That fiery barb so sternly reined, '  
 'Twas but a moment that he stood,  
 Then sped as if by Death pursued, 260  
 But in that instant o'er his soul  
 Winters of Memory seemed to roll,  
 And gather in that drop of time  
 A life of pain, an age of crime  
 O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,  
 Such moment pours the grief of years "  
 What felt *he* then, at once oppress  
 By all that most distracts the breast?  
 That pause, which pondered o'er his fate,  
 Oh, who its dreary length shall date ' 270  
 Though in Time's record nearly nought,  
 It was Eternity to Thought ' <sup>1</sup>  
 For infinite as boundless space  
 The thought that Conscience must embrace,  
 Which in itself can comprehend  
 Woe without name, or hope, or end <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> '*Twas but an instant, though so long*

*When thus dilated in my song*

*'Twas but an instant —[MS]*

<sup>11</sup> *Such moment holds a thousand years*

or, *Such moment proves the grief of years —[MS]*

<sup>1</sup> ["Lord Byron told Mr Murray that he took this idea from one of the Arabian tales—that in which the Sultan puts his head into a butt of water, and, though it remains there for only two or three minutes, he imagines that he lives many years during that time. The story had been quoted by Addison in the *Spectator*"] [No 94, June 18, 1711] —*Memoir of John Murray*, 1891, i 219, note]

<sup>2</sup> [Lines 271–276 were added in the Third Edition. The MS. proceeds with a direction (dated July 31, 1813) to the printer—

“And alter

“ ‘A life of *woe*—an age of crime—’

to

“ ‘A life of *pain*—an age of crime,’

The hour is past the Giaour is gone  
 And did he fly or fall alone ?  
 Woe to that hour he came or went !  
 The curse for Hassan's sin was sent 80  
 To turn a palace to a tomb  
 He came he went like the Simoom,<sup>1</sup>  
 That harbinger of Fate and gloom  
 Beneath whose widely wasting breath  
 The very cypress droops to death—  
 Dark tree still sad when others grief is fled  
 The only constant mourner o'er the dead !

The steed is vanished from the stall  
 No serf is seen in Hassan's hall  
 The lonely Spider's thin gray pall<sup>11</sup> 90  
 Waves slowly widening o'er the wall

<sup>1</sup> *But neither fled nor fell alone* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> There are two MS versions of lines 90-298 (A) a rough copy and (B) a fair copy—

(A) *And wide the Spider's thin grey pall  
 Is curtained on the splendid wall—*

Alter also the lines

On him who loves or hates or fears  
 Such moment holds a thousand years

to

O'er him who loves or hates or fears  
 Such moment pours the grief of years ]

<sup>1</sup> The blast of the desert fatal to everything living and often alluded to in Eastern poetry

[James Bruce 1730-1794 (nicknamed Abyssinian Bruce) gives a remarkable description of the simoom I saw from the south east a haze come in colour like the purple part of the rainbow but not so compressed or thick It did not occupy twenty yards in breadth and was about twelve feet high from the ground It was a kind of bluish upon the air and it moved very rapidly We all lay flat on the ground till it was blown over The meteor of purple haze which I saw was indeed passed but the light air which still blew was of a heat to threaten suffocation. He goes on to say that he did not recover the effect of the sandblast on his chest for nearly two years (Bruce *Life and Travels* ed 1830 p 470)  
 —*Note to Edit on 1832* ]

The Bat builds in his Haram bower,<sup>1</sup>  
 And in the fortress of his power  
 The Owl usurps the beacon-tower,  
 The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,  
 With baffled thirst, and famine, grim,  
 For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,  
 Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread  
 'Twas sweet of yore to see it play  
 And chase the sultriness of day, 300  
 As springing high the silver dew  
 In whirls fantastically flew,

*The Bat hath built in his mother's bower,  
 And in the fortress of his power  
 The Owl hath fixed her beacon tower,  
 The wild dogs howl on the fountain's brim  
 With baffled thirst and famine grim,  
 For the stream is shrunk from its marble bed  
 Where Desolation's dust is spread —[MS]*

B ["August 5, 1813, in last of 3<sup>rd</sup> or first of 4<sup>th</sup> ed"]

*The lonely Spider's thin grey pall  
 Is curtained o'er the splendid wall—  
 The Bat builds in his mother's bower,  
 And in the fortress of his power  
 The Owl hath fixed her beacon-tower,  
 The wild dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,  
 But vainly lolls his tongue to drink —[MS]*

- 1 *The silver dew of coldness sprinkling  
 In drops fantastically twinkling  
 As from the spring the silver dew  
 In whirls fantastically flew  
 And dashed luxurious coolness round  
 The air—and verdure on the ground —[MS]*

1 [Compare "The walls of Balclutha were desolated The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls The fox looked out from the windows" (Ossian's *Balclutha*) "The dreary night-owl screams in the solitary retreat of his mouldering ivy-covered tower" (*Lairnui, or the Song of Despair Poems of Ossian*, discovered by the Baron de Harold, 1787, p 172) Compare, too, the well-known lines, "The spider holds the veil in the palace of Cæsar, the owl stands sentinel on the watch-tower of Afrasyab" (*A Grammar of the Persian Language*, by Sir W Jones, 1809, p 106) ]

And flung luxurious coolness round  
 The air, and verdure o'er the ground  
 'Twas sweet when cloudless stars were bright  
 To view the wave of watery light,  
 And hear its melody by night  
 And oft had Hassan's Childhood played  
 Around the verge of that cascade,  
 And oft upon his mother's breast 310  
 That sound had harmonized his rest  
 And oft had Hassan's Youth along  
 Its bank been soothed by Beauty's song  
 And softer seemed each melting tone  
 Of Music mingled with its own  
 But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose  
 Along the brink at Twilight's close  
 The stream that filled that font is fled—  
 The blood that warmed his heart is shed!  
 And here no more shall human voice 320  
 Be heard to rage regret rejoice  
 The last sad note that swelled the gale  
 Was woman's wildest funeral wail  
 That quenched in silence all is still  
 But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill  
 Though raves the gust, and floods the rain  
 No hand shall close its clasp again  
 On desert sands 'twere joy to scan  
 The rudest steps of fellow man  
 So here the very voice of Grief 330  
 Might wake an Echo like relief—  
 At least 'twould say All are not gone,

1 *F r t h r s t y F x a n d f a k a l g a u t*  
*May vainly for its waters pa t —[MS]*

or *The famished f x the u l d d o o g a u t*  
*May vainly for its waters pa t —[MS]*

11 *Might strike a i echo — —[MS]*

There lingers Life, though but in one " '   
 For many a gilded chamber's there,   
 Which Solitude might well forbear, <sup>1</sup>   
 Within that dome as yet Decay   
 Hath slowly worked her cankering way   
 But gloom is gathered o'er the gate,   
 Nor there the Fakir's self will wait,   
 Nor there will wandering Dervise stay,   
 For Bounty cheers not his delay,   
 Nor there will weary stranger halt   
 To bless the sacred " bread and salt " " -

1,   
 ed,   
 spread.

300

1 *And welcome Life though but in one*   
*For many a gilded chamber's there*   
*Unmeet for Solitude to share* —[MS]

11 *To share the Master's " bread and salt " —[MS]*

1 ["I have just recollected an alteration you may make in proof Among the lines on Hassan's Serai, is this—' Unmeet for Solitude to share ' Now, to share implies more than one, and Solitude is a single gentlewoman it must be thus—

" ' For many a gilded chamber's there,   
 Which Solitude might well forbear, ' "

and so on Will you adopt this correction? and pray accept a cheese from me for your trouble "—Letter to John Murray, Stilton, October 3, 1813, *Liters*, 1898, ii 274 ]

2 [To partake of food—to break bread and taste salt with your host, ensures the safety of the guest even though an enemy, his person from that moment becomes sacred —(Note appended to Letter of October 3, 1813 )

"I leave this (*vid. supra*, note 1) to your discretion if anybody thinks the old line a good one or the cheese a bad one, don't accept either But in that case the word *share* is repeated soon after in the line—

" ' To share the master's bread and salt, '   
 and must be altered to—

" ' To break the master's bread and salt ' "

This is not so well, though—confound it ' "

"If the old line [' Unmeet for Solitude to share ' ] stands, let the other run thus—

" ' Nor there will weary traveller halt,   
 To bless the sacred bread and salt ' "

(P S to Murray, October 3, 1813 )

Alike must Wealth and Poverty  
 Pass heedless and unheeded by  
 For Courtesy and Pity died  
 With Hassan on the mountain side  
 His roof that refuge unto men  
 Is Desolation's hungry den  
 The guest flies the hall and the vassal from labour 350  
 Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre <sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

I hear the sound of coming feet  
 But not a voice mine ear to greet  
 More near—each turban I can scan  
 And silver sheathed ataghan,  
 The foremost of the band is seen  
 An Emir by his garb of green <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *And cold Hospitality shrinks from the labour*  
*The slave fled his halter and the serf left his labour* —[MS]  
 or *Ah! there Hospitality light is thy labour*  
 or *Ah! who for the traveller's solace will labour?* —[MS]

The emendation of line 335 made that of line 343 unnecessary but both emendations were accepted

(Moore says (*Life* p 191 *note*) that the directions are written on a separate slip of paper from the letter to Murray of October 3 1813)

<sup>1</sup> I need hardly observe that Chanty and Hospitality are the first duties enjoined by Mahomet and to say truth very generally practised by his disciples The first praise that can be bestowed on a chief is a panegyric on his bounty the next on his valour  
 { Serve God and show kindness unto parents and relations and orphans, and the poor and your neighbour who is of kin to you and the traveller and the captives etc —*Kordn* cap iv  
 Lines 350 351 were inserted in the Fifth Edition }

<sup>2</sup> The ataghan a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt in a metal scabbard generally of silver and among the wealthier gilt or of gold

<sup>3</sup> Green is the privileged colour of the prophet numerous pretended descendants with them as here faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works they are the worst of a very indifferent brood



“Ho ! who art thou ?” “This low salam<sup>1</sup>  
 Replies of Moslem faith I am<sup>1</sup>  
 The burthen ye so gently bear, 360  
 Seems one that claims your utmost care,  
 And, doubtless, holds some precious freight  
 My humble bark would gladly wait ”<sup>11</sup>

“Thou speakest sooth thy skiff unmoor  
 And waft us from the silent shore ,  
 Nay, leave the sail still furled, and ply  
 The nearest oar that’s scattered by,  
 And midway to those rocks where sleep  
 The channelled waters dark and deep  
 Rest from your task—so—bravely done, 370  
 Our course has been right swiftly run  
 Yet ’tis the longest voyage, I trow,  
 That one of<sup>2</sup>

”

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank  
 The calm wave rippled to the bank ,  
 I watched it as it sank, methought

1 *Take ye and give ye that salam,  
 That says of Moslem faith I am* —[MS]

11 *Which one of yonder barks may wait* —[MS]

1 “Salam aleikoum ! aleikoum salam !” peace be with you, be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful—to a Christian, “Urlarula !” a good journey, or “sabar huresem, sarban serula,” good morn, good even, and sometimes, “may your end be happy !” are the usual salutes

[“After both sets of prayers, Farz and Sunnah, the Moslem looks over his right shoulder, and says, ‘The Peace (of Allah) be upon you and the ruth of Allah,’ and repeats the words over the left shoulder. The salutation is addressed to the Guardian Angels, or to the bystanders (Moslem), who, however, do not return it”—*Arabian Nights*, by Richard F. Burton, 1887 *Supplemental Nights*, 1 14, note]

2 [In the MS and the first five editions the broken line (373) consisted of two words only, “That one”]

Some motion from the current caught  
 Bestirred it more — twas but the beam  
 That checkered o'er the living stream  
 I gazed till vanishing from view 380  
 Like lessening pebble it withdrew  
 Still less and less, a speck of white  
 That gemmed the tide then mocked the sight,  
 And all its hidden secrets sleep,  
 Known but to Genn of the deep  
 Which trembling in their coral caves  
 They dare not whisper to the waves

\* \* \* \* \*

As rising on its purple wing  
 The insect-queen<sup>1</sup> of Eastern spring  
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer 390  
 Invites the young pursuer near  
 And leads him on from flower to flower  
 A weary chase and wasted hour,  
 Then leaves him, as it soars on high  
 With panting heart and tearful eye  
 So Beauty lures the full-grown child,  
 With hue as bright and wing as wild  
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
 Begun in folly, closed in tears  
 If won, to equal ills betrayed<sup>1</sup> 400  
 Woe waits the insect and the maid

1 *If caught to fate alike betrayed* —[MS]

1 The blue winged butterfly of Kashmeer the most rare and beautiful of the species

(The same insects (butterflies of Cachemir) are celebrated in an unpublished poem of Meshi Sir Anthony Shirley relates that it was customary in Persia to hawk after butterflies with sparrows made to that use —Note by S. Henley to *Vathek* ed 1893 p 222

Byron in his Journal December 1 1813 speaks of Lady Charles Montagu that blue winged Kashmirian butterfly of book learning ]

A life of pain, the loss of peace,  
 From infant's play, and man's caprice  
 The lovely toy so fiercely sought  
 Hath lost its charm by being caught,  
 For every touch that wooed its stay  
 Hath brushed its brightest hues away,  
 Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,  
 'Tis left to fly or fall alone  
 With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,      410  
 Ah! where shall either victim rest?  
 Can this with faded pinion soar  
 From rose to tulip as before?  
 Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,  
 Find joy within her broken bower?  
 No gayer insects fluttering by  
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,  
 And lovelier things have mercy shown  
 To every failing but their own,  
 And every woe a tear can claim      420  
 Except an erring Sister's shame

The Mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,  
 Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,  
 In circle narrowing as it glows,<sup>1</sup>  
 The flames around their captive close,  
 Till only searched by thousand throes,  
 And maddening in her ire,  
 One sad and sole relief she knows  
 The sting she nourished for her foes,  
 Whose venom never yet was vain,      430  
 Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,  
 And darts into her desperate brain

1 The gathering flames around her close —[MS erased]

So do the dark in soul expire  
 Or live like Scorpion girt by fire <sup>1</sup>  
 So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven  
 Unfit for earth undoomed for heaven  
 Darkness above despair beneath  
 Around it flame within it death !

\*                      \*                      \*

Black Hassan from the Haram flies  
 Nor bends on woman's form his eyes 440  
 The unwonted chase each hour employs  
 Yet shares he not the hunter's joys  
 Not thus was Hassan wont to fly  
 When Leila dwelt in his Serai  
 Doth Leila there no longer dwell ?  
 That tale can only Hassan tell  
 Strange rumours in our city say  
 Upon that eve she fled away  
 When Rhamazan's <sup>2</sup> last sun was set  
 And flashing from each Minaret 450

<sup>1</sup> *So writhes the mind by Conscience riven* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion so placed for experiment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting when turned towards the head is merely a convulsive movement but others have actually brought in the verdict *Felo de se*. The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question as if once fairly established as insect *Catos* they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper without being martyred for the sake of an hypothesis.

[Byron assured Dallas that the simile of the scorpion was imagined in his sleep — *Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron* by P. C. Dallas p. 264]

Probably in some instances the poor scorpion has been burnt to death and the well known habit of these creatures to raise the tail over the back and recurve it so that the extremity touches the fore part of the cephalo thorax has led to the idea that it was stinging itself — *Encycl Brit* art. *Arachnida* by Rev O. P. Cambridge ii. 281.]

<sup>2</sup> The cannon at sunset close the Rhamazan [Compare *Childe Harold* Canto II stanza iv line 5 *Poetical Works* 1899 ii. 134 note 2.]

Millions of lamps proclaimed the feast  
 Of Bairam through the boundless East  
 'Twas then she went as to the bath,  
 Which Hassan vainly searched in wiath,  
 For she was flown her master's rage  
 In likeness of a Georgian page,  
 And far beyond the Moslem's power  
 Had wronged him with the faithless Giaour  
 Somewhat of this had Hassan deemed,  
 But still so fond, so fair she seemed, 460  
 Too well he trusted to the slave  
 Whose treachery deserved a grave  
 And on that eve had gone to Mosque,  
 And thence to feast in his Kiosk  
 Such is the tale his Nubians tell,  
 Who did not watch their charge too well,  
 But others say, that on that night,  
 By pale Phingari's<sup>1</sup> trembling light,  
 The Giaour upon his jet-black steed  
 Was seen, but seen alone to speed 470  
 With bloody spur along the shore,  
 Nor maid nor page behind him bore

\*             \*             \*             \*

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,  
 But gaze on that of the Gazelle,  
 It will assist thy fancy well,  
 As large, as languishingly dark,  
 But Soul beamed forth in every spark  
 That darted from beneath the lid,  
 Bright as the jewel of Giamschid<sup>2</sup>

1 Phingari, the moon [Φεγγάρι is derived from φεγγάριον, dim of φέγγος]

2 The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar, from its splendour, named Schebgerag [Schab-chirāgh], "the torch of night," also "the cup of the sun," etc In

Yea *Soul* and should our prophet say 480  
 That form was nought but breathing clay  
 By Alla ! I would answer nay  
 Though on Al Sirat s<sup>1</sup> arch I stood  
 Which totters o'er the fiery flood,

the First Edition Giamschid was written as a word of three syllables so D Herbelot has it but I am told Richardson reduces it to a dissyllable and writes Jamshid I have left in the text the orthography of the one with the pronunciation of the other

[The MS and First Edition read Bright as the gem of Gramschid Byron's first intention was to change the line into Bright as the ruby of Giamschid but to this Moore objected that as the comparison of his heroine's eye to a ruby might unluckily call up the idea of its being bloodshot he had better change the line to Bright as the jewel etc

For the original of Byron's note see S Henley note *Vathek* 1893 p 30 See too D Herbelot's *Bibliothèque Orientale* 1781 iii 7

Sir Richard Burton (*Arabian Nights* S A iii 440) gives the following *résumé* of the conflicting legends Jam i jamshid is a well known commonplace in Moslem folk lore but commentators cannot agree whether Jam be a mirror or a cup In the latter sense it would represent the Uthomantic cup of the Patriarch Joseph and the symbolic bowl of Nestor Jamshid may be translated either Jam the bright or the Cup of the Sun this ancient king is the Solomon of the grand old Guebres

Fitzgerald in a very composite quatrain (stanza v) which can not be claimed as a translation at all (see the *Rubá'yát* of Omar Khayyam by Edward Heron Allen 1898) embodies a late version of the myth—

Iram is gone and all his Rose

And Jamshid's seven ringed Cup where no one knows ]

i Al Sirat the bridge of breadth narrower than the thread of a famished spider and sharper than the edge of a sword over which the Mussulmans must *skate* into Paradise to which it is the only entrance but this is not the worst the river beneath being hell itself into which as may be expected the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a *facilis descensus Avernus* not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger There is a shorter cut downwards for the Jews and Christians

[Byron is again indebted to *Vathek* and S Henley on *Vathek* p 237 for his information The authority for the legend of the Bridge of Paradise is not the Koran but the Book of Mawakef quoted by Edward Pococke in his Commentary (*Notæ Miscellaneæ*) on the *Porta Moses* of Moses Maimonides (Oxford 1654 p 288)—

Stretched across the back of Hell it is narrower than a javelin sharper than the edge of a sword But all must essay the passage

With Paradise within my view,  
 And all his Houris beckoning through  
 Oh ! who young Leila's glance could read  
 And keep that portion of his creed  
 Which saith that woman is but dust,  
 A soulless toy for tyrant's lust ? <sup>1</sup> 490  
 On her might Muftis gaze, and own  
 That through her eye the Immortal shone ,  
 On her fair cheek's unfading hue  
 The young pomegranate's <sup>2</sup> blossoms strew  
 Their bloom in blushes ever new ,  
 Her hair in hyacinthine flow,<sup>3</sup>

believers as well as infidels, and it baffles the understanding to imagine in what manner they keep their foothold "

The legend, or rather allegory, to which there would seem to be some allusion in the words of Scripture, "Strait is the gate," etc , is of Zoroastrian origin Compare the *Zend-Avesta*, Yasna vi 6 (*Sacred Books of the East*, edited by F Max Muller, 1887, xxi 261), "With even threefold (safety and with speed) I will bring his soul over the Bridge of *Kinvat*," etc ]

1 A vulgar error the Koran allots at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women , but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern "any fitness of things" in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Houris

[Sale, in his *Preliminary Discourse* ("Chandos Classics," p 80), in dealing with this question, notes "that there are several passages in the Korân which affirm that women, in the next life, will not only be punished for their evil actions, but will also receive the rewards of their good deeds, as well as the men, and that in this case God will make no distinction of sexes" A single quotation will suffice "God has promised to believers, men and women, gardens beneath which rivers flow, to dwell therein for aye, and goodly places in the garden of Eden"—*The Qur'ân*, translated by E H Palmer, 1880, vi 183 ]

2 An Oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed "plus Arabe qu'en Arabie "

[Gulnâr (the heroine of the *Corsair* is named Gulnare) is Persian for a pomegranate flower ]

3 Hyacinthine, in Arabic "Sunbul," as common a thought in the Eastern poets as it was among the Greeks

[S Henley (*Vathek*, 1893, p 208) quotes two lines from the *Solima* (lines 5, 6) of Sir W Jones—

When left to roll its folds below  
 As midst her handmaids in the hall  
 She stood superior to them all  
 Hath swept the marble where her feet 500  
 Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet  
 Ere from the cloud that gave it birth  
 It fell and caught one stain of earth  
 The cygnet nobly walks the water  
 So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,  
 The loveliest bird of Franguestan!<sup>1</sup>  
 As rears her crest the ruffled Swan

And spurns the wave with wings of pride  
 When pass the steps of stranger man  
 Along the banks that bound her tide 510  
 Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck —  
 Thus armed with beauty would she check  
 Intrusion's glance till Folly's gaze  
 Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise  
 Thus high and graceful was her gait  
 Her heart as tender to her mate,  
 Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he?  
 Alas! that name was not for thee!<sup>2</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en  
 With twenty vassals in his train 520  
 Each armed as best becomes a man  
 With arquebuss and ataghan

The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair  
 That wanton with the laughing summer air

and refers Milton's Hyacinthine locks (*Paradise Lost* iv 301)  
 to Lucian's *Pro Imaginibus* cap v.]

<sup>1</sup> Franguestan Circassia [Or Europe generally—the land  
 of the Frank]

<sup>2</sup> [Lines 504–518 were inserted in the second revise of the Third  
 Edition July 31 181 ]



The chief before, as decked for war,  
 Bears in his belt the scimitar  
 Stained with the best of Arnaut blood,  
 When in the pass the rebels stood,  
 And few returned to tell the tale  
 Of what befell in Parne's vale  
 The pistols which his girdle bore  
 Were those that once a Pasha wore, 530  
 Which still, though gemmed and bossed with gold,  
 Even robbers tremble to behold  
 'Tis said he goes to woo a bride  
 More true than her who left his side,  
 The faithless slave that broke her bower,  
 And worse than faithless—for a Giaour !

The sun's last rays are on the hill,  
 And sparkle in the fountain rill,  
 Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,  
 Draw blessings from the mountaineer 540  
 Here may the loitering merchant Greek  
 Find that repose 'twere vain to seek  
 In cities lodged too near his lord,  
 And trembling for his secret hoard  
 Here may he rest where none can see,  
 In crowds a slave, in deserts free,  
 And with forbidden wine may stain  
 The bowl a Moslem must not drain

The foremost Tartar's in the gap  
 Conspicuous by his yellow cap, 550  
 The rest in lengthening line the while  
 Wind slowly through the long defile :

Above, the mountain rears a peak,  
 Where vultures whet the thirsty beak  
 And theirs may be a feast to night  
 Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light  
 Beneath a river's wintry stream  
 Has shrunk before the summer beam  
 And left a channel bleak and bare  
 Save shrubs that spring to perish there 560  
 Each side the midway path there lay  
 Small broken crags of granite gray  
 By time, or mountain lightning, riven  
 From summits clad in mists of heaven,  
 For where is he that hath beheld  
 The peak of Liakura<sup>1</sup> unveiled?

\* \* \* \* \*

They reach the grove of pine at last  
 Bismillah<sup>1</sup> now the peril's past  
 For yonder view the opening plain  
 And there we'll prick our steeds amain 570  
 The Chiaus spake and as he said  
 A bullet whistled o'er his head  
 The foremost Tartar bites the ground<sup>1</sup>  
 Scarce had they time to check the rein

1 [Parnassus.]

2 In the name of God the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one [the ninth] and of prayer and thanksgiving

[ Bismillah (in full *Bism illah rrahman rrahim* i.e. In the name of Allah the God of Mercy the Merciful ) is often used as a deprecatory formula Sir R. Burton (*Arabia: Its History* i. 40) cites as an equivalent the remembering Iddio e Santî of Boccaccio's *Decameron* viii 9

The MS reads Thank Alla! now the peril's past ]

3 [A Turkish messenger sergeant or lictor The proper sixteen-seventeenth century pronunciation would have been *chaush* but apparently the nearest approach to this was *chaus* whence *chouse* and *ch aush* and the vulgar form *chiaus* (*A Eng Dict* art Chiaus ) The peculations of a certain chiaus in the year A D 1000 are said to have been the origin of the word to chouse ]

Swift from their steeds the riders bound,  
 But three shall never mount again  
 Unseen the foes that gave the wound,  
 The dying ask revenge in vain  
 With steel unsheathed, and carbine bent,  
 Some o'er their courser's harness leant, 580  
 Half sheltered by the steed,  
 Some fly beneath the nearest rock,  
 And there await the coming shock,  
 Nor tamely stand to bleed  
 Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,  
 Who dare not quit their craggy screen  
 Stern Hassan only from his horse  
 Disdains to light, and keeps his course.  
 Till fiery flashes in the van  
 Proclaim too sure the robber-clan 590  
 Have well secured the only way  
 Could now avail the promised prey,  
 Then curled his very beard <sup>1</sup> with ire,  
 And glared his eye with fiercer fire,  
 "Though far and near the bullets hiss,  
 I've scaped a bloodier hour than this"  
 And now the foe their covert quit,  
 And call his vassals to submit,  
 But Hassan's frown and furious word  
 Are dreaded more than hostile sword, 600  
 Nor of his little band a man  
 Resigned carbine or ataghan,

1 A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman In 1809 the Capitan Pacha's whiskers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger cat's, to the horror of all the dragomans, the portentous mustachios twisted, they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colour, but at last condescended to subside, which, probably, saved more heads than they contained hairs

Nor raised the craven cry Amaun !<sup>1</sup>  
 In fuller sight more near and near  
 The lately ambushed foes appear  
 And issuing from the grove advance  
 Some who on battle-charger prance  
 Who leads them on with foreign brand  
 Far flashing in his red right hand ?  
 'Tis he ! tis he ! I know him now 610  
 I know him by his pallid brow  
 I know him by the evil eye<sup>2</sup>  
 That aids his envious treachery  
 I know him by his jet black barb  
 Though now arrayed in Arnaut garb,  
 Apostate from his own vile faith  
 It shall not save him from the death  
 'Tis he ! well met in any hour  
 Lost Leila's love—accursed Giraour !

As rolls the river into Ocean<sup>3</sup> 620  
 In sable torrent wildly streaming  
 As the sea tide's opposing motion  
 In azure column proudly gleaming  
 Beats back the current many a rood  
 In curling foam and mingling flood  
 While eddying whirl and breaking wave  
 Roused by the blast of winter rave  
 Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash  
 The lightnings of the waters flash

1 Amaun quarter pardon

[Line 603 was inserted in a proof of the Second Edition dated July 24 1813 Nor raised the *coward* cry Amaun !]

2 The evil eye a common superstition in the Levant and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected

3 [Compare As with a thousand waves to the rocks so Swaran's host came on —*Fingal* bk 1 *Ossian Works* 1807 : 19]

In awful whiteness o'er the shore, 630  
 That shines and shakes beneath the roar,  
 Thus—as the stream and Ocean greet,  
 With waves that madden as they meet  
 Thus join the bands, whom mutual wrong,  
 And fate, and fury, drive along  
 The bickering sabres' shivering jar,  
     And pealing wide or ringing near  
     Its echoes on the throbbing ear,  
 The deathshot hissing from afar,  
 The shock, the shout, the groan of war, 640  
     Reverberate along that vale,  
     More suited to the shepherd's tale  
 'Though few the numbers—theirs the strife,  
 That neither spares nor speaks for life !'  
 Ah ! fondly youthful hearts can press,  
 To seize and share the dear caress  
 But Love itself could never pant  
 For all that Beauty sighs to grant  
 With half the fervour Hate bestows  
 Upon the last embrace of foes, 650  
 When grappling in the fight they fold  
 Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold  
 Friends meet to part, Love laughs at faith,  
 True foes, once met, are joined till death !

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

With sabre shivered to the hilt,  
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt,  
 Yet strained within the severed hand  
 Which quivers round that faithless brand,  
 His turban far behind him rolled, \*  
 And cleft in twain its firmest fold, 660

1 *That neither gives nor asks for life* —[MS]

His flowing robe by falchion torn  
 And crimson as those clouds of morn  
 That streaked with dusky red portend  
 The day shall have a stormy end  
 A stain on every bush that bore  
 A fragment of his palampore <sup>1</sup>  
 His breast with wounds unnumbered riven  
 His back to earth his face to Heaven  
 Fallen Hassan lies—his unclosed eye  
 Yet lowering on his enemy,  
 As if the hour that sealed his fate  
 Surviving left his quenchless hate  
 And o'er him bends that foe with brow  
 As dark as his that bled below

670

\* \* \*

Yes Leila sleeps beneath the wave  
 But his shall be a redder grave  
 Her spirit pointed well the steel  
 Which taught that felon heart to feel  
 He called the Prophet but his power  
 Was vain against the vengeful Giaour  
 He called on Alla—but the word  
 Arose unheeded or unheard  
 Thou Paynim fool! could Leila's prayer  
 Be passed and thine accorded there?  
 I watched my time I leagued with these  
 The traitor in his turn to seize  
 My wrath is wreaked the deed is done  
 And now I go—but go alone

680

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

1 The flowered shawls generally worn by persons of rank

2 [Compare Catilina vero longè a sui inter hostium cadavera  
 repertus est paululum etiam spirans ferociamque animi quam habue-  
 rat vivus in vultu retinens —*Catiline* cap 61 *Opera* 1801 124]

The browsing camels' bells are tinkling <sup>1</sup>  
 His mother looked from her lattice high <sup>1</sup> 690  
 She saw the dews of eve besprinkling  
 The pasture green beneath her eye,  
 She saw the planets faintly twinkling  
 "'Tis twilight sure his train is nigh"  
 She could not rest in the garden-bower,  
 But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower  
 "Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,  
 Nor shrink they from the summer heat,  
 Why sends not the Bridegroom his promised gift?  
 Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift? 700  
 Oh, false reproach! yon Tartar now  
 Has gained our nearest mountain's brow,  
 And warily the steep descends,

1 *His mother look'd from the lattice high,  
 With throbbing heart and eager eye,  
 The browsing camel bells are tinkling,  
 And the last beam of twilight twinkling  
 'Tis eve, his train should now be nigh  
 She could not rest in her garden bower,  
 And gazed through the loop of her steepest tower  
 "Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,  
 And well are they train'd to the summer's heat"—[MS ]*

Another copy began—

*The browsing camel bells are tinkling,  
 And the first beam of evening twinkling,  
 His mother looked from her lattice high,  
 With throbbing heart and eager eye—  
 "'Tis twilight—sure his train is nigh"—[MS Aug 11, 1813 ]  
 The browsing camel's bells are tinkling  
 The dews of eve the pasture sprinkling  
 And rising planets feebly twinkling  
 His mother looked from the lattice high  
 With throbbing heart and eager eye —[Fourth Edition ]*

[These lines were erased, and lines 689-692 were substituted  
 They appeared first in the Fifth Edition ]

1 [“The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried  
 through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? why  
 tarry the wheels of his chariot?”—*Judges* v 28 ]

And now within the valley bends <sup>1</sup>  
 And he bears the gift at his saddle bow—  
 How could I deem his courser slow ?  
 Right well my largess shall repay  
 His welcome speed and weary way

The Tartar lighted at the gate  
 But scarce upheld his fainting weight <sup>1</sup> 710  
 His swarthy visage spake distress  
 But this might be from weariness,  
 His garb with sanguine spots was dyed  
 But these might be from his courser's side  
 He drew the token from his vest—  
 Angel of Death ! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest <sup>1</sup>  
 His calpac <sup>1</sup> rent—his caftan red—

Lady a fearful bride thy Son hath wed  
 Me not from mercy did they spare  
 But this empurpled pledge to bear 70  
 Peace to the brave ! whose blood is spilt  
 Woe to the Giaour ! for his the guilt

c \* c \* \*

A Turban carved in coarsest stone  
 A Pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown

- <sup>1</sup> And now his courser's pace amed — [MS erased]  
<sup>11</sup> I could not deem my son was slow — [MS erased]  
<sup>111</sup> The Tartar sped beneath the gate  
 And flung to earth his fainting weight — [MS]

<sup>1</sup> The calpac is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress the shawl is wound round it and forms the turban

~ The turban pillar and inscriptive verse decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies whether in the cemetery or the wilderness In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos and on inquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion plunder or revenge

[The following is a Koran verse Every one that is upon it (the earth) perisheth but the person of thy Lord abideth the possessor of glory and honour (Sur lv 26 27) (See Kufic



Whereon can now be scarcely read  
 The Koran verse that mourns the dead,  
 Point out the spot where Hassan fell  
 A victim in that lonely dell  
 There sleeps as true an Osmanlic  
 As e'er at Mecca bent the knee 730  
 As ever scorned forbidden wine,  
 Or prayed with face towards the shrine,  
 In orisons resumed anew  
 At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!"<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet died he by a stranger's hand,  
 And stranger in his native land,  
 Yet died he as in arms he stood,  
 And unavenged, at least in blood  
 But him the maids of Paradise  
 Impatient to their halls invite, 740  
 And the dark heaven of Houris' eyes  
 On him shall glance for ever bright,  
 They come their kerchiefs green they wave,<sup>2</sup>  
 And welcome with a kiss the brave!  
 Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour  
 Is worthiest an immortal bower

Tombstones in the British Museum," by Professor Wright, *Proceedings of the Biblical Archaeological Society*, 1887, iv 337, sq.]

1 "Alla Hu!" the concluding words of the Muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the Minaret. On a still evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom. [Valid, the son of Abdalmalek, was the first who erected a minaret or turret, and this he placed on the grand mosque at Damascus, for the muezzin or crier to announce from it the hour of prayer. (See D'Herbelot, *Bibliothèque Orientale*, 1783, vi 473, art "Valid." See, too, *Childe Harold*, Canto II stanza lxx line 9, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii 136, note 1.)]

2 The following is part of a battle-song of the Turks — "I see — I see a dark-eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green, and cries aloud, 'Come, kiss me, for I love thee,' " etc

But thou false Infidel ! shall writhe  
 Beneath avenging Monkir's<sup>1</sup> scythe  
 And from its torments scape alone  
 To wander round lost Eblis<sup>2</sup> throne,      750  
 And fire unquenched unquenchable  
 Around within, thy heart shall dwell  
 Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell  
 The tortures of that inward hell !  
 But first on earth as Vampire<sup>3</sup> sent,

1 Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead before whom the corpse undergoes a slight noviciate and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red hot mace till properly seasoned with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is no sinecure there are but two and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder their hands are always full.—See *Relig. Ceremonies* v 90 vii 59 68 118 and Sale's *Preliminary Discourse to the Koran* : p 101

[Byron is again indebted to S. Henley (see *Lathet* 1893 p 236). According to Pococke (*Porta Moses* 1654 *Notes Miscellaneæ* p 241) the angels Monkir and Nakir are black ghastly and of fearsome aspect. Their function is to hold inquisition on the corpse. If his replies are orthodox (*de Mohammed*) he is bidden to sleep sweetly and soundly in his tomb but if his views are lax and unsound he is cudgelled between the ears with iron rods. Loud are his groans and audible to the whole wide world save to those deaf animal men and geni. Finally the earth is enjoined to press him tight and keep him close till the crack of doom.]

2 Eblis the Oriental Prince of Darkness

3 The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournesfort [*Relation d'un Voyage du Levant* par Joseph Pitton de Tournesfort 1, 17 1 131] tells a long story which Mr Southey in the notes on *Talaba* [book viii notes ed 1838 iv 297-300] quotes about these Vroucolochas [Vroucolocasses] as he calls them. The Romain term is Vardoulacha. I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror. I find that Broucolokas is an old legitimate Hellenic appellation—at least is so applied to Arsenius, who according to the Greeks was after his death animated by the Devil. The moderns however use the word I mention.

[Βο ρκόλα or βρ κόλ κ 1 (= the Bohemian and Slovak *Vrholak*) is modern Greek for a ghost or vampire. George Rentotes in his *Λ ξ κόν Τρψλωσσον* published in Vienna in 1790 (see *Childe Harold*

Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent  
 Then ghastly haunt thy native place,  
 And suck the blood of all thy race,  
 There from thy daughter, sister, wife,  
 At midnight drain the stream of life, 760  
 Yet loathe the banquet which perforce  
 Must feed thy livid living corse  
 Thy victims ere they yet expire  
 Shall know the demon for their sire,  
 As cursing thee, thou cursing them,  
 Thy flowers are withered on the stem  
 But one that for thy crime must fall,  
 The youngest, most beloved of all,  
 Shall bless thee with a *father's* name  
 That word shall wrap thy heart in flame ! 770  
 Yet must thou end thy task, and mark  
 Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,

Canto II Notes, Papers, etc., No III, *Poetical Works*, 1899, 11 197), renders βρουκόλακας "lutin," and βρουκολιασμένος, "devient un spectre."

Arsenius, Archbishop of Monembasia (circ. 1530), was famous for his scholarship. He prefaced his *Scholia in Septem Euripidis Tragicas* (Basileæ, 1544) by a dedicatory epistle in Greek to his friend Pope Paul III. "He submitted to the Church of Rome, which made him so odious to the Greek schismatics that the Patriarch of Constantinople excommunicated him, and the Greeks reported that Arsenius, after his death, was *Broukolakas*, that is, that the Devil hovered about his corpse and re-animated him" (Bayle, *Dictionary*, 1724, 1 508, 111 "Arsenius"). Martinus Crusius, in his *Turco-Giaccia*, lib 11 (Basileæ, 1584, p 151), records the death of Arsenius while under sentence of excommunication, and adds that "his miserable corpse turned black, and swelled to the size of a drum, so that all who beheld it were horror-stricken, and trembled exceedingly." Hence, no doubt, the legend which Bayle takes *verbatim* from Guillet, "Les Grecs disent qu' Arsenius, apres la mort fust *Broukolakas*," etc (*Lacédémone, Ancienne et Nouvelle*, par Le Sieur de la Guilletiere, 1676, 11 586. See, too, for "Arsenius," Fabricii *Script Gr Var*, 1808, 11 581, and Gesneri *Bibliotheca Univ*, ed 1545, fol 96). Byron, no doubt, got his information from Bayle. By "old legitimate Hellenic" he must mean literary as opposed to klephtic Greek.]

And the last glassy glance must view  
 Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue,  
 Then with unhallowed hand shalt tear  
 The tresses of her yellow hair  
 Of which in life a lock when shorn  
 Affection's fondest pledge was worn,  
 But now is borne away by thee  
 Memorial of thine agony ! 780  
 Wet with thine own best blood shall drip  
 Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip,<sup>1</sup>  
 Then stalking to thy sullen grave  
 Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave  
 Till these in horror shrink away  
 From Spectre more accursed than they !

\* \* \* \* \*

How name ye yon lone Caloyer?<sup>2</sup>  
 His features I have scanned before

<sup>1</sup> The freshness of the face [*The fulness of the face* MS] and the wetness of the lip with blood are the never failing signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these soul feeders are singular and some of them most *incredibly* attested.

[Vampires were the reanimated corpses of persons newly buried which were supposed to suck the blood and suck out the life of their selected victims. The marks by which a vampire corpse was recognized were the apparent non putrefaction of the body and effusion of blood from the lips. A suspected vampire was exhumed and if the marks were perceived or imagined to be present a stake was driven through the heart and the body was burned. This if Southey's authorities (J. B. Boyer Marquis d'Argens in *Lettres Juives*) may be believed laid the vampire and the community might sleep in peace. (See too *Dissertation sur les Apparitions* par Augustin Calmet 1746 p. 395 sq. and *Russian Folk Tales* by W. R. S. Ralston 1873 pp. 31b-34)]

<sup>2</sup> [For Caloyer see *Childe Harold* Canto II stanza xlix line 6 and note 21 *Poetical Works* 1899 ii 130 181. It is a hard matter to piece together the fragments which make up the rest of the poem. Apparently the question 'How name ye?' is put by the fisherman the narrator of the first part of the *Faumont* and answered by a monk of the fraternity with whom the Ciaour has been pleased to abide during the past six years under conditions and after a fashion of which the monk disapproves. Hereupon

In mine own land 'tis many a year,  
 Since, dashing by the lonely shore, 790  
 I saw him urge as fleet a steed  
 As ever served a horseman's need  
 But once I saw that face, yet then  
 It was so marked with inward pain,  
 I could not pass it by again,  
 It breathes the same dark spirit now,  
 As death were stamped upon his brow '

"'Tis twice three years at summer tide  
 Since first among our freres he came .  
 And here it soothes him to abide 800  
 For some dark deed he will not name  
 But never at our Vesper prayer,  
 Nor e'er before Confession chan  
 Kneels he, nor recks he when arise  
 Incense or anthem to the skies,  
 But broods within his cell alone,  
 His faith and race alike unknown  
 The sea from Paynim land he crost,  
 And here ascended from the coast ,  
 Yet seems he not of Othman race, 810  
 But only Christian in his face  
 I'd judge him some stray renegade,  
 Repentant of the change he made,  
 Save that he shuns our holy shrine,  
 Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine  
 Great largess to these walls he brought,  
 And thus our Abbot's favour bought ,

1 *As Time were wasted on his brow* —[MS ]

the fisherman disappears, and a kind of dialogue between the author and the protesting monk ensues. The poem concludes with the Giaour's confession, which is addressed to the monk, or perhaps to the interested and more tolerant Prior of the community.]

But were I Prior not a day  
 Should brook such stranger's further stay  
 Or pent within our penance cell 80  
 Should doom him there for aye to dwell  
 Much in his visions mutters he  
 Of maiden whelmed beneath the sea,  
 Of sabres clashing foemen flying  
 Wrongs avenged and Moslem dying  
 On cliff he hath been known to stand  
 And rave as to some bloody hand  
 Fresh severed from its parent limb  
 Invisible to all but him  
 Which beckons onward to his grave 830  
 And lures to leap into the wave

\*

\*            1

Dark and unearthly is the scowl  
 That glares beneath his dusky cowl  
 The flash of that dilating eye  
 Reveals too much of times gone by,  
 Though varying, indistinct its hue  
 Oft with his glance the gazer rue  
 For in it lurks that nameless spell  
 Which speaks itself unspeakable  
 A spirit yet unquelled and high 840  
 That claims and keeps ascendancy  
 And like the bird whose pinions quake  
 But cannot fly the gazing snake  
 Will others quail beneath his look  
 Nor scape the glance they scarce can brook  
 From him the half affrighted Friar  
 When met alone would fain retire,

1 *Of fore gn maiden lost at sea* —[MS]

As if that eye and bitter smile  
Transferred to others fear and guile  
Not oft to smile descendeth he,  
And when he doth 'tis sad to see  
That he but mocks at Misery.  
How that pale lip will curl and quiver !  
Then fix once more as if for ever ,  
As if his sorrow or disdain  
Forbade him e'er to smile again  
Well were it so—such ghastly mirth  
From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth.  
But sadder still it were to trace  
What once were feelings in that face  
Time hath not yet the features fixed,  
But brighter traits with evil mixed ,  
And there are hues not always faded,  
Which speak a mind not all degraded  
Even by the crimes through which it wad  
The common crowd but see the gloom  
Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom ,  
The close observer can espy  
A noble soul, and lineage high  
Alas ! though both bestowed in vain,  
Which Grief could change, and Guilt cou  
It was no vulgar tenement  
To which such lofty gifts were lent,  
And still with little less than dread  
On such the sight is riveted  
The roofless cot, decayed and rent,  
Will scarce delay the passer-by ,  
The tower by war or tempest bent,  
While yet may frown one battlement,  
Demands and daunts the stranger's eye

His floating robe around him folding  
 Slow sweeps he through the columned aisle  
 With dread beheld, with gloom beholding  
 The rites that sanctify the pile  
 But when the anthem shakes the choir  
 And kneel the monks his steps retire  
 By yonder lone and wavering torch  
 His aspect glares within the porch 890  
 There will he pause till all is done—  
 And hear the prayer but utter none  
 See—by the half illumined wall<sup>1</sup>  
 His hood fly back his dark hair fall  
 That pale brow wildly wreathing round  
 As if the Gorgon there had bound  
 The sablest of the serpent braid  
 That o'er her fearful forehead strayed  
 For he declines the convent oath  
 And leaves those locks unhallowed growth 900  
 But wears our garb in all beside  
 And not from piety but pride  
 Gives wealth to walls that never heard  
 Of his one holy vow nor word  
 Lo<sup>1</sup>—mark ye as the harmony  
 Peals louder praises to the sky  
 That livid cheek that stony air  
 Of mixed defiance and despair<sup>1</sup>  
 Saint Francis keep him from the shrine<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Behold—as turns he from the wall  
 His cowl fly back his dark hair fall —[MS]

[A variant of the copy sent for insertion in the Seventh Edition differs alike from the MS and the text—]

Behold a turns him from the wall—  
 His Cowl flies back—his tresses fall—  
 Th'at pallid aspect wreathing round

<sup>11</sup> Lo! mark him as the harmony —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> That h' heaven—he stands w' thout the shrine —[MS erased]



Else may we dread the wrath divine 910  
 Made manifest by awful sign  
 If ever evil angel bore  
 The form of mortal, such he wore ,  
 By all my hope of sins forgiven,  
 Such looks are not of earth nor heaven ! "

To Love the softest hearts are prone,  
 But such can ne'er be all his own ,  
 Too timid in his woes to share,  
 Too meek to meet, or brave despair ,  
 And sterner hearts alone may feel 920  
 The wound that Time can never heal  
 The rugged metal of the mine  
 Must burn before its surface shine,<sup>1</sup>  
 But plunged within the furnace-flame,  
 It bends and melts—though still the same ,  
 Then tempered to thy want, or will,  
 'Twill serve thee to defend or kill  
 A breast-plate for thine hour of need,  
 Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed ,  
 But if a dagger's form it bear, 930  
 Let those who shape its edge, beware !  
 Thus Passion's fire, and Woman's art,

1 *Must burn before it smite or shine* —[MS]  
*Appears unfit to smite or shine* —[MS erased]

I [In defence of lines 922-927, which had been attacked by a critic in the *British Review*, October, 1813, vol v p 139, who compared them with some lines in Crabbe's *Resentment* (lines 11-16, *Tales*, 1812, p 309), Byron wrote to Murray, October 12, 1813, "I have read the *British Review* I really think the writer in most points very right The only mortifying thing is the accusation of imitation Crabbe's passage I never saw, and Scott I no further meant to follow than in his *lyric* measure, which is Gray's, Milton's, and any one's who like it " The lines, which Moore quotes (*Life*, p 191), have only a formal and accidental resemblance to the passage in q ]

Can turn and tame the sterner heart,  
 From these its form and tone are ta'en  
 And what they make it, must remain  
 But break—before it bend again

\* \* \*  
 \* \* \*

If solitude succeed to grief,  
 Release from pain is slight relief  
 The vacant bosom's wilderness  
 Might thank the pang that made it less <sup>1</sup> 940  
 We loathe what none are left to share  
 Even bliss—twere woe alone to bear  
 The heart once left thus desolate  
 Must fly at last for ease—to hate  
 It is as if the dead could feel  
 The icy worm around them steal,  
 And shudder, as the reptiles creep  
 To revel o'er their rotting sleep  
 Without the power to scare away  
 The cold consumers of their clay <sup>1</sup> 950

1 [Compare—

To surfeit on the same [our pleasures]  
 And yawn our joys Or thank a misery  
 For change though sad <sup>2</sup>

*Night Thoughts* III by Edward Young Anderson's *British Poets*  
 x 72 Compare too *Childe Harold* Canto I stanza vi line 8—

With pleasure drugged he almost longed for woe ]

2 [Byron was wont to let his imagination dwell on these details of the charnel house In a letter to Dallas August 12 1811 he writes I am already too familiar with the dead It is strange that I look on the skulls which stand beside me (I have always had four in my study) without emotion but I cannot strip the features of those I have known of their fleshy covering even in idea without a hideous sensation but the worms are less ceremonious See too his Lines inscribed upon a Cup formed from a Skull *Poetical Works* 1898 i 6 ]



And thou wilt bless thee from the rage  
 Of passions fierce and uncontrolled  
 Such as thy penitents unfold  
 Whose secret sins and sorrows rest 980  
 Within thy pure and pitying breast  
 My days though few, have passed below  
 In much of Joy but more of Woe  
 Yet still in hours of love or strife  
 I've scaped the weariness of Life  
 Now leagued with friends, now girt by foes  
 I loathed the languor of repose  
 Now nothing left to love or hate  
 No more with hope or pride elate  
 I'd rather be the thing that crawls 990  
 Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls<sup>1</sup>  
 Than pass my dull, unvarying days  
 Condemned to meditate and gaze  
 Yet lurks a wish within my breast  
 For rest—but not to feel tis rest  
 Soon shall my Fate that wish fulfil  
 And I shall sleep without the dream  
 Of what I was and would be still,  
 Dark as to thee my deeds may seem  
 My memory now is but the tomb 1000  
 Of joys long dead, my hope their doom  
 Though better to have died with those  
 Than bear a life of lingering woes  
 My spirit shrunk not to sustain  
 The searching throes of ceaseless pain,

<sup>1</sup> *Thou & hope I ath long withdrawn her beam —[ MS ]*

[Th s line was omitted in the Third and following Editions ]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare—

I'd rather be a toad

And live upon the vapours of a dungeon

*Othell* act iii sc 3 lines 274 275 ]

Nor sought the self-accorded grave  
 Of ancient fool and modern knave  
 Yet death I have not feared to meet,  
 And in the field it had been sweet,  
 Had Danger wooed me on to move 1010  
 The slave of Glory, not of Love.  
 I've braved it not for Honour's boast,  
 I smile at laurels won or lost,  
 To such let others carve their way,  
 For high renown, or hireling pay  
 But place again before my eyes  
 Aught that I deem a worthy prize  
 The maid I love, the man I hate  
 And I will hunt the steps of fate,  
 To save or slay, as these require, 1020  
 Through rending steel, and rolling fire  
 Nor needst thou doubt this speech from one  
 Who would but do what he *hath* done.  
 Death is but what the haughty brave,  
 The weak must bear, the wretch must crave,  
 Then let life go to Him who gave  
 I have not quailed to Danger's brow  
 When high and happy—need I *now*?

"I loved her, Friar! nay, adored  
 But these are words that all can use 1030  
 I proved it more in deed than word,  
 There's blood upon that dinted sword,  
 A stain its steel can never lose  
 'Twas shed for her, who died for me,

1 *Through ranks of steel and tracks of fire,  
 And all she threatens in her ire  
 And these are but the words of one  
 Who thus would do—who thus hath done —[MS erased]*

It warmed the heart of one abhorred  
 Nay start not—no—nor bend thy knee  
 Nor midst my sin such act record  
 Thou wilt absolve me from the deed  
 For he was hostile to thy creed '  
 The very name of Nazarene 1040  
 Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen  
 Ungrateful fool ' since but for brands  
 Well wielded in some hardy hands  
 And wounds by Galileans given—  
 The surest pass to Turkish heaven—  
 For him his Houris still might wait  
 Impatient at the Prophet's gate  
 I loved her—Love will find its way  
 Through paths where wolves would fear to prey  
 And if it dares enough 'twere hard 1050  
 If Passion met not some reward—  
 No matter how or where or why  
 I did not vainly seek nor sigh  
 Yet sometimes with remorse in vain  
 I wish she had not loved again  
 She died—I dare not tell thee how  
 But look—'tis written on my brow '  
 There read of Cain the curse and crime  
 In characters unworn by Time  
 Still ere thou dost condemn me pause, 1060  
 Not mine the act, though I the cause  
 Yet did he but what I had done  
 Had she been false to more than one  
 Faithless to him—he gave the blow ,  
 But true to me—I laid him low  
 Howe'er deserved her doom might be  
 Her treachery was truth to me ,  
 To me she gave her heart that all

Which Tyranny can ne'er enthrall,  
 And I, alas ! too late to save ! 1070  
 Yet all I then could give, I gave  
 'Twas some relief our foe a grave<sup>1</sup>  
 His death sits lightly, but her fate  
 Has made me what thou well mayst hate  
 His doom was sealed he knew it well,  
 Warned by the voice of stern Taheer,  
 Deep in whose darkly boding ear<sup>1</sup>

1 *My hope a tomb, our foe a grave* —[MS]

1 This superstition of a second-hearing (for I never met with downright second-sight in the East) fell once under my own observation. On my third journey to Cape Colonna, early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain. I rode up and inquired "We are in peril," he answered "What peril?" We are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto, there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves—"True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears"—"The shot Not a tophaike has been fired this morning"—"I hear it notwithstanding—Bom—Bom—as plainly as I hear your voice"—"Psha!"—"As you please, Affendi, if it is written, so will it be"—I left this quick-eared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot, whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence. We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer. Romain, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns. I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a "*Palaoastro*" man? "No," said he, "but these pillars will be useful in making a stand," and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his troublesome faculty of *forehearing*. On our return to Athens we heard from Leoné (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Minotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to *Childe Harold*, Canto 2nd [*Poetical Works*, 1899, ii 169]. I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that, with other circumstances, we could not doubt of his having been in "villanous company" [1 *Henry IV*, act iii sc 3, line 11] and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood.

The deathshot pealed of murder near  
 As filed the troop to where they fell '  
 He died too in the battle broil 1080  
 A time that heeds nor pain nor toil  
 One cry to Mahomet for aid,  
 One prayer to Alla all he made  
 He knew and crossed me in the fray—  
 I gazed upon him where he lay  
 And watched his spirit ebb away  
 Though pierced like pard by hunter's steel  
 He felt not half that now I feel  
 I searched but vainly searched, to find  
 The workings of a wounded mind 1090  
 Each feature of that sullen corse  
 Betrayed his rage but no remorse <sup>1</sup>  
 Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace  
 Despair upon his dying face !  
 The late repentance of that hour  
 When Penitence hath lost her power  
 To tear one terror from the grave <sup>1</sup>  
 And will not soothe, and cannot save

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> *Her power to soothe—her skill to see—  
 And doubly darken o'er the grave—[MS]*

Dervish became a soothsayer for life and I dare say is now hearing more musketry than ever will be fired to the great refreshment of the Arnauts of Berat, and his native mountains—I shall mention one trait more of this singular race In March 1811 a remarkably stout and active Arnaut came (I believe the fiftieth on the same errand) to offer himself as an attendant which was declined.

Well Affendi, quoth he may you live!—you would have found me useful I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow in the winter I return perhaps you will then receive me —Dervish who was present remarked as a thing of course and of no consequence 'in the mean time he will join the *khephtes*' (robbers) which was true to the letter If not cut off they come down in the winter and pass it unmolested in some town where they are often as well known as their exploits

<sup>1</sup> [*Vide ante* p 90 line 89 *note* ^ In death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity ]



"The cold in clime are cold in blood,  
 Their love can scarce deserve the name, 1100  
 But mine was like the lava flood

That boils in *Ætna's* breast of flame.  
 I cannot prate in puling strain  
 Of Ladye-love, and Beauty's chain  
 If changing cheek, and scorching vein,<sup>1</sup>  
 Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,  
 If bursting heart, and maddening brain,  
 And daung deed, and vengeful steel,  
 And all that I have felt, and feel,  
 Betoken love that love was mine, 1110  
 And shown by many a bitter sign  
 'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,  
 I knew but to obtain or die  
 I die but first I have possessed,  
 And come what may, I *have been* blessed  
 Shall I the doom I sought upbraid?  
 No reft of all, yet undismayed"  
 But for the thought of Leila slain,  
 Give me the pleasure with the pain,  
 So would I live and love again. 1120  
 I grieve, but not, my holy Guide!  
 For him who dies, but her who died  
 She sleeps beneath the wandering wave  
 Ah! had she but an earthly grave,  
 This breaking heart and throbbing head  
 Should seek and share her narrow bed  
 She was a form of Life and Light,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Of Ladye-love—and dart—and chain—  
 And fire that rag'd in every vein* —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *Even now alone, yet undismayed,—  
 I know no friend, and ask no aid* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> [Lines 1127–1130 were inserted in the Seventh Edition. They recall the first line of Plato's epitaph, Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐν]

That seen, became a part of sight,  
 And rose where'er I turned mine eye  
 The Morning star of Memory ! 1130

'Yes Love indeed is light from heaven,<sup>1</sup>  
 A spark of that immortal fire  
 With angels shared by Alla given  
 To lift from earth our low desire  
 Devotion wafts the mind above  
 But Heaven itself descends in Love  
 A feeling from the Godhead caught  
 To wean from self each sordid thought  
 A ray of Him who formed the whole  
 A Glory circling round the soul ! 1140

1 Yes } Love is deed { doth spring } from heaven  
       If }        { descend }  
               { be born }  
       A spark of that { immortal } fire  
                       { eternal }  
                       { celestial }  
 To human hearts in mercy given  
 To lift from earth our low desire  
 A feeling from the Godhead caught  
 To wean from self { each } sordid thought  
                       { our }  
 Devotion sends the soul above  
 But Heaven itself descends to love  
 Yet marvel not if they who love  
 This present joy this future hope  
 Which taught them with all ill to cope  
 No more with anxious bravely cope —[MS]

(MS. 44 : which Byron prefixed to his Epitaph on a Beloved Friend (*Poetical Works* 1898 : 18) and which long afterwards Shelley chose as the motto to his *Adonais*]

1 [The hundred and twenty six lines which follow down to Tell me no more of Fancy's gleam first appeared in the Fifth Edition. In returning the proof to Murray Byron writes August 26 1813 The last lines Hodgson likes—it is not often he does—and when he don't he tells me with great energy and I fret and alter I have thrown them in to soften the ferocity of our Infidel and for a dying man have given him a good deal to say for himself — *Letters* 1898 : 52]

I grant *my* love imperfect, all  
 That mortals by the name miscall,  
 Then deem it evil, what thou wilt,  
 But say, oh say, *this* was not Guilt!  
 She was my Life's unerring Light  
 That quenched what beam shall break my night?<sup>1</sup>  
 Oh! would it shone to lead me still,  
 Although to death or deadliest ill!  
 Why marvel ye, if they who lose  
     This present joy, this future hope,                   1150  
     No more with Sorrow meekly cope,  
 In phrensy then their fate accuse,  
 In madness do those fearful deeds  
     That seem to add but Guilt to Woe?  
 Alas! the breast that only bleeds  
     Hath nought to dread from outward blow  
 Who falls from all he knows of bliss,  
 Cares little into what abyss!<sup>11</sup>  
 Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now  
     To thee, old man, my deeds appear                   1160  
 I read abhorrence on thy brow,  
     And this too was I born to bear!  
 'Tis true, that, like that bird of prey,  
 With havock have I marked my way  
 But this was taught me by the dove,  
 To die and know no second love  
 This lesson yet hath man to learn,  
 Taught by the thing he dares to spurn  
 The bird that sings within the brake,  
 The swan that swims upon the lake,                   1170  
 One mate, and one alone, will take

<sup>1</sup> *That quenched, I wandered far in night*  
 or, *'Tis quenched, and I am lost in night* —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *Must plunge into a dark abyss* —[MS]

And let the fool still prone to range,<sup>1</sup>  
 And sneer on all who cannot change  
 Partake his jest with boasting boys  
 I envy not his varied joys  
 But deem such feeble heartless man  
 Less than yon solitary swan,  
 Far, far beneath the shallow maid<sup>11</sup>  
 He left believing and betrayed  
 Such shame at least was never mine— 1180  
 Leila! each thought was only thine!  
 My good, my guilt, my weal my woe  
 My hope on high—my all below  
 Each holds no other like to thee  
 Or if it doth in vain for me  
 For worlds I dare not view the dame  
 Resembling thee yet not the same  
 The very crimes that mar my youth  
 This bed of death—attest my truth!  
 'Tis all too late—thou wert thou art 1190  
 The cherished madness of my heart!<sup>111</sup>

And she was lost—and yet I breathed  
 But not the breath of human life  
 A serpent round my heart was wreathed  
 And stung my every thought to strife  
 Alike all time, abhorred all place<sup>1</sup>  
 Shuddering I shrank from Nature's face

1 *And let the light inconstant fool  
That sneers his cockcomb rid cule* —[MS]

11 *Less than the soft and shallow maid* —[MS erased]

111 *The joy—the madness of my heart* —[MS]

1v *To me alike all time and place—*

*Scarce could I gaze on Nature's face*

*For every his* —[MS]

or *All alike was changed on Nature's face*

*To me alike all time and place* —[MS erased]

Where every hue that charmed before  
 The blackness of my bosom wore  
 The rest thou dost already know, 1200  
 And all my sins, and half my woe  
 But talk no more of penitence,  
 Thou seest I soon shall part from hence  
 And if thy holy tale were true,  
 The deed that's done canst *thou* undo?  
 'Think me not thankless but this grief  
 Looks not to priesthood for relief<sup>1</sup>  
 My soul's estate in secret guess  
 But wouldst thou pity more, say less  
 When thou canst bid my Leila live, 1210  
 Then will I sue thee to forgive,  
 Then plead my cause in that high place  
 Where purchased masses proffer grace "  
 Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung  
 From forest-cave her shrieking young,  
 And calm the lonely lioness  
 But soothe not mock not *my* distress !

" In earlier days, and calmer hours,  
 When heart with heart delights to blend,  
 Where bloom my native valley's bowers," 1220  
 I had Ah ! have I now ? a friend ! "

- <sup>1</sup> *but this grief*  
*In truth is not for thy relief*  
*My state thy thought can never guess* —[MS]  
<sup>11</sup> *Where thou, it seems, canst offer grace* —[MS *erased*]  
<sup>111</sup> *Where rise my native city's towers* —[MS]  
<sup>1v</sup> *I had, and though but one—a friend !* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> The monk's sermon is omitted. It seems to have had so little effect upon the patient, that it could have no hopes from the reader. It may be sufficient to say that it was of a customary length (as may be perceived from the interruptions and uneasiness of the patient), and was delivered in the usual tone of all orthodox preachers.

To him this pledge I charge thee send <sup>1</sup>  
 Memorial of a youthful vow,  
 I would remind him of my end  
 Though souls absorbed like mine allow  
 Brief thought to distant Friendship's claim  
 Yet dear to him my blighted name  
 'Tis strange—he prophesied my doom  
 And I have smiled—I then could smile—  
 When Prudence would his voice assume 1230  
 And warn—I recked not what—the while  
 But now Remembrance whispers o'er <sup>11</sup>  
 Those accents scarcely marked before  
 Say—that his bodings came to pass  
 And he will start to hear their truth  
 And wish his words had not been sooth  
 Tell him—unheeding as I was  
 Through many a busy bitter scene  
 Of all our golden youth had been  
 In pain my faltering tongue had tried 140  
 To bless his memory—ere I died

- 1 *I have no heart to love him now  
 And 'tis but to declare my end—[MS]*  
 11 *But now Remembrance murmurs o'er  
 Of all our early youth had been—  
 In pain I now had turned aside  
 To bless his memory ere I died  
 But Heaven would make the vessel less  
 If Guilt should for the guiltless pray—  
 I do not ask him not to blame—  
 Too gentle he to wound my name—  
 I do not ask him not to mourn  
 For such request might sound like scorn—  
 As if what I the Friendship's daily tear  
 So well could grace a brother's bier  
 But bear this ring the gaze of old  
 And tell him—what thou didst behold—  
 The withered frame—the ruined mind  
 The wreck that Passion leaves behind—  
 The shrivelled and discoloured leaf  
 Seared by the Autumn blast of Grief—[MS, First Copy]*

But Heaven in wrath would turn away,  
 If Guilt should for the guiltless pray  
 I do not ask him not to blame,  
 Too gentle he to wound my name,  
 And what have I to do with Fame ?  
 I do not ask him not to mourn,  
 Such cold request might sound like scorn,  
 And what than Friendship's manly tear  
 May better grace a brother's bier ? 1250  
 But bear this ring, his own of old,  
 And tell him what thou dost behold !  
 The withered frame, the ruined mind,  
 The wreck by passion left behind,  
 A shrivelled scroll, a scattered leaf,  
 Seared by the autumn blast of Grief !

\*                      \*                      \*

"Tell me no more of Fancy's gleam,  
 No, father, no, 'twas not a dream,  
 Alas ! the dreamer first must sleep,  
 I only watched, and wished to weep, 1260  
 But could not, for my burning brow  
 Throbb'd to the very brain as now  
 I wished but for a single tear,  
 As something welcome, new, and dear  
 I wished it then, I wish it still,  
 Despair is stronger than my will  
 Waste not thine orison, despair !  
 Is mightier than thy pious prayer  
 I would not, if I might, be blest,  
 I want no Paradise, but rest 1270  
 'Twas then I tell thee father ! then  
 I saw her, yes, she lived again,

1 Nay—*kneel not, father, rise despair* —[MS]

And shining in her white symar<sup>1</sup>  
 As through yon pale gray cloud the star  
 Which now I gaze on as on her  
 Who looked and looks far lovelier,  
 Dimly I view its trembling spark,<sup>1</sup>  
 To-morrow's night shall be more dark  
 And I before its rays appear  
 That lifeless thing the living fear 1280  
 I wander—father! for my soul  
 Is fleeting towards the final goal  
 I saw her—fear! and I rose  
 Forgetful of our former woes  
 And rushing from my couch I dart  
 And clasp her to my desperate heart  
 I clasp—what is it that I clasp?  
 No breathing form within my grasp  
 No heart that beats reply to mine—  
 Yet Leila! yet the form is thine! 1290  
 And art thou dearest changed so much  
 As meet my eye yet mock my touch?  
 Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold  
 I care not—so my arms enfold  
 The all they ever wished to hold  
 Alas! around a shadow prest  
 They shrink upon my lonely breast  
 Yet still tis there! In silence stands  
 And beckons with beseeching hands!  
 With braided hair and bright black eye— 1300  
 I knew twas false—she could not die!

1 *Wh ch now I view with tremblin g spark* —[MS]

1 Symar a shroud [Cymar or simar: a long loose robe worn by women. It is perhaps the same word as the Spanish *samarra* (Arabic *ṣamḍarra*) a sheep skin cloak. It is equivalent to shroud only in the primary sense of a covering.]



But *he* is dead ! within the dell  
 I saw him buried where he fell ,  
 He comes not for he cannot break  
 From earth , why then art *thou* awake ?  
 They told me wild waves rolled above  
 The face I view the form I love ,  
 They told me 'twas a hideous tale !  
 I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail  
 If true, and from thine ocean-cave 1310  
 Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave,  
 Oh ! pass thy dewy fingers o'er  
 This brow that then will burn no more ,  
 Or place them on my hopeless heart .  
 But, Shape or Shade ! whate'er thou art,  
 In mercy ne'er again depart !  
 Or farther with thee bear my soul  
 Than winds can waft or waters roll !

"Such is my name, and such my tale  
 Confessor ! to thy secret ear 1320  
 I breathe the sorrows I bewail,  
 And thank thee for the generous tear  
 This glazing eye could never shed.  
 Then lay me with the humblest dead,<sup>1</sup>  
 And, save the cross above my head,  
 Be neither name nor emblem spread,  
 By prying stranger to be read,  
 O! stay the passing pilgrim's tread " 1

1 *Then lay me with the nameless dead* —[MS ]

1 The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity , he asked

He passed—nor of his name and race  
He left a token or a trace

1330

with whom and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve honest women in Yanina. They were seized fastened up in sacks and drowned in the lake the same night! One of the guards who was present informed me that not one of the victims uttered a cry or showed a symptom of terror at so sudden a wrench from all we know from all we love. The fate of Phrosine the fairest of this sacrifice is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaout ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago and now nearly forgotten. I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee house story tellers who abound in the Levant and sing or recite their narratives. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest by the want of Eastern imagery and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original. For the contents of some of the notes I am indebted partly to D Herbelot and partly to that most Eastern and as Mr Weber justly entitle it sublime tale the Caliph Vathek. I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials some of his incidents are to be found in the *Bibliothèque Orientale* but for correctness of costume beauty of description and power of imagination it far surpasses all European imitations and bears such marks of originality that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale even Rasselas must bow before it his Happy Valley will not bear a comparison with the Hall of Eblis. [See *Childe Harold* Canto II stanza xxii line 6 *Poetical Works* 1899 ii 37 *not* 1]

Mansour Effendi tells the story (*vide supra* line 6) thus. Frosini was niece of the Archbishop of Jo. Mouctar Pasha ordered her to come to his harem and her father advised her to go she did so. Mouctar among other presents gave her a ring of great value which she wished to sell and gave it for that purpose to a merchant who offered it to the wife of Mouctar. That lady recognized the jewel as her own and discovering the intrigue complained to Ali Pasha who the next night seized her himself in his own house and ordered her to be drowned. Mansour Effendi says he had the story from the brother and son of Frosini. This son was a child of six years old and was in bed in his mother's chamber when Ali came to carry away his mother to death. He had a confused recollection of the horrid scene. —*Travels* : *Alba* ii 1858 i III *note* 6

The concluding note like the poem was built up sentence by sentence. Lines 1–12 forgotten are in the MS. Line 1 I heard to line 17 original were added in the Second Edition. The next sentence For the contents to Vathek was inserted in the Third and the concluding paragraph I do not know to the end in the Fourth Editions.]

Save what the Father must not say  
Who shrived him on his dying day  
This broken tale was all we knew '  
Of her he loved, or him he slew

- <sup>1</sup> *Nor whether most he mourned none I knew,  
For her he loved—or him he slew —[MS]*

# THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

## A TURKISH TALE

' Had we never loved sae kindly  
Had we never loved sae blindly  
Never met—or never parted  
We had ne'er been broken hearted —  
BURNS [*Farewell to Nancy*]



## INTRODUCTION TO THE PRIDE OF INDOS

MANY poets—Wordsworth for instance—have been conscious in their old age that an interest attaches to the circumstances of the composition of their poems and have furnished their friends and admirers with explanatory notes. Byron recorded the *motif* and occasion of the *Pride of Abydos* while the poem was still in the press. It was written he says to divert his mind—to wring his thoughts from reality to imagination—from selfish regrets to vivid recollections (*Diary*, December 5 1813 *Letters* ii 361) to distract his dreams from ( *Diary* November 16) for the sake of *employment* (Letter to Moore November 30 1813). He had been staying during part of October and November at Aston Hall Rotherham with his friend James Wedderburn Webster and had fallen in love with his friend's wife Lady Frances. From a brief note to his sister dated November 3 we learn that he was in a scrape but in no immediate peril and from the lines Remember him whom I assions power (*vide ante* p 67) we may infer that he had sought safety in flight. The *Pride of Abydos*, or *Lutilla* as it was first entitled was written early in November in four nights (*Diary* November 16) or in a week (Letter to Gifford November 1)—the reckoning goes for little—as a counter irritant to the pain and distress of *amour interrompu*.

The confession or apology is eminently characteristic. Whilst the *Giaour* was still in process of evolution still

lengthening its rattles another Turkish poem is offered to the public and the natural explanation that the author is in vein and can score another trick is felt to be inadequate.

and dishonouring—"To withdraw *myself* from *myself*," he confides to his *Diary* (November 27), "has ever been my sole, my entire, my sincere motive for scribbling at all."

It is more than probable that in his twenty-sixth year Byron had not attained to perfect self-knowledge, but there is no reason to question his sincerity. That Byron loved to surround himself with mystery, and to dissociate himself from "the general," is true enough, but it does not follow that at all times and under all circumstances he was insincere. "Once a *poseur* always a *poseur*," is a rough-and-ready formula not invariably applicable even to a poet.

But the *Bride of Abydos* was a tonic as well as a styptic. Like the *Giaour*, it embodied a personal experience, and recalled "a country replete with the *darkest* and *brightest*, but always the most *lively* colours of my memory" (*Diary*, December 5, 1813).

In a letter to Galt (December 11, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, ii 304, reprinted from *Life of Byron*, pp 181, 182) Byron maintains that the first part of the *Bride* was drawn from "observations" of his own, "from existence." He had, it would appear, intended to make the story turn on the guilty love of a brother for a sister, a tragic incident of life in a Harem, which had come under his notice during his travels in the East, but "on second thoughts" had reflected that he lived "two centuries at least too late for the subject," and that not even the authority of the "finest works of the Greeks," or of Schiller (in the *Bride of Messina*), or of Alfieri (in *Mura*), "in modern times," would sanction the intrusion of the *μυστηριον* into English literature. The early drafts and variants of the MS do not afford any evidence of this alteration of the plot which, as Byron thought, was detrimental to the poem as a work of art, but the undoubted fact that the *Bride of Abydos*, as well as the *Giaour*, embody recollections of actual scenes and incidents which had burnt themselves into the memory of an eye-witness, accounts not only for the fervent heat at which these Turkish tales were written, but for the extraordinary glamour which they threw over contemporary readers, to whom the local colouring was new and attractive, and who were not out of conceit with "good Monsieur Melancholy."

Byron was less dissatisfied with his second Turkish tale than he had been with the *Giaour*. He apologizes for the rapidity with which it had been composed—*stans pede in uno*—but he announced to Murray (November 6) that he was doing his best to beat the *Giaour* and (November 9) he appraises the *Bride* as my first entire composition of any length.

Moreover he records (November 15) with evident gratification the approval of his friend Hodgson—a very sincere and by no means (at times) a flattering critic of mine—and modestly accepts the praise of such masters of letters as Mr Canning<sup>n</sup> Hookham Frere Heber Lord Holland and of the traveller Edward Daniel Clarke.

The *Bride of Abydos* was advertised in the *Morning Chronicle* among Books published this day on November 9 1813. It was reviewed by George Agar Ellis in the *Quarterly Review* of January 1814 (vol. x p. 331) and together with the *Corsair* by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* of April, 1814 (vol. xxiii p. 198).

#### NOTE TO THE MSS OF THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

THE MSS of the *Bride of Abydos* are contained in a bound volume and in two packets of loose sheets numbering thirty-two in all of which eighteen represent additions etc. to the First Canto and fourteen additions etc. to the Second Canto.

The bound volume consists of a rough copy and a fair copy of the first draft of the *Bride* the fair copy beginning with the sixth stanza of Canto I.

The additions in the bound volume consist of—

- 1 Stanza xxviii of Canto II—here called 'Conclusion' (fifty-eight lines). And note on Sir Orford's Letters.
- 2 Eight lines beginning 'Eve saw it placed' at the end of stanza xxviii.
- 3 An emendation of six lines to stanza v of Canto II with reference to the *comboloio*, the Turkish rosary.



4 Forty additional lines to stanza xx of Canto II, beginning, "For thee in those bright isles," and being the first draft of the addition as printed in the *Revises* of November 13, etc

5 Stanza xxvii of Canto II, twenty-eight lines

6 Ten additional lines to stanza xxvii, "Ah ! happy !"—"depart "

7 Affixed to the rough Copy in stanza xxviii, fifty-eight lines, here called "Continuation " This is the rough Copy of No 1

The eighteen loose sheets of additions to Canto I consist of—

1 The Dedication

2 Two revisions of "Know ye the land "

3 Seven sheets, Canto I stanzas 1-v, being the commencement of the Fair Copy in the bound volume

4 Two sheets of the additional twelve lines to Canto I stanza vi, "Who hath not proved,"—"Soul "

5 Four sheets of notes to Canto I stanza vi, dated November 20, November 22, 1813

6 Two sheets of notes to stanza xvi

7 Sixteen additional lines to stanza xiiii

The fourteen additional sheets to Canto II consist of—

1 Ten lines of stanza iv, and four lines of stanza xvii

2 Two lines and note of stanza v

3 Sheets of additions, etc, to stanza xx (eight sheets)

(α) Eight lines, "Or, since that hope,"—"thy command "

(β) "For thee in those bright isles" (twenty-four lines)

(γ) "For thee," etc (thirty-six lines)

(δ) "Blest as the call" (three variants)

(ε) "For thee in those bright isles" (seven lines)

(ζ) Fourteen lines, "There ev'n thy soul,"—"Zuleika's name," "Aye let the loud winds,"—"bars escape," additional to stanza xx

4 Two sheets of five variants of "Ah ! wherefore did he turn to look ?" being six additional lines to stanza xxv

5 Thirty-five lines of stanza xxvi

6 Ten lines, "Ah ! happy ! but,"—"depart " And eleven

lines "Woe to thee rash"— hast shed " being a continuous addition to stanza xxvii

## 1 REVISES

Endorsed—

- i November 13 1813
- ii November 15 1813
- iii November 16 1813
- iv November 18, 1813
- v November 19 1813
- vi November 21 1813
- vii November 23 1813
- viii November 24 1813 A wrong date
- ix. November 25 1813
- x An imperfect revise = Nos i-v



TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
LORD HOLLAND  
THIS TALE  
IS INSCRIBED WITH  
EVERY SENTIMENT OF REGARD  
AND RESPECT  
BY HIS GRATEFULLY OBLIGED  
AND SINCERE FRIEND

BYRON

*1 To the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup>  
Henry Richard Vassal  
Lord Holland  
This Tale  
Is inscribed with  
Every sentiment of the  
Most affectionate respect  
by his gratefully obliged serv<sup>t</sup>  
And sincere Friend  
Byron*

[*Proof and Revise* — See *Letters to Murray*  
November 13 17 1813]



# THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS<sup>1</sup>

## CANTO THE FIRST

### I

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle  
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?  
Where the rage of the vulture the love of the turtle  
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?  
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine  
Where the flowers ever blossom the beams ever shine  
Where the light wings of Zephyr oppressed with perfume  
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul<sup>3</sup> in her bloom

1 [ Murray tells me that Croker asked him why the thing was called the *Bride* of Abydos? It is a cursed awkward question being unanswerable. *She* is not a *bride* only about to become one. I don't wonder at his finding out the *Bull* but the detection is too late to do any good. I was a great fool to make it and am ashamed of not being an Irishman. —*Journal* December 6 1813 *Letters* 1898 ii 365

Byron need not have been dismayed. The term is particularly applied on the day of marriage and during the honeymoon but is frequently used from the proclamation of the banns. In the debate on Prince Leopold's allowance Mr Gladstone being criticized for speaking of the Princess Helena as the bride said he believed that colloquially a lady when engaged was often called a bride. This was met with Hear! Hear! from some and No! No! from others. —*N Engl Dict* art *Bride* ]

2 [The opening lines were probably suggested by Goethe's—

Kennst du das Land wo die citronen blühn? ]

3 Cul the rose

Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,  
 And the voice of the nightingale never is mute ,<sup>1</sup> 10  
 Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,  
 In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,  
 And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye ,  
 Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,  
 And all, save the spirit of man, is divine  
 'Tis the clime of the East 'tis the land of the Sun—  
 Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done ?<sup>2</sup>  
 Oh ! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell '  
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they  
 tell

## II "

Begirt with many a gallant slave, 20  
 Apparelled as becomes the brave,  
 Awaiting each his Lord's behest  
 To guide his steps, or guard his rest,  
 Old Giaffir sate in his Divan  
 Deep thought was in his agéd eye ,  
 And though the face of Mussulman  
 Not oft betrays to standers by

1 *For wild as the moment of lovers' farewell* —[MS ]

11 *Canto 1<sup>st</sup> The Bride of Abydos Nov 1<sup>st</sup> 1813* —[MS ]

1 [“ ‘Where the Citron,’ etc These lines are in the MS , and omitted by the Printer, whom I again request to look over it, and see that no others are omitted —B ” (Revise No 1, November 13, 1813 )

“I ought and do apologise to Mr — the Printer for charging him with an omission of the lines which I find was my own—but I also wish *he* would not print such a stupid word as *finest* for *fairest* ” (Revise, November 15, 1813 )

The lines, “Where the Citron,” etc , are absent from a fair copy dated November 11, but are inserted as an addition in an earlier draft ]

2 “Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun,  
 With whom revenge is virtue ”

YOUNG'S *Revenge*, act v sc 2 (*British Theatre*, 1792, p 84)

The mind within, well skilled to hide  
 All but unconquerable pride  
 His pensive cheek and pondering brow <sup>1</sup> 30  
 Did more than he was wont avow

## III

<sup>1</sup> Let the chamber be cleared —The train disappeared—  
<sup>2</sup> Now call me the chief of the Haram guard —  
 With Giaffir is none but his only son  
 And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award  
 Haroun—when all the crowd that wait  
 Are passed beyond the outer gate,  
 (Woe to the head whose eye beheld  
 My child Zuleika's face unveiled!)  
 Hence lead my daughter from her tower— <sup>3</sup> 40  
 Her fate is fixed this very hour,  
 Yet not to her repeat my thought—  
 By me alone be duty taught!

<sup>4</sup> Pacha! to hear is to obey —  
 No more must slave to despot say—  
 Then to the tower had ta'en his way  
 But here young Selim silence brake  
 First lowly rendering reverence meet  
 And downcast looked and gently spake  
 Still standing at the Pacha's feet 50  
 For son of Moslem must expire  
 Ere dare to sit before his sire!

<sup>1</sup> *The changing cheek and kniting brow — [MS 1]*

<sup>11</sup> *Hence—bid my daughter I then come  
 'Tis hour for her fate and doom—  
 Yet not to her these words express  
 But lead her from the tower's recess —[ MSS 1 11]*

[These lines must have been altered in proof, for all the revises accord with the text.]



"Father! for fear that thou shouldst chide

My sister, or her sable guide

Know—for the fault, if fault there be,

Was mine—then fall thy frowns on me!

So lovely the morning shone,

That—let the old and weary sleep—

I could not, and to view alone

The fairest scenes of land and deep,

60

With none to listen and reply

To thoughts with which my heart beat high

Were irksome—for whate'er my mood,

In sooth I love not solitude,

I on Zuleika's slumber broke,

And, as thou knowest that for me

Soon turns the Haram's grating key,

Before the guardian slaves awoke

We to the cypress groves had flown,

And made earth, main, and heaven our own!

70

There lingered we, beguiled too long

With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadr's song,<sup>1</sup>

Till I, who heard the deep tambour<sup>2</sup>

Beat thy Divan's approaching hour,

To thee, and to my duty true,

Warned by the sound, to greet thee flew

But there Zuleika wanders yet

Nay, Father, rage not nor forget

1 *With many a tale and mutual song* —[MS]

1 Mejnoun and Leila, the Romeo and Juliet of the East Sadr, the moral poet of Persia [For the "story of Leila and Mujnoun," see *The Gulistan, or Rose Garden* of Saadi, translated by Francis Gladwin, Boston, 1865, Tale xiv pp 288, 289, and *Gulistan* du Cheikh Sa'di. Traduit par W Smelet, Paris, 1834, Notes on Chapitre V p 304 Sa'di "moralizes" the tale, to the effect that love dwells in the eye of the beholder See, too, Jami's *Mejnoun et Leila*, translated by A L Chezy, Paris, 1807]

2 Tambour Turkish drum, which sounds at sunrise, noon, and twilight [The "tambour" is a kind of mandoline It is the large kettle-drum (*nagârê*) which sounds the hours]

That none can pierce that secret bower  
But those who watch the women's tower 80

## IV

Son of a slave —the Pacha said—  
“ From unbelieving mother bred  
Vain were a father's hope to see  
Aught that beseems a man in thee  
Thou when thine arm should bend the bow  
And hurl the dart, and curb the steed  
Thou Greek in soul if not in creed  
Must pore where babbling waters flow <sup>1</sup>  
And watch unfolding roses blow  
Would that yon Orb whose matin glow 90  
Thy listless eyes so much admire  
Would lend thee something of his fire !  
Thou who wouldst t see this battlement  
By Christian cannon piecemeal rent,  
Nay tamely view old Stambol's wall  
Before the dogs of Moscow fall  
Nor strike one stroke for life and death  
Against the curs of Nazareth !  
Go—let thy less than woman's hand  
Assume the distaff—not the brand 100  
But Haroun !—to my daughter speed  
And hark—of thine own head take heed—  
If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—  
Thou see st yon bow—it hath a string !

## V

No sound from Selim's lip was heard  
At least that met old Giaffir's ear  
But every frown and every word

<sup>1</sup> *Must walk forsooth where waters flow  
And pore on every flower below* —[MS erased ]

Pierced keener than a Christian's sword

"Son of a slave!—reproached with fear!

Those gibes had cost another dear. 110

Son of a slave!—and *who* my Sire?"

Thus held his thoughts their dark career,  
And glances ev'n of more than ire!

Flash forth, then faintly disappear  
Old Giaffir gazed upon his son

And started, for within his eye  
He read how much his wrath had done,  
He saw rebellion there begun.

"Come hither, boy—what, no reply?  
I mark thee—and I know thee too; 120  
But there be deeds thou dar'st not do:  
But if thy beard had manlier length,  
And if thy hand had skill and strength,  
I'd joy to see thee break a lance,  
Albeit against my own perchance"  
As sneeringly these accents fell,  
On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed.

That eye returned him glance for glance,  
And proudly to his Sire's was raised,<sup>1</sup>

Till Giaffir's quailed and shrunk askance 130  
And why—he felt, but durst not tell  
"Much I misdoubt this wayward boy  
Will one day work me more annoy  
I never loved him from his birth,  
And—but his arm is little worth,  
And scarcely in the chase could cope  
With timid fawn or antelope,  
Far less would venture into strife  
Where man contends for fame and life

1 *For looks of peace and hearts of ire*—[MS]

11 *And calmly to his Sire's was raised*—[MS]

I would not trust that look or tone  
 No—nor the blood so near my own <sup>i</sup>  
 That blood—he hath not heard—no more—  
 I'll watch him closer than before  
 He is an Arab <sup>1</sup> to my sight,  
 Or Christian crouching in the fight—<sup>ii</sup>  
 But hark <sup>1</sup>—I hear Zuleika's voice

Like Houris' hymn it meets mine ear  
 She is the offspring of my choice

Oh ! more than ev'n her mother dear  
 With all to hope and nought to fear—  
 My Peri ! ever welcome here ! <sup>iii</sup>

Sweet as the desert fountain's wave  
 To lips just cooled in time to save—

Such to my longing sight art thou,  
 Nor can they waft to Mecca's shrine  
 More thanks for life than I for thine,  
 Who blest thy birth and bless thee now <sup>1</sup>

## VI

Fair as the first that fell of womankind

When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling  
 Whose Image then was stamped upon her mind— 160

But once beguiled—and ever more beguiling  
 Dazzling as that oh ! too transcendent vision

To Sorrow's phantom peopled slumber given  
 When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian

And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven  
 Soft as the memory of buried love,

<sup>i</sup> No—nor the blood I call my own —[MS]

<sup>ii</sup> Or Christian flying from the fight —[MS]

<sup>iii</sup> Zuleika ! ever welcome here —[MS]

<sup>iv</sup> Who never was more blest than now —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> The Turks abhor the Arabs (who return the compliment a hundredfold) even more than they hate the Christians

Pure, as the prayer\* which Childhood wafts above;  
 Was she the daughter of that rude old Chief,  
 Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay <sup>1</sup> 170  
 To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?  
 Who doth not feel, until his failing sight<sup>1</sup>  
 Faints into dimness with its own delight,  
 His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess  
 The might the majesty of Loveliness?  
 Such was Zuleika—such around her shone  
 The nameless charms unmarked by her alone  
 The light of Love, the purity of Grace,<sup>11</sup>  
 The mind, the Music<sup>2</sup> breathing from her face,

<sup>1</sup> *Who hath not felt his very power of sight  
 Faint with the languid dimness of delight?*—[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *The light of life—the purity of grace  
 The mind of Music breathing in her face  
 or, Mind on her lip and music in her face  
 A heart where softness harmonized the whole  
 And oh! her eye was in itself a Soul!*—[MS]

<sup>1</sup> [Lines 170–181 were added in the course of printing. They were received by the publisher on November 22, 1813.]

<sup>2</sup> This expression has met with objections. I will not refer to "Him who hath not Music in his soul," but merely request the reader to recollect, for ten seconds, the features of the woman whom he believes to be the most beautiful, and, if he then does not comprehend fully what is feebly expressed in the above line, I shall be sorry for us both. For an eloquent passage in the latest work of the first female writer of this, perhaps of any, age, on the analogy (and the immediate comparison excited by that analogy) between "painting and music," see vol. III. cap. 10, *DE L'ALLIANCE*. And is not this connection still stronger with the original than the copy? with the colouring of Nature than of Art? After all, this is rather to be felt than described, still I think there are some who will understand it, at least they would have done had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea, for this passage is not drawn from imagination but memory,<sup>111</sup> that mirror

<sup>111</sup> *In this line I have not drawn from fiction but memory—that mirror of regret memory—the too faithful mirror of affliction the long vista through which we gaze. Someone has said that the perfection of Architecture is frozen music—the perfection of Beauty to my mind always presented the idea of living Music*—[MS erased]

The heart whose softness harmonized the whole, 180  
And oh ! that eye was in itself a Soul !

Her graceful arms in meekness bending  
Across her gently budding breast,  
At one kind word those arms extending  
To clasp the neck of him who blest  
His child caressing and carest  
Zuleika came—and Giaffir felt  
His purpose half within him melt  
Not that against her fancied weal  
His heart though stern could ever feel 190  
Affection chained her to that heart  
Ambition tore the links apart

## VII

‘ Zuleika ! child of Gentleness !  
How dear this very day must tell  
When I forget my own distress  
In losing what I love so well

which Affliction dashes to the earth and looking down upon the fragments only beholds the reflection multiplied !

[For the simile of the broken mirror compare *Childe Harold* Canto III stanza xxxiii line 1 (*Poetical Works* ii 236 note 2) and for the expression music breathing from her face compare Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* Part II sect ix *Works* 1835 ii 106 And sure there is musick even in the beauty and the silent note which Cupid strikes far sweeter than the sound of any instrument and Lovelace's Song *Orpheus to Basts*—

Oh could you view the melody  
Of ev'ry grace  
And music of her face !

The effect of the appeal to Madame de Stael is thus recorded in Byron's *Journal* of December 7 1813 (*Letters* 1898 ii 369)

This morning a very pretty billet from the Stael (for passage in *De L'Allemagne* Part III chap x., and the billet see *Letters* ii 354, note 1) She has been pleased to be pleased with my slight eulogy in the note annexed to *The Bride* ]

To bid thee with another dwell  
 Another <sup>1</sup> and a braver man  
 Was never seen in battle's van.  
 We Moslem reck not much of blood . 200  
 But yet the line of Carasman <sup>1</sup>  
 Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood  
 First of the bold Timariot bands  
 That won and well can keep their lands.<sup>1</sup>  
 Enough that he who comes to woo <sup>1</sup>  
 Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou . <sup>2</sup>  
 His years need scarce a thought employ ,  
 I would not have thee wed a boy.  
 And thou shalt have a noble dower  
 And his and my united power 210  
 Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,  
 Which others tremble but to scan,

<sup>1</sup> *Who won of yore paternal lands* —[MS]

<sup>2</sup> *Enough if that thy bridesman true* —[MS erased]

<sup>1</sup> Carasman Oglou, or Kara Osman Oglou, is the principal landholder in Turkey, he governs Magnesia those who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess land on condition of service, are called Timariots they serve as Spahis, according to the extent of territory, and bring a certain number into the field, generally cavalry

[The "line of Carasman" dates back to Kara Youlouk, the founder of the dynasty of the "White Sheep," at the close of the fourteenth century Hammer-Purgstall (*Hist. de l'Emp. Ottoman*, iii 151) gives *sang-suc*, "blood-sucker," as the equivalent of Youlouk, which should, however, be interpreted "smooth-face" Of the Magnesian Kara Osman Oglou ("Black Osman-son"), Dillaway (*Constantinople Ancient and Modern*, 1797, p. 190) writes, "He is the most powerful and opulent derè bey ('lord of the valley'), or feudal tenant, in the empire, and, though inferior to the pasha's in rank, possesses more wealth and influence, and offers them an example of administration and patriotic government which they have rarely the virtue to follow" For the Timariots, who formed the third class of the feudal cavalry of the Ottoman Empire, see Finlay's *Greece under Ottoman Domination*, 1856, pp. 50, 51.]

<sup>2</sup> [The Bey Oglou (= Begzâde) is "the nobleman," "the high-born chief"]

And teach the messenger<sup>1</sup> what fate  
 The bearer of such boon may wait  
 And now thou know'st thy father's will,  
 All that thy sex hath need to know  
 'Twas mine to teach obedience still—  
 The way to love thy Lord may show

## VIII

In silence bowed the virgin's head,  
 And if her eye was filled with tears                   20  
 That stifled feeling dare not shed,  
 And changed her cheek from pale to red  
 And red to pale as through her ears  
 Those wingéd words like arrows sped  
 What could such be but maiden fears?  
 So bright the tear in Beauty's eye  
 Love half regrets to kiss it dry  
 So sweet the blush of Bashfulness  
 Even Pity scarce can wish it less!

Whate'er it was the sire forgot                   230  
 Or if remembered marked it not,  
 Thrice clapped his hands and called his steed  
 Resigned his gem adorned chibouque,<sup>3</sup>

1 When a Pacha is sufficiently strong to resist the single messenger who is always the first bearer of the order for his death is strangled instead and sometimes five or six one after the other on the same errand by command of the refractory patient if on the contrary he is weak or loyal he bows kisses the Sultan's respectable signature and is bowstrung with great complacency In 1810 several of these presents were exhibited in the niche of the Seraglio gate among others the head of the Pacha of Bagdat a brave young man cut off by treachery after a desperate resistance

2 Clapping of the hands calls the servants The Turks hate a superfluous expenditure of voice and they have no bells

3 Chibouque the Turkish pipe of which the amber mouth piece and sometimes the ball which contains the leaf is adorned with precious stones if in possession of the wealthier orders



And mounting featly for the mead,  
 With Maugrabee<sup>1</sup> and Mamaluke,  
 His way amid his Delis took,<sup>2</sup>  
 To witness many an active deed  
 With sabre keen, or blunt jerreed  
 The Kısar only and his Moors<sup>3</sup>  
 Watch well the Haram's massy doors 240

## IX

His head was leant upon his hand,  
 His eye looked o'er the dark blue water  
 That swiftly glides and gently swells  
 Between the winding Dardanelles,  
 But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,  
 Nor even his Pacha's turbaned band  
 Mix in the game of mimic slaughter,  
 Careering cleave the folded felt<sup>4</sup>  
 With sabre stroke right sharply dealt,  
 Nor marked the javelin-darting crowd, 250  
 Nor heard their Ollahs<sup>5</sup> wild and loud  
 He thought but of old Giaffir's daughter<sup>1</sup>

1 "Maugrabee" [*Maghribi*, Moors], Moorish mercenaries

2 "Delis," bravos who form the forlorn hope of the cavalry, and always begin the action [See *Childe Harold*, Canto II, *Poetical Works*, 1899, II 149, note 1]

3 [The Kızlar aghası was the head of the black eunuchs, Kısar, by itself, is Turkish for "girls," "virgins"]

4 A twisted fold of *felt* is used for scimitar practice by the Turks, and few but Mussulman arms can cut through it at a single stroke sometimes a tough turban is used for the same purpose The jerreed [jarid] is a game of blunt javelins, animated and graceful

5 "Ollahs," Alla il Allah [La Ilāh illā 'llāh], the "Leihes," as the Spanish poets call them, the sound is Ollah a cry of which the Turks, for a silent people, are somewhat profuse, particularly during the jerreed [jarid], or in the chase, but mostly in battle Their animation in the field, and gravity in the chamber, with their pipes and combolios [*vide post*, p 181, note 4], form an amusing contrast

## X

No word from Selim's bosom broke  
 One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke  
 Still gazed he through the lattice grate,  
 Pale mute, and mournfully sedate  
 To him Zuleika's eye was turned,  
 But little from his aspect learned  
 Equal her grief yet not the same,  
 Her heart confessed a gentler flame <sup>1</sup> 260  
 But yet that heart alarmed or weak  
 She knew not why forbade to speak  
 Yet speak she must—but when essay?

How strange he thus should turn away!

Not thus we e'er before have met

Not thus shall be our parting yet

Thrice paced she slowly through the room

And watched his eye—it still was fixed

She snatched the urn wherein was mixed  
 The Persian Atar-gul's perfume <sup>1</sup> 270

And sprinkled all its odours o'er

The pictured roof <sup>2</sup> and marble floor

The drops that through his glittering vest <sup>11</sup>

The playful girl's appeal addressed,

Unheeded o'er his bosom flew

As if that breast were marble too

What sullen yet? it must not be—

Oh! gentle Selim this from thee!

<sup>1</sup> *Her heart confessed no cause of shame* —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *The drops that flow & for it is just  
 Unheeded fell & for his breast* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> Atar gul ottar of roses The Persian is the finest

<sup>2</sup> The ceiling and wainscots or rather walls of the Mussulman apartments are generally painted in great houses with one eternal and highly coloured view of Constantinople wherein the principal feature is a noble contempt of perspective below arms scimitars etc are in general fancifully and not inelegantly disposed

She saw in curious order set

The fairest flowers of Eastern land— 280

“He loved them once, may touch them yet,

If offered by Zuleika’s hand.”

The childish thought was hardly breathed

Before the rose was plucked and wreathed,

The next fond moment saw her seat

Her fairy form at Selim’s feet

“This rose to calm my brother’s cares

A message from the Bulbul<sup>1</sup> bears,

It says to-night he will prolong

For Selim’s ear his sweetest song, 290

And though his note is somewhat sad,

He’ll try for once a strain more glad,

With some faint hope his altered lay

May sing these gloomy thoughts away

# XI.

“What ! not receive my foolish flower?

Nay then I am indeed unblest

On me can thus thy forehead lower?

And know’st thou not who loves thee best?’

1 *Would I had never seen this hour*

*What knowest thou not who loves thee best* —[MS]

I It has been much doubted whether the notes of this “Lover of the rose” are sad or merry, and Mr Fox’s remarks on the subject have provoked some learned controversy as to the opinions of the ancients on the subject. I dare not venture a conjecture on the point, though a little inclined to the “errare mallet,” etc, if Mr Fox was mistaken.

[Fox, writing to Grey (see Lord Holland’s Preface (p. 111) to the *History of James the Second*, by C. J. Fox, London, 1808), remarks, “In defence of my opinion about the nightingale, I find Chaucer, who of all poets seems to have been the fondest of the singing of birds, calls it a ‘merry note,’” etc. Fox’s contention was attacked and disproved by Martin Davy (1763–1839, physician and Master of Caius College, Cambridge), in an interesting and scholarly pamphlet entitled, *Observations upon Mr Fox’s Letter to Mr Grey*, 1809.]

Oh Selim dear ! oh more than dearest !  
 Say is it me thou hast or fearest ? 300  
 Come lay thy head upon my breast  
 And I will kiss thee into rest  
 Since words of mine and songs must fail,  
 Ev'n from my fabled nightingale  
 I knew our sire at times was stern  
 But this from thee had yet to learn  
 Too well I know he loves thee not ,  
 But is Zuleika's love forgot ?  
 Ah ! deem I right ? the Pacha's plan—  
 This kinsman Bey of Carasman 310  
 Perhaps may prove some foe of thine  
 If so I swear by Mecca's shrine —  
 If shrines that ne'er approach allow  
 To woman's step admit her vow —  
 Without thy free consent—command—  
 The Sultan should not have my hand !  
 Thinkst thou that I could bear to part  
 With thee and learn to halve my heart ?  
 Ah ! were I severed from thy side  
 Where were thy friend—and who my guide ? 320  
 Years have not seen Time shall not see  
 The hour that tears my soul from thee <sup>11</sup>  
 Ev'n Azrael <sup>1</sup> from his deadly quiver  
 When flies that shaft and fly it must <sup>1</sup>  
 That parts all else shall doom for ever  
 Our hearts to undivided dust !

<sup>1</sup> *If so by Mecca's hidden shrine —[MS]*

<sup>11</sup> *The day that teareth thee from me —[MS]*

<sup>111</sup> *When comes that hour and come it must —[MS erased]*

<sup>1</sup> Azrael the angel of death.

## XII.

He lived he breathed—he moved he felt,  
 He raised the maid from where she knelt,  
 His trance was gone, his keen eye shone  
 With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt, 330  
 With thoughts that burn in rays that melt.  
 As the stream late concealed

By the fringe of its willows,  
 When it rushes reveal'd

In the light of its billows,  
 As the bolt bursts on high

From the black cloud that bound it,  
 Flashed the soul of that eye

Through the long lashes round it  
 A war-horse at the trumpet's sound, 340

A lion roused by heedless hound,

A tyrant waked to sudden strife

By graze of ill-directed knife,<sup>1</sup>

Starts not to more convulsive life

Than he, who heard that vow, displayed,

And all, before repressed, betrayed

"Now thou art mine, for ever mine,

With life to keep, and scarce with life resign,"

Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,

Though sworn by one, hath bound us both 350

Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done,

That vow hath saved more heads than one

But blench not thou—thy simplest tress

Claims more from me than tenderness,

I would not wrong the slenderest hair

<sup>1</sup> *Which thanks to terror and the dark  
 Hath missed a trifle of its mark* —[MS]

[The couplet was expunged in a revise dated November 19]

<sup>11</sup> *With life to keep but not with life resign* —[MS]

That clusters round thy forehead fair<sup>1</sup>  
 For all the treasures buried far  
 Within the caves of Istakar<sup>1</sup>  
 This morning clouds upon me lowered  
 Reproaches on my head were showered 360  
 And Giaffir almost called me coward !  
 Now I have motive to be brave  
 The son of his neglected slave  
 Nay start not 'twas the term he gave  
 May show though little apt to vaunt  
 A heart his words nor deeds can daunt  
 His son indeed<sup>1</sup>—yet, thanks to thee  
 Perchance I am at least shall be  
 But let our plighted secret vow  
 Be only known to us as now 370  
 I know the wretch who dares demand  
 From Giaffir thy reluctant hand ,  
 More ill got wealth, a meaner soul  
 Holds not a Musselim's control  
 Was he not bred in Egripo?<sup>3</sup>  
 A viler race let Israel show !  
 But let that pass—to none be told

<sup>1</sup> *That strays along that head so fair* —[MS]  
 or *That strays along that neck so fair* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> The treasures of the Pre Adamite Sultans See D Herbelot [1781 ii 405] article *Istakar* [Estekhar ou Istekbar]

Muselim a governor the next in rank after a Pacha a Waywode is the third and then come the Agas

[This table of precedence applies to Ottoman officials in Greece and other dependencies. The Musselim [Mutassiline] is the governor or commander of a city (e.g. Hobhouse *Travels in Albania* ii 41 speaks of the Musselim of Smyrna) Aghas i.e. heads of departments in the army or civil service or the Sultan's household here denote mayors of small towns or local magnates]

<sup>3</sup> Egripo the Negropont According to the proverb the Turks of Egripo the Jews of Salonica and the Greeks of Athens are the worst of their respective races

[See Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* 1855 viii 386]

Our oath, the rest shall time unfold  
 To me and mine leave O'mn Boy,  
 I've partisins for Peril's day 380  
 Think not I am what I appear,  
 I've aims—and friend—and vengeance near."

## XIII.

"I think not thou art what thou appear'st!  
 My Selim, thou art sadly changed  
 This morn I saw thee gentlest—dearest—  
 But now thou'rt from thyself estranged  
 My love thou surely knew'st before,  
 It ne'er was less—nor can be more  
 To see thee—hear thee—near thee stay—  
 And hate the night I know not why, 390  
 Save that we meet not but by day;  
 With thee to live, with thee to die,  
 I dare not to my hope deny  
 Thy cheek—thine eyes—thy lips to kiss—  
 Like this—and this—no more than this,<sup>1</sup>  
 For, Allah! sure thy lips are flame  
 What fever in thy veins is flushing?  
 My own have nearly caught the same,  
 At least I feel my cheek, too, blushing  
 To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health, 400  
 Partake, but never waste thy wealth,  
 Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,  
 And lighten half thy poverty,  
 Do all but close thy dying eye,  
 For that I could not live to try,  
 To these alone my thoughts aspire  
 More can I do? or thou require?

<sup>1</sup> *Like this—and no more than this* —[MS.]

But Selim thou must answer why<sup>1</sup>  
 We need so much of mystery?  
 The cause I cannot dream nor tell 410  
 But be it since thou say'st tis well  
 Yet what thou mean'st by 'arms and friends  
 Beyond my weaker sense extends  
 I meant that Giaffir should have heard  
 The very vow I plighted thee  
 His wrath would not revoke my word  
 But surely he would leave me free  
 Can this fond wish seem strange in me  
 To be what I have ever been?  
 What other hath Zuleika seen 420  
 From simple childhood's earliest hour?  
 What other can she seek to see  
 Than thee companion of her bower  
 The partner of her infancy?  
 These cherished thoughts with life begun  
 Say why must I no more avow?  
 What change is wrought to make me shun  
 The truth—my pride and thine till now?  
 To meet the gaze of stranger's eyes  
 Our law—our creed—our God denies 430  
 Nor shall one wandering thought of mine  
 At such our Prophet's will repine  
 No! happier made by that decree  
 He left me all in leaving thee  
 Deep were my anguish thus compelled<sup>2</sup>  
 To wed with one I ne'er beheld

<sup>1</sup> *But—Selim why my heart's reply  
 Should need so much of mystery  
 Is more than I can guess or tell  
 Be it since thou say'st tis so—tis well —[MS]*  
 [The fourth line erased ]

<sup>2</sup> *He blest me more in leaving thee  
 Much should I suffer thus compelled —[MS]*



This wherefore should I not reveal?  
 Why wilt thou urge me to conceal?<sup>1</sup>  
 I know the Pacha's haughty mood  
 To thee hath never boded good, 440  
 And he so often storms at nought,  
 Allah! forbid that e'er he ought!<sup>1</sup>  
 And why I know not, but within  
 My heart concealment weighs like sin"  
 If then such secrecy be crime,  
 And such it feels while lurking here,  
 Oh, Selim! tell me yet in time,  
 Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear  
 Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar,<sup>1</sup>  
 My father leaves the mimic war, 450  
 I tremble now to meet his eye  
 Say, Selim, canst thou tell me why?"

## XIV

"Zuleika—to thy tower's retreat  
 Betake thee—Giaffir I can greet  
 And now with him I fain must prate  
 Of firmans, imposts, levies, state  
 There's fearful news from Danube's banks,  
 Our Vizier nobly thins his ranks

1 *This vow I should no more conceal  
 And wherefore should I not reveal?*—[MS]

11 *My breast is consciousness of sin  
 But when and where and what the crime  
 I almost feel is lurking here*—[MS]

1 "Tchocadar"—one of the attendants who precedes a man of authority

[See D'Ohsson's *Tableau Générale, etc.*, 1787, II 159, and *Plates* 87, 88. The Turks seem to have used the Persian word *chawki dār*, an officer of the guard-house, a policeman (whence our slang word "chokey"), for a "valet de pied," or, in the case of the Sultan, for an apparitor. The French spelling points to D'Ohsson as Byron's authority.]

For which the Giaour may give him thanks <sup>1</sup>  
Our Sultan hath a shorter way 460  
Such costly triumph to repay  
But, mark me when the twilight drum  
Hath warned the troops to food and sleep  
Unto thy cell with Selim come ,  
Then softly from the Haram creep  
Where we may wander by the deep  
Our garden battlements are steep  
Nor these will rash intruder climb  
*To list our words, or stunt our time*  
And if he doth I want not steel 470  
Which some have felt, and more may feel  
Then shalt thou learn of Selim more  
Than thou hast heard or thought before  
Trust me Zuleika—fear not me <sup>1</sup>  
Thou know'st I hold a Haram key

Fear thee my Selim ! ne'er till now  
Did words like this

Delay not thou ,

/ I keep the key—and Haroun's guard  
Have *some* and hope of *more* reward  
To-night, Zuleika thou shalt hear 480  
My tale, my purpose, and my fear  
I am not, love ! what I appear

<sup>1</sup> *Be silent thou* --[MS]

CANTO THE SECOND.<sup>1</sup>

∞

## I.

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,  
 As on that night of stormy water  
 When Love, who sent, forgot to save  
 The young the beautiful the brave  
 The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter  
 Oh ! when alone along the sky  
 Her turret-torch was blazing high,  
 Though rising gale, and breaking foam, 490  
 And shrieking sea-birds warned him home,  
 And clouds aloft and tides below,  
 With signs and sounds, forbade to go,  
 He could not see, he would not hear,  
 Or sound or sign foreboding fear,  
 His eye but saw that light of Love,  
 The only star it hailed above,  
 His ear but rang with Hero's song,  
 "Ye waves, divide not lovers long !"  
 That tale is old, but Love anew <sup>1</sup> 500  
 May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

1 Nov. 9<sup>th</sup> 1813 —[MS]

1 [Vide Ovid, *Heroides*, Ep xii., and the *De Herone atque Leandro* of Musæus]

## II

The winds are high and Helle's tide  
 Rolls darkly heaving to the main  
 And Night's descending shadows hide  
 That field with blood bedewed in vain  
 The desert of old Priam's pride,  
 The tombs sole relics of his reign  
 All—save immortal dreams that could beguile  
 The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!

## III

Oh! yet—for there my steps have been,      510  
 These feet have pressed the sacred shore  
 These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne—  
 Minstrel! with thee to muse to mourn  
 To trace again those fields of yore  
 Believing every hillock green  
 Contains no fabled hero's ashes  
 And that around the undoubted scene  
 Thine own broad Hellespont<sup>1</sup> still dashes  
 Be long my lot! and cold were he  
 Who there could gaze denying thee!      520

<sup>1</sup> The wrangling about this epithet—the broad Hellespont—or the boundless Hellespont—whether it means one or the other or what it means at all has been beyond all possibility of detail. I have even heard it disputed on the spot and not foreseeing a speedy conclusion to the controversy amused myself with swimming across it in the mean time and probably may again before the point is settled. Indeed the question as to the truth of the tale of Troy divine still continues much of it resting upon the talismanic word *ἄρ' ἴσ' ἔστι*—probably Homer had the same notion of distance that a coquette has of time and when he talks of boundless means half a mile as the latter by a like figure when she says *eternal* attachment simply specifies three weeks.

[For a defence of the Homeric *ἄρ' ἴσ' ἔστι* and for a *résumé* of the wrangling of the topographers Jean Baptiste Le Chevalier (1752-1836) and Jacob Bryant (1715-1804) etc. see *Travels in Albania* 1858 ii 179 185.]

## IV

The Night hath closed on Helle's stream,  
 Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill  
 That Moon, which shone on his high theme  
 No warrior chides her peaceful beam,  
 But conscious shepherds bless it still.  
 Their flocks are grazing on the Mound  
 Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow  
 That mighty heap of gathered ground  
 Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,<sup>1</sup>  
 By nations raised, by monarchs crowned, 530  
 Is now a lone and nameless barrow<sup>1</sup>  
 Within thy dwelling-place how narrow<sup>1 2</sup>  
 Without can only strangers breathe  
 The name of him that *was* beneath  
 Dust long outlasts the storied stone,  
 But Thou—thy very dust is gone<sup>1</sup>

## V

Late, late to-night will Dian cheer  
 The swain, and chase the boatman's fear,  
 Till then—no beacon on the cliff  
 May shape the course of struggling skiff, 540

1 Before his Persian invasion, and crowned the altar with laurel, etc. He was afterwards imitated by Caracalla in his race. It is believed that the last also poisoned a friend, named Festus, for the sake of new Patroclan games. I have seen the sheep feeding on the tombs of Æsyetes and Antiochus: the first is in the centre of the plain.

[Alexander placed a garland on the tomb of Achilles, and "went through the ceremony of anointing himself with oil, and running naked up to it"—Plut *Vitæ*, "Alexander M.," cap. xv line 25, Lipsiæ, 1814, vi 187. For the tombs of Æsyetes, etc., see *Travels in Albania*, ii 149-151.]

2 [Compare—

"Or narrow if needs must be,  
 Outside are the storms and the strangers"  
*Never the Time*, etc., lines 19, 20, by Robert Browning.]

The scattered lights that skirt the bay  
 All, one by one have died away  
 The only lamp of this lone hour  
 Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower  
 Yes ! there is light in that lone chamber  
 And o'er her silken ottoman  
 Are thrown the fragrant beads of amber  
 O'er which her fairy fingers ran,<sup>1</sup>  
 Near these with emerald rays beset,<sup>2</sup>  
 (How could she thus that gem forget ?) 550  
 Her mother's sainted amulet<sup>3</sup>  
 Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,  
 Could smoothe this life and win the next,  
 And by her Comboloio<sup>4</sup> lies

1 When rubbed the amber is susceptible of a perfume which is slight but *not* disagreeable [Letter to Murray December 6 1813 *Letters* 1898 ii 300]

2 [ *Cœterum castitati hieroglyphicum gemma est* —Hoffmann *Lexic Univ* art *Smaragdus* Compare too *Lalla R kh* ( *Chandos Classics* p 406) The emerald's virgin blaze ]

3 The belief in amulets engraved on gems or enclosed in gold boxes containing scraps from the Koran worn round the neck wrist or arm is still universal in the East The Koorsee (throne) verse in the second cap of the Koran describes the attributes of the Most High and is engraved in this manner and worn by the pious as the most esteemed and sublime of all sentences

[The *dyatu l kursy* or verse of the throne (Sura II Chapter of the Heifer v 257) runs thus God there is no God but He the living and self subsistent Slumber takes Him not nor sleep His is what is in the heavens and what is in the earth Who is it that intercedes with Him save by His permission ? He knows what is before them and what behind them and they comprehend not aught of His knowledge but of what He pleases His throne extends over the heavens and the earth and it tires Him not to guard them both for He is high and grand —The *Qur'ân* : translated by E H Palmer 1880 Part I *Sacred Books of the East* vi 40]

4 Comboloio —a Turkish rosary The MSS particularly those of the Persians are richly adorned and illuminated The Greek females are kept in utter ignorance but many of the Turkish girls are highly accomplished though not actually qualified for a Christian coterie Perhaps some of our own *blues* might not be the worse for *bleach* ing

[The comboloio consists of ninety nine beads Compare *Lalla*

A Koran of illumined dyes ,  
 And many a bright emblazoned rhyme  
 By Persian scribes redeemed from Time ,  
 And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,  
 Reclines her now neglected lute ,  
 And round her lamp of fretted gold 560  
 Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould ,  
 The richest work of Iran's loom,  
 And Sheeraz' <sup>1</sup> tribute of perfume ,  
 All that can eye or sense delight  
     Are gathered in that gorgeous room  
     But yet it hath an air of gloom.  
 She, of this Peri cell the sprite,  
 What doth she hence, and on so rude a night ?

## VI

Wrapt in the darkest sable vest,  
     Which none save noblest Moslem wear, 570  
 To guard from winds of Heaven the breast  
     As Heaven itself to Selim dear,  
 With cautious steps the thicket threading,  
     And starting oft, as through the glade  
     The gust its hollow moanings made,  
 Till on the smoother pathway treading,  
 More free her timid bosom beat,  
     The maid pursued her silent guide ,  
 And though her terror urged retreat,  
     How could she quit her Selim's side ? 580  
     How teach her tender lips to chide ?

*Rookh* ("Chandos Classics," p 420), "Her ruby rosary," etc , and  
*note* on "Le Tespih " *Lord Byron's Combolio* is the title of a  
 metrical *jeu d'esprit*, a rhymed catalogue of the *Poetical Works*,  
 beginning with *Hours of Idleness*, and ending with *Cain, a Mystery*  
 —*Blackwood's Magazine*, 1822, xi 162-165 ]

<sup>1</sup> [Shiraz, capital of the Persian province of Fars, is celebrated  
 for the attar-gûl, or attar of roses ]

## VII

They reached at length a grotto, hewn  
 By nature, but enlarged by art  
 Where oft her lute she wont to tune  
 And oft her Koran conned apart,  
 And oft in youthful reverie  
 She dreamed what Paradise might be  
 Where Woman's parted soul shall go  
 Her Prophet had disdained to show,<sup>1</sup>  
 But Selim's mansion was secure, 590  
 Nor deemed she, could he long endure  
 His bower in other worlds of bliss  
 Without *her*, most beloved in this!  
 Oh! who so dear with him could dwell?  
 What Houri soothe him half so well?

## VIII

Since last she visited the spot  
 Some change seemed wrought within the grot  
 It might be only that the night  
 Disguised things seen by better light  
 That brazen lamp but dimly threw 600  
 A ray of no celestial hue,  
 But in a nook within the cell  
 Her eye on stranger objects fell  
 There arms were piled not such as wield  
 The turbaned Delis in the field  
 But brands of foreign blade and hilt  
 And one was red—perchance with guilt!<sup>2</sup>  
 Ah! how without can blood be spilt?

1 *Her Prophet did not clearly show*  
*But Selim's place was quite secure* —[MS]

2 *And one seemed red with recent guilt* —[MS]

1 [Compare *The Giaour* line 490 note 1 *vide ante* p 110]



A cup too on the board was set  
 That did not seem to hold sherbet. 610  
 What may this mean ? she turned to see  
 Her Selim “ Oh ! can this be he ? ”<sup>1</sup>

## IX

His robe of pride was thrown aside,  
 His brow no high-crowned turban bore,  
 But in its stead a shawl of red,  
 Wreathed lightly round, his temples wore  
 That dagger, on whose hilt the gem  
 Were worthy of a diadem,  
 No longer glittered at his waist,  
 Where pistols unadorned were braced , 620  
 And from his belt a sabre swung,  
 And from his shoulder loosely hung  
 The cloak of white, the thin capote  
 That decks the wandering Candote ,  
 Beneath his golden plated vest  
 Clung like a cuirass to his breast ,  
 The greaves below his knee that wound  
 With silvery scales were sheathed and bound  
 But were it not that high command  
 Spake in his eye, and tone, and hand, 630  
 All that a careless eye could see  
 In him was some young Galiongé<sup>1</sup>

1 *Her Selim*—“ *Alla—is it he ?* ”—[MS]

1 “ Galiongé ”—or Galiongi [*l e* a Galleon-er], a sailor, that is, a Turkish sailor, the Greeks navigate, the Turks work the guns. Their dress is picturesque, and I have seen the Capitan Pacha, more than once, wearing it as a kind of *incog*. Their legs, however, are generally naked. The buskins described in the text as sheathed behind with silver are those of an Arnaut robber, who was my host (he had quitted the profession) at his Pyrgo, near Gastouni in the Morea, they were plated in scales one over the other, like the back of an armadillo.

[Gastouni lies some eight miles S W of Palæopolis, the site of the

## X

I said I was not what I seemed ,  
 And now thou see st my words were true  
 I have a tale thou hast not dreamed,  
 If sooth—its truth must others rue  
 My story now twere vain to hide  
 I must not see thee Osman s bride  
 But had not thine own lips declared  
 How much of that young heart I shared 640  
 I could not must not yet have shown  
 The darker secret of my own  
 In this I speak not now of love  
 That—let Time—Truth—and Peril prove  
 But first—Oh ! never wed another—  
 Zuleika ! I am not thy brother !

## XI

“ Oh ! not my brother !—yet unsay—  
 God ! am I left alone on earth  
 To mourn—I dare not curse—the day <sup>1</sup>  
 That saw my solitary birth? 650  
 Oh ! thou wilt love me now no more !  
 My sinking heart foreboded ill  
 But know *me* all I was before  
 Thy sister—friend—Zuleika still  
 Thou led st me here perchance to kill ,  
 If thou hast cause for vengeance see !  
 My breast is offered—take thy fill !  
 Far better with the dead to be  
 Than live thus nothing now to thee

1 *What—have I lived to curse the day ?*—[MS M]  
*To curse— if I could curse—the day* —[MS ed 1892 ]

ancient Elis The Pyrgo must be the Castle of Chlemutzi  
 (Castel Tornese) built by Geoffrey II of Villehouardin circ A D  
 1218 ]

Perhaps far worse, for now I know 660  
 Why Giaffir always seemed thy foe,  
 And I, alas ! am Giaffir's child,  
 For whom thou wert contemned, reviled  
 If not thy sister would'st thou save  
 My life—Oh ! bid me be thy slave ! ”

## XII.

“ My slave, Zuleika ! nay, I'm thine :  
 But, gentle love, this transport calm,  
 Thy lot shall yet be linked with mine ,  
 I swear it by our Prophet's shrine,<sup>1</sup>  
 And be that thought thy sorrow's balm 670  
 So may the Koran <sup>1</sup> verse displayed  
 Upon its steel direct my blade,  
 In danger's hour to guard us both,  
 As I preserve that awful oath !  
 The name in which thy heart hath prided  
 Must change , but, my Zuleika, know,  
 That tie is widened, not divided,  
 Although thy Sire's my deadliest foe  
 My father was to Giaffir all  
 That Selim late was deemed to thee , 680

<sup>1</sup> *I swear it by Medina's shrine* —[*MS erased*]

<sup>1</sup> The characters on all Turkish scimitars contain sometimes the name of the place of their manufacture, but more generally a text from the Koran, in letters of gold. Amongst those in my possession is one with a blade of singular construction—it is very broad, and the edge notched into serpentine curves like the ripple of water, or the wavering of flame. I asked the Armenian who sold it, what possible use such a figure could add—he said, in Italian, that he did not know, but the Mussulmans had an idea that those of this form gave a severer wound, and liked it because it was “*piu feroce*” I did not much admire the reason, but bought it for its peculiarity.

[Compare *Lalla Rookh* (“Chandos Classics,” p. 373)—

“The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry”]

That brother wrought a brother's fall  
 But spared at least, my infancy<sup>1</sup>  
 And lulled me with a vain deceit  
 That yet a like return may meet  
 He reared me not with tender help  
 But like the nephew of a Cain<sup>1</sup>  
 He watched me like a lion's whelp  
 That gnaws and yet may break his chain  
 My father's blood in every vein  
 Is boiling ! but for thy dear sake 690  
 No present vengeance will I take,  
 Though here I must no more remain  
 But first, beloved Zuleika<sup>1</sup> hear  
 How Giaffir wrought this deed of fear

## XIII

How first their strife to rancour grew  
 If Love or Envy made them foes  
 It matters little if I knew

<sup>1</sup> It is to be observed that every allusion to any thing or person age in the Old Testament such as the Ark or Cain is equally the privilege of Mussulman and Jew indeed the former profess to be much better acquainted with the lives true and fabulous of the patriarchs than is warranted by our own sacred writ and not content with Adam they have a biography of Pre Adamites Solomon is the monarch of all necromancy and Moses a prophet inferior only to Christ and Mahomet Zuleika is the Persian name of Potiphar's wife and her amour with Joseph constitutes one of the finest poems in their language It is therefore no violation of costume to put the names of Cain or Noah into the mouth of a Moslem

[*A propos* of this note for the ignorant Byron writes to Murray (November 13 1813) Do you suppose that no one but the Galileans are acquainted with Adam and Eve and Cain and Noah? —*Zuleika* is the Persian *poetical* name for *Potiphar's* wife and again November 14 I don't care one lump of sugar for my *po try* but for my *costume* and my co rectness on these points I will combat lustily —*Letters* 1898 ii 8 283]

In fiery spirits, slights, though few  
 And thoughtless, will disturb repose  
 In war Abdallah's aim was strong, 700  
 Remembered yet in Bosniac song,<sup>1</sup>  
 And Paswan's <sup>2</sup> rebel hordes attest  
 How little love they bore such guest  
 His death is all I need relate,  
 The stern effect of Giaffir's hate ,  
 And how my birth disclosed to me,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whate'er beside it makes, hath made me free.

1. *And how that death made known to me  
 Hath made me what thou now shalt see* —[MS]

1 [Karajić (Vuk Stefanović, born 1787), secretary to Kara George, published *Narodne Srpske Pjesme*, at Vienna, 1814, 1815. See, too, *Languages and Literature of the Slavic Nations*, by Talvi, New York, 1850, pp 366-382, *Volkslieder der Serben*, von Talvi, Leipzig, 1835, ii 245, etc, and *Chants Populaires des Serbes*, Recueillis, par Wuk Stephanowitsch, et Traduits d'après Talvi, par Madame Elise Voiart, Paris, 1834, ii 183, etc.]

2 Paswan Oglou, the rebel of Widdin, who, for the last years of his life, set the whole power of the Porte at defiance

[Passwan Oglou (1758-1807) [Passewend's, or the Watchman's son, according to Hobhouse] was born and died at Widdin. He first came into notice in 1788, in alliance with certain disbanded Turkish levies, named *Kizdshalies*. "It was their pride to ride along on stately horses, with trappings of gold and silver, and bearing costly arms. In their train were female slaves, Gjuvendî, in male attire, who not only served to amuse them in their hours of ease with singing and dancing, but also followed them to battle (as Kaled followed Lara, see *Lara*, Canto II. stanza xv, etc), for the purpose of holding their horses when they fought." On one occasion he is reported to have addressed these "rebel hordes" much in the spirit of the "Corsair," "The booty be yours, and mine the glory." "After having for some time suffered a Pacha to be associated with him, he at length expelled his superior, and demanded 'the three horse-tails' for himself." In 1798 the Porte despatched another army, but Passwan was completely victorious, and "at length the Porte resolved to make peace, and actually sent him the 'three horse-tails'" (i.e. made him commander-in-chief of the Janissaries at Widdin). (See *History of Serbia*, by Leopold von Ranke, Bohn, 1853, pp 68-71. See, too, *Voyage dans l'Empire Ottoman*, par G. A. Olivier, an 9 (1801), i 108-125, and Madame Voiart's "Abrégé de l'histoire du royaume de Serbie," prefixed to *Chants Populaires*, etc, Paris, 1834.)]

## XIV

' When Paswan after years of strife  
 At last for power but first for life  
 In Widdin's walls too proudly sate 710  
 Our Pachas rallied round the state  
 Not last nor least in high command  
 Each brother led a separate band,  
 They gave their Horse tails<sup>1</sup> to the wind  
 And mustering in Sophia's plain  
 Their tents were pitched, their post assigned  
 To one alas! assigned in vain!  
 What need of words? the deadly bowl,  
 By Giaffir's order drugged and given  
 With venom subtle as his soul<sup>1</sup> 720  
 Dismissed Abdallah's hence to heaven  
 Reclined and feverish in the bath  
 He when the hunter's sport was up  
 But little deemed a brother's wrath  
 To quench his thirst had such a cup  
 The bowl a bribed attendant bore,  
 He drank one draught,<sup>2</sup> nor needed more!  
 If thou my tale Zuleika doubt  
 Call Haroun—he can tell it out

## XV

The deed once done and Paswan's feud 730  
 In part suppressed, though ne'er subdued

1 *With venom blacker than his soul* —[MS]

1 Horse tail —the standard of a Pacha.

2 Giaffir Pacha of Argyro Castro or Scutari. I am not sure which was actually taken off by the Albanian Ali, in the manner described in the text. Ali Pacha while I was in the country married the daughter of his victim some years after the event had taken place at a bath in Sophia or Adrianople. The poison was mixed in the cup of coffee which is presented before the sherbet by the bath keeper after dressing.

Abdallah's Pachalick was gained .  
 Thou know'st not what in our Divan  
 Can wealth procure for worse than man

Abdallah's honours were obtained  
 By him a brother's murder stained ,  
 'Tis true, the purchase nearly drained  
 His ill-got treasure, soon replaced  
 Would'st question whence? Survey the waste,  
 And ask the squalid peasant how 740  
 His gains repay his broiling brow !  
 Why me the stern Usurper spared,  
 Why thus with me his palace shared,  
 I know not Shame regret remorse  
 And little fear from infant's force  
 Besides, adoption as a son  
 By him whom Heaven accorded none,  
 Or some unknown cabal, caprice,  
 Preserved me thus but not in peace  
 He cannot curb his haughty mood,<sup>1</sup> 750  
 Nor I forgive a father's blood

## XVI.

“ Within thy Father's house are foes ,  
 Not all who break his bread are true  
 To these should I my birth disclose,  
 His days his very hours were few  
 They only want a heart to lead,  
 A hand to point them to the deed  
 But Haroun only knows, or knew  
 This tale, whose close is almost nigh

<sup>1</sup> *Nor, if his sullen spirit could,  
 Can I forgive a parent's blood —[MS]*

He in Abdallah's palace grew 760  
 And held that post in his Serai  
 Which holds he here—he saw him die,  
 But what could single slavery do?  
 Avenge his lord? alas! too late,  
 Or save his son from such a fate?  
 He chose the last, and when elate  
 With foes subdued or friends betrayed  
 Proud Giaffir in high triumph sate  
 He led me helpless to his gate  
 And not in vain it seems essayed 770  
 To save the life for which he prayed  
 The knowledge of my birth secured  
 From all and each but most from me,  
 Thus Giaffir's safety was ensured  
 Removed he too from Roumelie  
 To this our Asiatic side  
 Far from our seats by Danube's tide  
 With none but Haroun who retains  
 Such knowledge—and that Nubian feels  
 A Tyrant's secrets are but chains 780  
 From which the captive gladly steals  
 And this and more to me reveals  
 Such still to guilt just Allah sends—  
 Slaves, tools accomplices—no friends!

## XVII

'All this Zuleika harshly sounds,  
 But harsher still my tale must be  
 Howe'er my tongue thy softness wounds  
 Yet I must prove all truth to thee<sup>1</sup>  
 I saw thee start this garb to see,

<sup>1</sup> Yet I must be all truth to thee —[MS]



Yet is it one I oft have worn, 790  
 And long must wear · this Galiongée,  
 To whom thy plighted vow is sworn,  
 Is leader of those pirate hordes,  
 Whose laws and lives are on their swords,  
 To hear whose desolating tale  
 Would make thy waning cheek more pale  
 Those arms thou see'st my band have brought,  
 The hands that wield are not remote,  
 This cup too for the rugged knaves  
 Is filled once quaffed, they ne'er repine. 800  
 Our Prophet might forgive the slaves,  
 They're only infidels in wine.

## XVIII.

"What could I be? Proscribed at home,  
 And taunted to a wish to roam,  
 And listless left for Giaffir's fear  
 Denied the courser and the spear  
 Though oft Oh, Mahomet! how oft!  
 In full Divan the despot scoffed,  
 As if *my* weak unwilling hand  
 Refused the bridle or the brand. 810  
 He ever went to war alone,  
 And pent me here untried—unknown,  
 To Haroun's care with women left,<sup>1</sup>  
 By hope unblest, of fame bereft,  
 While thou whose softness long endeared,  
 Though it unmanned me, still had cheered  
 To Brusa's walls for safety sent,  
 Awaited'st there the field's event

1 *To Haroun's care in idlesse left,  
 In spirit bound, of fame bereft — [MS. erased]*

Haroun who saw my spirit pining<sup>1</sup>  
 Beneath inaction's sluggish yoke 80  
 His captive though with dread resigning  
 My thralldom for a season broke  
 On promise to return before  
 The day when Giaffir's charge was o'er  
 'Tis vain—my tongue can not impart<sup>11</sup>  
 My almost drunkenness of heart<sup>1</sup>  
 When first this liberated eye  
 Surveyed Earth—Ocean—Sun—and Sky—  
 As if my Spirit pierced them through  
 And all their inmost wonders knew ! 830  
 One word alone can paint to thee  
 That more than feeling—I was Free<sup>1</sup>  
 Even for thy presence ceased to pine  
 The World—nay Heaven itself was mine<sup>1</sup>

## XIV

The shallop of a trusty Moor  
 Conveyed me from this idle shore  
 I longed to see the isles that gem  
 Old Ocean's purple diadem  
 I sought by turns and saw them all,<sup>1</sup>  
 But when and where I joined the crew 840

<sup>1</sup> *That slave who saw my spirit pining*  
*Beneath Inaction's heavy yoke*  
*Compassionate his charge resigning* — [MS]

<sup>11</sup> *Oh could my tongue to thee impart*  
*That liberation of my heart* — [MS erased]

<sup>1</sup> I must here shelter my elf with the Palmist—is it not David that makes the Earth reel to and fro like a Drunkard If the Globe can be thus lively on seeing its Creator a liberated captive can hardly feel less on a first view of his work — [A line MS erased]

The Turkish notions of almost all island are confined to the Archipelago the sea alluded to

With whom I'm pledged to rise or fall,  
 When all that we design to do  
 Is done, 'twill then be time more meet  
 To tell thee, when the tale's complete

## xx.

" 'Tis true, they are a lawless brood,  
 But rough in form, nor mild in mood,  
 And every creed, and every race,  
 With them hath found—may find a place  
 But open speech, and ready hand,  
 Obedience to their Chief's command, 850  
 A soul for every enterprise,  
 That never sees with Terror's eyes,  
 Friendship for each, and faith to all,  
 And vengeance vowed for those who fall,  
 Have made them fitting instruments  
 For more than e'en my own intents  
 And some—and I have studied all  
 Distinguished from the vulgar rank,  
 But chiefly to my council call  
 The wisdom of the cautious Frank 860  
 And some to higher thoughts aspire.  
 The last of Lambro's<sup>1</sup> patriots there  
 Anticipated freedom share,  
 And oft around the cavern fire  
 On visionary schemes debate,

<sup>1</sup> Lambro Canzani, a Greek, famous for his efforts, in 1789-90, for the independence of his country. Abandoned by the Russians, he became a pirate, and the Archipelago was the scene of his enterprises. He is said to be still alive at Petersburg. He and Riga are the two most celebrated of the Greek revolutionists.

[For Lambros Katzones (Hobhouse, *Travels in Albania*, II 5, calls him Canzani), see Finlay's *Greece under Othoman Domination*, 1856, pp. 330-334. Finlay dwells on his piracies rather than his patriotism.]

To snatch the Rayahs <sup>1</sup> from their fate  
 So let them ease their hearts with prate  
 Of equal rights which man ne'er knew  
 I have a love for freedom too  
 Aye! let me like the ocean Patriarch <sup>2</sup> roam 870  
 Or only know on land the Tartar's home! <sup>3</sup>  
 My tent on shore my galley on the sea  
 Are more than cities and Serais to me <sup>4</sup>  
 Borne by my steed or wafted by my sail  
 Across the desert or before the gale  
 Bound where thou wilt my barb! or glide my prow!  
 But be the Star that guides the wanderer, Thou!  
 Thou my Zuleika share and bless my bark  
 The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark! <sup>5</sup>  
 Or since that hope denied in worlds of strife 880  
 Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!  
 The evening beam that smiles the clouds away  
 And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray! <sup>6</sup>

1 Rayahs—all who pay the capitation tax called the Haratch

[ This tax was levied on the whole male unbelieving population except children under ten old men Christian and Jewish priests—Finlay *Greece under Othoman* *Dominion* 1856 p 26 See too the *Qur'an* cap ix. The Declaration of Immunity ]

2 This first of voyages is one of the few with which the Mussulmans profess much acquaintance

3 The wandering life of the Arabs Tartars and Turkomans will be found well detailed in any book of Eastern travels That it possesses a charm peculiar to itself cannot be denied A young French renegade confessed to Chateaubriand that he never found himself alone galloping in the desert without a sensation approaching to rapture which was indescribable

4 [Inns caravanserais From *sariy* a palace or inn ]

5 [The remaining seventy lines of stanza xx were not included in the original MS but were sent to the publisher in successive instalments while the poem was passing through the press ]

6 [In the first draft of a supplementary fragment line 883 ran thus—

*And tints tomorrow with { a fancied } ray*  
*an a ry*

A note was appended—

Mr M<sup>r</sup> Choose which of the 2 epithets fancied or airy

Blest as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall  
 To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call,  
 Soft as the melody of youthful days,  
 That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise,  
 Dear as his native song to Exile's ears,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Of lines 886-889, two, if not three, variants were sent to the publisher—

(1) *Dear as the Melody of better days  
 That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise—  
 Sweet as his native song to Exile's ears  
 Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears—*  
[December 2, 1813]

(2) { *Dear* } as the melody of { *better* } days  
       { *Soft* }                               { *youthful* }  
       That steals { *a silent* } tear of speechless praise—  
                   { *the trembling* }

may be best—or if neither will do—tell me and I will dream another—

“Yours,  
 “B.”

The epithet (“prophetic”) which stands in the text was inserted in a revise dated December 3, 1813. Two other versions were also sent, that Gifford might select that which was “best, or rather *not worst*”—

“And { *gilds* } the hope of morning with its ray”  
                   { *tints* }

“And gilds to-morrow's hope with heavenly ray”

(*Letters*, 1898, II 282)

On the same date, December 3rd, two additional lines were affixed to the quatrain (lines 886-889)—

“Soft as the Mecca Muezzin's strains invite  
 Him who hath journeyed far to join the rite”

And in a later revise, as “a last alteration”—

“Blest as the call which from Medina's dome  
 Invites devotion to her Prophet's tomb”

An erased version of this “last alteration” ran thus—

“Blest as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's dome  
 Which welcomes Faith to view her Prophet's tomb” †]

† [It is probable that Byron, who did not trouble himself to distinguish between “lie” and “lay,” and who, as the MS. of *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers* (see line 732, *Poetical Works*, 1898, I 355) reveals, pronounced “petit maître” *anglicé* in four syllables, regarded “dome” (*vide supra*) as a true and exact rhyme to “tomb,” but, with his wonted compliance, was persuaded to make yet another alteration]

Shall sound each tone thy long loved voice endears  
 For thee in those bright isles is built a bower 890  
 Blooming as Aden<sup>1</sup> in its earliest hour  
 A thousand swords with Selim's heart and hand  
 Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command !  
 Girt by my band Zuleika at my side,  
 The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride  
 The Haram's languid years of listless ease  
 Are well resigned for cares—for joys like these  
 Not blind to Fate I see where'er I rove  
 Unnumbered perils—but one only love !  
 Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay, 900  
 Though Fortune frown or falser friends betray  
 How dear the dream in darkest hours of ill  
 Should all be changed to find thee faithful still !  
 Be but thy soul like Selim's firmly shown,  
 To thee be Selim's tender as thine own,  
 To soothe each sorrow share in each delight<sup>11</sup>  
 Blend every thought do all—but disunite !  
 Once free tis mine our horde again to guide  
 Friends to each other foes to aught beside<sup>2</sup>  
 Yet there we follow but the bent assigned 910  
 By fatal Nature to man's warring kind<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Wait o'er thy voice as I bow at thy command*—[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *O! turn and mingle every thought with his  
And all our future days unite in thine*—[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *Man I may lead but trust not—I may fall  
By those now friends to me, yet foes to all—  
In thine they follow but the bent assigned  
By fatal Nature to our warring kind*—[MS]

<sup>1</sup> Jannat al Aden the perpetual abode the Mussulman paradise [See Sale's *Koran* Preliminary Discourse sect 1 and *Journal* November 17 1813 *Letters* 1898 ii 3 6]

<sup>2</sup> [ You wanted some reflections and I send you *per Selim* eighteen lines in decent couplets of a pen ive if not an *ethi al* tendency Mr Cn g's approbation (of the d d app ove) I need not say makes me proud —Letter to Murray November 23 1813, *Letters* 1898 ii 286 ]

Mark <sup>1</sup> where his carnage and his conquests cease <sup>1</sup>  
 He makes a solitude, and calls it peace <sup>1 1</sup>  
 I like the rest must use my skill or strength,  
 But ask no land beyond my sabre's length  
 Power sways but by division—her resource <sup>11</sup>  
 The blest alternative of fraud or force <sup>1</sup>  
 Ours be the last, in time Deceit may come  
 When cities cage us in a social home  
 There ev'n thy soul might err how oft the heart 920  
 Corruption shakes which Peril could not part <sup>1</sup>  
 And Woman, more than Man, when Death or Woe,  
 Or even Disgrace, would lay her lover low,  
 Sunk in the lap of Luxury will shame  
 Away suspicion <sup>1</sup> not Zuleika's name <sup>1</sup>  
 But life is hazard at the best, and here  
 No more remains to win, and much to fear  
 Yes, fear <sup>1</sup> the doubt, the dread of losing thee,  
 By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern decree  
 That dread shall vanish with the favouring gale, 930  
 Which Love to-night hath promised to my sail <sup>111</sup>  
 No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest,  
 Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest  
 With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath charms,  
 Earth sea alike—our world within our aims <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Behold a wilderness and call it peace* —[MS *erased*]

*Look round our earth and lo! where battles cease,*

*"Behold a Solitude and call it" peace* —[MS]

or, *Man even where Conquest's deeds of carnage cease*

*She makes a solitude and calls it peace* —[November 21, 1813]

[For the final alteration to the present text, see letter to Murray of November 24, 1813]

<sup>11</sup> *Power sways but by distrust—her sole source* —[MS *erased*]

<sup>111</sup> *Which Love to-night hath lent by swelling sail* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Tacitus, *Agricola*, cap. 30—

*"solitudinem faciunt—pacem appellant"*

See letter to Murray, November 24, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, II 287]

Aye—let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck <sup>1</sup>  
 So that those arms cling closer round my neck  
 The deepest murmur of this lip shall be,<sup>2</sup>  
 No sigh for safety but a prayer for thee <sup>1</sup>  
 The war of elements no fears impart 940  
 To Love whose deadliest bane is human Art  
*There* lie the only rocks our course can check  
*Here* moments menace—*there* are years of wreck !  
 But hence ye thoughts that rise in Horror's shape !  
 This hour bestows or ever bars escape <sup>11</sup>  
 Few words remain of mine my tale to close  
 Of thine but *one* to waft us from our foes  
 Yea—foes—to me will Giaffir's hate decline ?  
 And is not Osman who would part us thine ?

## XXI

' His head and faith from doubt and death 950  
 Returned in time my guard to save  
 Few heard none told that o'er the wave  
 From isle to isle I roved the while  
 And since though parted from my band  
 Too seldom now I leave the land,

<sup>1</sup> *Then if my lip once murmurs it must be—[MS]*

<sup>11</sup> *This hour decides my doom or thy escape—[MS]*

1 [Compare—

Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem

Et dominam tenero det nusse sinu

Tibullus *Eleg* Lib I : 45 46 ]

2 [The omission of lines 938 939 drew from Byron an admission (Letter to Murray November 9 1813) that the passage is an imitation altogether from Medea in Ovid (*Metamorph* vii 66 69)—

My love possess in Jason's bosom laid

Let seas swell high —I cannot be dismay'd

While I unfold my husband in my arms

Or should I fear I should but fear his harms

Englished by Sandys 163 ]



No deed they've done, nor deed shall do,  
 Ere I have heard and doomed it too  
 I form the plan—decree the spoil  
 'Tis fit I oftener share the toil  
 But now too long I've held thine ear, 960  
 Time presses floats my bark and here  
 We leave behind but hate and fear  
 To-morrow Osman with his train  
 Arrives—to-night must break thy chain  
 And would'st thou save that haughty Bey,  
 Perchance *his* life who gave thee thine,  
 With me this hour away away!  
 But yet, though thou art plighted mine,  
 Would'st thou recall thy willing vow, 970  
 Appalled by truths imparted now,  
 Here rest I not to see thee wed  
 But be that peril on *my* head!"

## XXII

Zuleika, mute and motionless,  
 Stood like that Statue of Distress,  
 When, her last hope for ever gone,  
 The Mother hardened into stone,  
 All in the maid that eye could see  
 Was but a younger Niobé  
 But ere her lip, or even her eye,  
 Essayed to speak, or look reply, 980  
 Beneath the garden's wicket porch  
 Far flashed on high a blazing torch!  
 Another—and another and another<sup>1</sup>

1 [Compare—

“That thought has more of hell than had the former  
 Another, and another, and another!”

*The Revenger*, by Edward Young, act iv  
 (*Modern British Drama*, 1811, ii 17)]

'Oh' fly—no more—yet now my more than brother '  
 Far, wide through every thicket spread  
 The fearful lights are gleaming red,  
 Nor these alone—for each right hand  
 Is ready with a sheathless brand  
 They part—pursue—return and wheel  
 With searching flambeau, shining steel  
 And last of all, his sabre waving  
 Stern Giaffir in his fury raving  
 And now almost they touch the cave—  
 Oh ' must that grot be Selim's grave?

990

XXIII

Dauntless he stood—'Tis come—soon past—  
 One kiss Zuleika—tis my last

But yet my band not far from shore  
 May hear this signal see the flash  
 Yet now too few—the attempt were rash

No matter—yet one effort more  
 Forth to the cavern mouth he stept ,

1000

His pistol's echo rang on high  
 Zuleika started not nor wept

Despair benumbed her breast and eye !—

They hear me not or if they ply  
 Their oars tis but to see me die  
 That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh  
 Then forth my father's scimitar

Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war '  
 Farewell Zuleika !—Sweet ! retire

1010

Yet stay within—here linger safe  
 At thee his rage will only chafe  
 Stir not—lest even to thee perchance  
 Some erring blade or ball should glance

Fear'st thou for him? may I expire  
 If in this strife I seek thy sire!<sup>1</sup>  
 No—though by him that poison poured,  
 No—though again he call me coward!<sup>1</sup>  
 But tamely shall I meet their steel?  
 No as each crest save *his* may feel!" 1020

## XXIV.

One bound he made, and gained the sand  
 Already at his feet hath sunk  
 The foremost of the prying band,  
 A gasping head, a quivering trunk  
 Another falls but round him close  
 A swarming circle of his foes,  
 From right to left his path he cleft,  
 And almost met the meeting wave.  
 His boat appears not five oars' length  
 His comrades strain with desperate strength 1030  
 Oh! are they yet in time to save?  
 His feet the foremost breakers lave,  
 His band are plunging in the bay,  
 Their sabres glitter through the spray,  
 Wet wild unwearied to the strand  
 They struggle now they touch the land!  
 They come 'tis but to add to slaughter—  
 His heart's best blood is on the water

## XXV.

Escaped from shot, unharmed by steel,  
 Or scarcely grazed its force to feel,<sup>1</sup> 1040  
 Had Selim won, betrayed, beset,  
 To where the strand and billows met,

<sup>1</sup> *Or grazed by wounds he scorned to feel* —[MS]

There as his last step left the land  
And the last death blow dealt his hand—  
Ah! wherefore did he turn to look<sup>1</sup>

For her his eye but sought in vain?  
That pause that fatal gaze he took  
Hath doomed his death or fixed his chain

Sad proof in peril and in pain,  
How late will Lover's hope remain! 1050  
His back was to the dashing spray  
Behind but close his comrades lay  
When at the instant hissed the ball—

So may the foes of Giaffir fall!  
Whose voice is heard? whose carbine rang?  
Whose bullet through the night air sang  
Too nearly deadly aimed to err?  
Tis thine—Abdallah's Murderer!

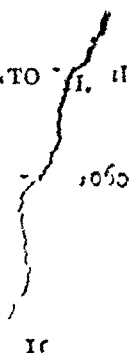
<sup>1</sup> Three MS variants of these lines were rejected in turn before the text was finally adopted—

- (1) { *Ah! wherefore did he turn to look*  
*I know not why he turned to look*  
*Since fatal was the gaze he took?*  
*So far escaped from death or chain*  
*To search for her a idle search in vain*  
*Sad proof in peril and in pain*  
*How late will Lover's hope remain*
- ( ) *Thus far escaped from death or chain*  
*Ah! wherefore did he turn to look?*  
*For her his eye must seek in vain*  
*Since fatal was the gaze he took*  
*Sad proof etc —*
- (3) *Ah! wherefore did he turn to look*  
*So far escaped from death or chain?*  
*Since fatal was the gaze he took*  
*For her his eye but sought in vain*  
*Sad proof etc —*

A fourth variant of lines 1046–1047 was inserted in a revision dated November 16—

*That glance he paused to send again*  
*To her for whom he dies in vain*

The father slowly rued thy hate,  
 The son hath found a quicker fate  
 Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,  
 The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling  
 If aught his lips essayed to groan,  
 The rushing billows choked the tone !



## XXVI

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away ,  
 Few trophies of the fight are there .  
 The shouts that shook the midnight-bay  
 Are silent , but some signs of fray  
 That strand of strife may bear,  
 And fragments of each shivered brand ,  
 Steps stamped , and dashed into the sand  
 The print of many a struggling hand  
 May there be marked , nor far remote  
 A broken torch, an oarless boat ,  
 And tangled on the weeds that heap  
 The beach where shelving to the deep  
 There lies a white capote !  
 'Tis rent in twain—one dark-red stain  
 The wave yet ripples o'er in vain  
 But where is he who wore ?  
 Ye ! who would o'er his relics weep,  
 Go, seek them where the surges sweep  
 Their burthen round Sigæum's steep  
 And cast on Lemnos' shore  
 The sea-birds shriek above the prey,  
 O'er which their hungry beaks delay,  
 As shaken on his restless pillow,  
 His head heaves with the heaving billow .

10 70

1080

That hand whose motion is not life<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet feebly seems to menace strife 1090  
 Flung by the tossing tide on high  
 Then levelled with the wave—<sup>1</sup>  
 What reck's it though that corse shall lie  
 Within a living grave?  
 The bird that tears that prostrate form  
 Hath only robbed the meaner worm,  
 The only heart the only eye  
 Had bled or wept to see him die  
 Had seen those scattered limbs composed  
 And mourned above his turban stone<sup>2</sup> 1100  
 That heart hath burst—that eye was closed—  
 Yea—closed before his own<sup>3</sup>

## XXVII

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!  
 And Woman's eye is wet—Man's cheek is pale  
 Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race  
 Thy destined lord is come too late  
 He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face!  
 Can he not hear  
 The loud Wul wulleh<sup>3</sup> warn his distant ear?  
 Thy handmaids weeping at the gate, 1110

<sup>1</sup> *And that charged hand whose only life  
 Is motion—seems to menace strife*—[MS]

<sup>1</sup> [ While the *Salsette* lay off the Dardanelles Lord Byron saw the body of a man who had been executed by being cast into the sea, floating on the stream moving to and fro with the tumbling of the water which gave to his arms the effect of scaring away several sea fowl that were hovering to devour. This incident he has strikingly depicted in the *Bride of Abydos*—*Life of Lord Byron* by John Galt 1830 p 144 ]

<sup>2</sup> A turban is carved in stone above the graves of *men* only

<sup>3</sup> The death song of the Turkish women. The silent slaves are the men whose notions of decorum forbid complaint in *public*

The Koran-chanters of the Hymn of Fate,<sup>1</sup>  
 The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,  
 Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,  
     Tell him thy tale !  
 Thou didst not view thy Selim fall !  
     That fearful moment when he left the cave  
     Thy heart grew chill  
 He was thy hope—thy joy   thy love—thine all,  
 And that last thought on him thou could'st not save  
     Sufficed to kill,  
 Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still  
     Peace to thy broken heart   and virgin grave !  
 Ah ! happy ! but of life to lose the worst !  
 That grief though deep though fatal was thy first !  
 Thrice happy ! ne'er to feel nor fear the force  
 Of absence shame pride—hate revenge—remorse !  
 And, oh ! that pang where more than Madness lies  
 The Worm that will not sleep and never dies,  
 Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,  
 That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light, 1130  
 That winds around, and tears the quivering heart !  
 Ah ! wherefore not consume it—and depart !

1 *The Koran-chapter chaunts thy fate* —[MS]

1 [At a Turkish funeral, after the interment has taken place, the Imâm "assis sur les genoux à côté de la tombe," offers the prayer *Telkin*, and at the conclusion of the prayer recites the *Fathah*, or "opening chapter" of the Korân ("In the name of the merciful and compassionate God Praise belongs to God, the Lord of the worlds, the Merciful, the Compassionate, the Ruler of the day of judgment Thee we serve, and Thee we ask for aid Guide us in the right path, the path of those Thou art gracious to, not of those Thou art wroth with, nor of those who err"—*The Qur'ân*, p 1, translated by E H Palmer, Oxford, 1880) *Tableau Générale de l'Empire Ottoman*, par Mouradja D'Ohsson, Paris, 1787, 1 235-248 Writing to Murray, November 14, 1813, Byron instances the funeral (in the *Bride of Abydos*) as proof of his correctness with regard to local colouring —*Letters*, 1898, 11 283 ]

Woe to thee rash and unrelenting Chief<sup>1</sup>

Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,

Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost spread<sup>1</sup>

By that same hand Abdallah—Selim bled.

Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief

Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's bed

She whom thy Sultan had but seen to wed<sup>1</sup>

Thy Daughter's dead<sup>1</sup>

1140

Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely beam

The Star hath set that shone on Helle's stream

What quenched its ray?—the blood that thou hast shed<sup>1</sup>

Hark! to the hurried question of Despair

Where is my child? —an Echo answers— 'Where?'<sup>3</sup>

#### XXVIII

Within the place of thousand tombs

That shine beneath while dark above

The sad but living cypress glooms<sup>1</sup>

And withers not though branch and leaf

Are stamped with an eternal grief

1150

Like early unrequited I ove

<sup>1</sup> *She whom thy Sultan had been fain to wed* —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *There the sad cypress ever glooms* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> } 1 one evening witnessed a funeral in the vast cemetery of Scutari. An old man with a venerable beard threw himself by the side of the narrow grave and strewing the earth on his head cried aloud 'He was my son! my only son' —*Constantiople in 1838* by Charles Macfarlane 1829 p. 233 note]

<sup>2</sup> [ The body of a Moslem in ordered to be carried to the grave in haste with hurried steps —*Ibid* p. 233 note]

<sup>3</sup> I came to the place of my birth, and cried 'The friends of my Youth where are they?' and an Echo answered 'Where are they?' —*From a 1 Arabic MS*. The above quotation (from which the idea in the text is taken) must be already familiar to every reader: it is given in the second annotation p. 67 of *The Pleasures of Memory* [note to Part I line 103] a poem so well known as to render a reference almost superfluous but to whose pages all will be delighted to recur [*P cm* by Samuel Rogers 1852 i. 48]



One spot exists, which ever blooms,  
    Ev'n in that deadly grove—  
A single rose is shedding there  
    Its lonely lustre, meek and pale  
It looks as planted by Despair—  
    So white—so faint—the slightest gale  
Might whirl the leaves on high ,  
    And yet, though storms and blight assail,  
And hands more rude than wintry sky      1160  
    May wring it from the stem—in vain—  
    To-morrow sees it bloom again !  
The stalk some Spirit gently rears,  
And waters with celestial tears ,  
    For well may maids of Helle deem  
That this can be no earthly flower,  
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,  
And buds unsheltered by a bower ,  
Nor droops, though Spring refuse her shower,  
    Nor woos the Summer beam      1170  
To it the livelong night there sings  
    A Bird unseen—but not remote  
Invisible his airy wings,  
But soft as harp that Hours strings  
    His long entrancing note !  
It were the Bulbul , but his throat,  
    Though mournful, pours not such a strain  
For they who listen cannot leave  
The spot, but linger there and grieve,  
    As if they loved in vain !      1180  
And yet so sweet the tears they shed,  
'Tis sorrow so unmixed with dread,  
'They scarce can bear the morn to break  
    That melancholy spell,  
And longer yet would weep and wake,

He sings so wild and well !  
 But when the day blush bursts from high <sup>1</sup>  
 Expires that magic melody  
 And some have been who could believe <sup>2</sup>  
 (So fondly youthful dreams deceive 1190  
 Yet harsh be they that blame )  
 That note so piercing and profound  
 Will shape and syllable <sup>1</sup> its sound  
 Into Zuleika's name  
 'Tis from her cypress summit heard  
 That melts in air the liquid word  
 'Tis from her lowly virgin earth  
 That white rose takes its tender birth

1 But when the day blush of the sky —[MS]

2 And some there be who could believe —[MS]

1 And airy tongues that syllable men's names  
 MILTON C *mus* line 08

For a belief that the souls of the dead inhabit the form of birds we need not travel to the East. Lord Lyttleton's ghost story the belief of the Duchess of Kendal that George I. flew into her window in the shape of a raven (see *Orford's Reminiscences Lord Orford's Works* 1798 iv 283) and many other instances bring this superstition nearer home. The most singular was the whim of a Worcester lady who believing her daughter to exist in the shape of a singing bird literally furnished her pew in the cathedral with cages full of the kind and as she was rich and a benefactress in beautifying the church no objection was made to her harmless folly. For this anecdote see *Orford's Letter*.

[ But here (at Gloucester) is a modernity which beats all antiquities for curiosity. Just by the high altar is a small pew hung with green damask with curtains of the same a small corner-cupboard painted carved and gilt for books in one corner and two troughs of a bird-cage with seeds and water. If any mayoress on earth was small enough to inclose herself in this tabernacle or abstemious enough to feed on rape and canary I should have sworn that it was the shrine of the queen of the aldermen. It belongs to a Mrs. Cotton who having lost a favourite daughter is convinced her soul is transmigrated into a robin redbreast for which reason she passes her life in making an aviary of the cathedral of Gloucester. —Letter to Richard Bentley September 1753 (*Lord Orford's Works* 1798 v 279) ]

There late was laid a marble stone ,  
 Eve saw it placed—the Morrow gone <sup>1</sup> 1200  
 It was no mortal arm that bore  
 That deep fixed pillar to the shore ,  
 For there, as Helle's legends tell,  
 Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell ,  
 Lashed by the tumbling tide, whose wave  
 Denied his bones a holier grave  
 And there by night, reclined, 'tis said,  
 Is seen a ghastly turbaned head <sup>1</sup>  
 And hence extended by the billow,  
 'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow <sup>1</sup>" 1210  
 Where first it lay that mourning flower  
 Hath flourished, flourisheth this hour,  
 Alone and dewy—coldly pure and pale ,  
 As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale <sup>1 2</sup>

- 1 *And in its stead that mourning flower  
 Hath flourished—flourisheth this hour,  
 Alone and coldly pure and pale  
 As the young cheek that saddens to the tale ?  
 And withers not, though branch and leaf  
 Are stamped with an eternal grief —[MS]*

An earlier version of the final text reads—

*As weeping Childhood's cheek at Sorrow's tale <sup>1</sup>*

1 [According to J B Le Chevalier (*Voyage de La Propontide, etc.*, an VIII (1800), p 17), the Turkish name for a small bay which formed the ancient port of Sestos, is *Ak-Bachi-Lıman* (Port de la Tête blanche) ]

2 ["*The Bride*, such as it is, is my first *entire* composition of any length (except the Satire, and be damned to it), for *The Giaour* is but a string of passages, and *Childe Harold* is, and I rather think always will be, unconcluded" (Letter to Murray, November 29, 1813) It (the *Bride*) "was published on Thursday the second of December, but how it is liked or disliked, I know not Whether it succeeds or not is no fault of the public, against whom I can have no complaint But I am much more indebted to the tale than I can ever be to the most partial reader, as it wrung my thoughts from reality to imagination—from selfish regrets to vivid recollections—and recalled me to a country replete with the *brightest* and *darkest*, but always most *lively* colours of my memory" (*Journal*, December 5, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, II 291, 361) ]

## NOTE TO THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

## CANTO II STANZA XV

AFTER the completion of the fair copy of the MS of the *Bride of Abydos* seventy lines were added to stanza xx. of Canto II. In both MSS the rough and fair copies the stanza ends with the line 'The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark !'

Seven MS sheets are extant which make up the greater portion of these additional lines.

The *First Addition* amounts to eight lines and takes the narrative from line 880 to line 893, 'Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command !'

Lines 884-889 do not appear in the first MS Fragment but are given in three variants on separate sheets. Two of these are dated December and December 3 1813.

The *Second Fragment* begins with line 890. 'For thee in those bright isles is built a bower and numbering twenty two lines ends with a variant of line 907. 'Blend every thought do all—but disunite !' Two lines of this addition 'With thee all toils are sweet find a place in the text as lines 934, 935.

The *Third Fragment* amounts to thirty six lines and may be taken as the first draft of the whole additions—lines 880-949.

Lines 908-9, and 936-945 of the text are still later additions but a fourth MS fragment supplies lines 908-945 and lines 936-945. (A fair copy of this fragment gives text for Revise of November 13.) Between November 13 and November 25 no less than ten revises of the *Bride* were



slumbring

The Haram's sluggish life of listless ease  
Is well exchanged for cares and joys like these  
Mine be the lot to know where'er I rove  
~~A thousand perils wait where'er I rove,~~  
Not blind to fate I view where'er I rove  
A thousand perils—but one only love—  
Yet well my labor shall fond breast repay  
When Fortune frowns or falser friends betray  
How dear the thought in darkest hours of ill  
Should all be changed to find thee faithful still  
Be but thy soul like Selim's firmly shown

mine-in-firmness

~~Firm as my own I deem thy tender heart~~  
To thee be Selim's tender as thine own  
Exchange or mingle every thought with his  
And all our future days unite in this

Man I may lead—but trust not—I may fall  
By those now friends to me—yet foes to all—  
In this they follow but the bent assigned  
fatal Nature

By ~~savage Nature~~ to our warning kind  
*But there—oh, far be every thought of fear*  
Life is but peril at the best—and here  
No more remains to win and much to fear  
Yes fear—the doubt the dread of losing thee—  
That dread must vanish



# THE CORSAIR

A TALE

— I suoi pensieri in lui dormir non ponno  
TASSO *Gerusalemme Liberata* Canto \ [stanza lxxviii line 8]  
•  
—





## INTRODUCTION TO *THE CORSAIR*

A SEVENTH edition of the *Giaour* including the final additions and the first edition of the *Bride of Abydos* were published on the twenty ninth of November 1813. In less than three weeks (December 18) Byron began the *Corsair* and completed the fair copy of the first draft by the last day of the year. The *Corsair* in all but its final shape together with the sixth edition of the *Bride of Abydos* the seventh of *Childe Harold* and the ninth of the *Giaour* was issued on the first of February 1814.

A letter from John Murray to Lord Byron dated February 3 1814 (*Memoir of John Murray* 1891 : 223) presents a vivid picture of a great literary triumph—

MY LORD—I have been unwilling to write until I had something to say. I am most happy to tell you that your last poem *is*—what Mr Southey's is called—a *Carmen Triumphale*. Never in my recollection has any work excited such a ferment. I sold on the day of publication—a thing perfectly unprecedented—10 000 copies. Mr Moore says it is masterly—a wonderful performance. Mr Hammond Mr Heber D Israel every one who comes declare their unlimited approbation. Mr Ward was here with Mr Gifford yesterday and mingled his admiration with the rest. and Gifford did what I never knew him do before—he repeated several stanzas from memory particularly the closing stanza—

His death yet dubious deeds too widely known

I have the highest encomiums in letters from Croker and Mr Hay but I rest most upon the warm feeling it has created in Gifford's critic heart. You have no notion of

the sensation which the publication has occasioned, and my only regret is that you were not present to witness it"

For some time before and after the poem appeared, Byron was, as he told Leigh Hunt (February 9, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, iii 27), "snow-bound and thaw-swamped in 'the valley of the shadow' of Newstead Abbey," and it was not till he had returned to town that he resumed his journal, and bethought him of placing on record some dark sayings with regard to the story of the *Corsair* and the personality of Conrad. Under date February 18, 1814, he writes—

"The *Corsair* has been conceived, written, published, etc., since I last took up this journal [?last day but one] They tell me it has great success, it was written *con amore* [*i.e.* during the reign of Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster], and much from *existence*"

And again, *Journal*, March 10 (*Letters*, 1898, ii 399), "He [Hobhouse] told me an odd report,—that *I* am the actual Conrad, the veritable Corsair, and that part of my travels are supposed to have passed in privacy [*sic*, ?piracy] Um! people sometimes hit near the truth, but never the whole truth. I don't know what I was about the year after he left the Levant, nor does any one—nor—nor—nor—however, it is a lie—but, 'I doubt the equivocation of the fiend that lies like truth'"

Very little weight can be attached to these "I could and I would" pronouncements, deliberately framed to provoke curiosity, and destined, no doubt, sooner or later to see the light, but the fact remains that Conrad is not a mere presentation of Byron in a fresh disguise, or "The Pirate's Tale" altogether a "painting of the imagination"

That the *Corsair* is founded upon fact is argued at some length by the author (an "English Gentleman in the Greek Military Service") of the *Life, Writings, Opinions, and Times of the R H George Gordon Noel Byron*, which was published in 1825. The point of the story (i 197-201), which need not be repeated at length, is that Byron, on leaving Constantinople and reaching the island of Zea (July, 1810), visited ["strolled about"] the islands of the Archipelago, in company with a Venetian gentleman who had turned buccaneer *malgré lui*, and whose history and adventures,

amatory and piratical prefigured and inspired the gestures of Conrad. The tale must be taken for what it is worth but it is to be remarked that it affords a clue to Byron's mysterious entries in a journal which did not see the light till 1830 five years after the English Gentleman published his volumes of gossiping anecdote. It may too be noted that although in his correspondence of 1810-1811 there is no mention of any tour among the Isles of Greece in a letter to Moore dated February 1815 (*Letters* 1899 iii 176) Byron recalls "the interesting white squalls and short seas of Archipelago memory."

How far Byron may have drawn on personal experience for his picture of a pirate *à la* lui it is impossible to say but during the year 1809-11 when he was travelling in Greece the exploits of Lumbros Katzones and other Greek pirates sailing under the Russian flag must have been within the remembrance and on the lips of the islanders and the patriots of the mainland. The "Pirates Island" from which "Amadnes isle" (line 444) was visible may be intended for Paros or Anti Paros.

For the inception of Conrad (see Canto I stanza 11) the paradoxical hero an assortment rather than an amalgam of incongruous characteristics Byron may perhaps have been in some measure indebted to the description of Malefort junior in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat* act I sc 2 line 59—

I have sat with him in his cabin a day together

Sigh he did often as if inward grief  
And melancholy at that instant would  
Choke up his vital spirits

When from the maintop  
A sail descried, all thoughts that do concern  
Himself laid by no lion pinched with hunger  
Rouses himself more fiercely from his den  
Then he comes on the deck and then how wisely  
He gives directions etc.

The *Corsair* together with the *Bride of Abydos* was reviewed by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* of April 1814 vol xxiii p 198 and together with *Lara* by George Agar Ellis in the *Quarterly Review* of July 1814 vol ii p 48

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE ON *THE CORSAIR*

IN comparison with the *Giaour*, the additions made to the *Corsair* whilst it was passing through the press were inconsiderable. The original MS, which numbers 1737 lines, is probably the fair copy of a number of loose sheets which have not been preserved. The erasures are few and far between, and the variations between the copy and the text are neither numerous nor important.

In one of the latest revises stanza λ was added to the First Canto. The last four lines of stanza ⅴ first appeared in the Seventh Edition.

The Second Canto suffered no alteration except the substitution of lines 1131-1133 for two lines which were expunged.

Larger additions were made to the Third Canto. Lines 1299-1375, or stanza ⅴ (included in a revise dated January 6, 1814), stanzas λⅴⅱ and λⅴⅲ, numbering respectively 77, 32, and 16 lines, and the two last lines of stanza λ, 127 lines in all, represent the difference between the text as it now stands and the original MS.

In a note to Byron's *Poetical Works*, 1832, ix 257, it is stated that the *Corsair* was begun on the 18th and finished on the 31st of December, 1813. In the Introduction to the *Corsair* prefixed to the Library Edition, the poem is said to have been composed in ten days, "at the rate of 200 lines a day." The first page of the MS is dated "27th of December, 1813," and the last page "December 31, 1813, January 1, 1814." It is probable that the composition of the first draft was begun on the 18th and finished on the 27th of December, and that the work of transcription occupied the last five days.

of the month Stanza v of Canto III reached the publisher on the 6th and stanzas xvii and xxiii on the 11th and 1th of January, 1814

The First Edition amounted to 1859 lines (the numeration owing to the inclusion of broken lines, is given as 1863) and falls short of the existing text by the last four lines of stanza xi It contains the first dedication to Moore and numbers 100 pages To the Second Edition which numbers 108 pages the following poems were appended —

*To a Lady Weeping*

*From the Turkish*

*Sonnet to Geneva* ( Thine eyes blue tenderness etc )

*Sonnet to Geneva* ( Thy cheek is pale with thought etc )

*Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog*  
*Farewell*

These occasional poems were not appended to the Third Edition which only numbered 100 pages but they reappeared in the Fourth and subsequent editions

The Seventh Edition contained four additional lines (the last four of stanza xi) and a note (unnumbered) to line 6 in defence of the *raisemblance* of the *Corsair's* misanthropy The Ninth Edition numbered 112 pages The additional matter consists of a long note to the last line of the poem ( Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes ) on the pirates of Baratania

Twenty five thousand copies of the *Corsair* were sold between January and March, 1814 An Eighth Edition of fifteen hundred copies was printed in March and sold before the end of the year A Ninth Edition of three thousand copies was printed in the beginning of 1815



## TO THOMAS MOORE ESQ

---

MY DEAR MOORE

I DEDICATE to you the last production with which I shall trespass on public patience and your indulgence for some years and I own that I feel anxious to avail myself of this latest and only opportunity of adorning my pages with a name consecrated by unshaken public principle and the most undoubted and various talents While Ireland ranks you among the firmest of her patriots while you stand alone the first of her bards in her estimation and Britain repeats and ratifies the decree permit one whose only regret since our first acquaintance has been the years he had lost before it commenced to add the humble but sincere suffrage of friendship to the voice of more than one nation It will at least prove to you that I have neither forgotten the gratification derived from your society nor abandoned the prospect of its renewal whenever your leisure or inclination allows you to atone to your friends for too long an absence It is said among those friends I trust truly that you are engaged in the composition of a poem whose scene will be laid in the East none can do those scenes so much justice The wrongs of your own country<sup>1</sup> the magnificent and fiery spirit

1 [This political allusion having been objected to by a friend Byron composed a second dedication which he sent to Moore with a request that he would take his choice Moore chose the original dedication which was accordingly prefixed to the First Edition The alternative ran as follows —

*January 7th 1814*

MY DEAR MOORE

I had written to you a long letter of dedication which I suppress because though it contained something relating to you



of her sons, the beauty and feeling of her daughters, may there be found, and Collins, when he denominated his Oriental his Irish Eclogues, was not aware how true, at least, was a part of his parallel. Your imagination will create a warmer sun, and less clouded sky, but wildness, tenderness, and originality, are part of your national claim of oriental descent, to which you have already thus far proved your title more clearly than the most zealous of your country's antiquarians.

May I add a few words on a subject on which all men are supposed to be fluent, and none agreeable?—Self. I have written much, and published more than enough to demand a longer silence than I now meditate, but, for some years to come, it is my intention to tempt no further. He award of “Gods, men, nor columns” In the present composition I have attempted not the most difficult, but, perhaps, the best adapted measure to our language, the good old and now neglected heroic couplet. The stanza of Spenser is perhaps too slow and dignified for narrative, though, I confess, it is the measure most after my own heart, Scott alone,<sup>1</sup> of the present generation, has hitherto completely triumphed over the fatal facility of the octosyllabic verse, and this is not the least victory of his fertile and mighty genius. In blank verse, Milton, Thomson, and our dramatists, are the beacons that shine along the deep, but warn us from the rough and barren rock on which they are kindled. The heroic couplet is not

which every one had been glad to hear, yet there about politics and poesy, and all things whatsoever, a topic on which most men are fluent, and none very self. It might have been re-written, but to what praise could add nothing to your well-earned and firm fame, and with my most hearty admiration of your delight in your conversation, you are already acquainting myself of your friendly permission to inscribe this I can only wish the offering were as worthy your regard is dear to

“Yours, most affectionately and faithfully,

was too much adding with that amusing,—one’s purpose? My only established talents, and ted In availing a poem to you acceptance, as

“BYRON”]

<sup>1</sup> [After the words, “Scott alone,” Byron had inserted, in a parenthesis, “He will excuse the ‘Mr’—we do not say Mr Cæsar”]

serted, in a  
it say Mr

the most popular measure certainly but as I did not deviate into the other from a wish to flatter what is called public opinion I shall quit it without further apology and take my chance once more with that versification in which I have hitherto published nothing but compositions whose former circulation is part of my present and will be of my future regret

With regard to my story and stories in general I should have been glad to have rendered my personages more perfect and amiable if possible inasmuch as I have been sometimes criticised and considered no less responsible for their deeds and qualities than if all had been personal Be it so—if I have deviated into the gloomy vanity of drawing from self the pictures are probably like since they are unfavourable and if not those who know me are undeceived and those who do not I have little interest in undeceiving I have no particular desire that any but my acquaintance should think the author better than the beings of his imagining but I cannot help a little surprise and perhaps amusement at some odd critical exceptions in the present instance when I see several bards (far more deserving I allow) in very reputable plight and quite exempted from all participation in the faults of those heroes who nevertheless might be found with little more morality than *The Giaour* and perhaps—but no—I must admit Childe Harold to be a very repulsive personage and as to his identity those who like it must give him whatever alias they please<sup>1</sup>

1 [ It is difficult to say whether we are to receive this passage as an admission or a denial of the opinion to which it refers but Lord Byron certainly did the public injustice if he supposed it imputed to him the criminal actions with which many of his heroes were tainted Men no more expected to meet in Lord Byron the Corsair who knew himself a villain than they looked for the hypocrisy of a hero on the shores of the Derwent Water yet even in the features of Conrad those who had looked on Lord Byron will recognise the likeness—

To the sight  
No giant frame sets forth his common height

Sun burnt his cheek his forehead high and pale  
The sable curl in wild profusion veil

Canto I stanza ix

—Sir Walter Scott *Quart Rev* No xxx October 1816 ]

VOL III

Q

If, however, it were worth while to remove the impression, it might be of some service to me, that the man who is alike the delight of his readers and his friends, the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own, permits me here and elsewhere to subscribe myself,

Most truly,

And affectionately,

His obedient servant,

BYRON

*January 2, 1814*

# THE CORSAIR<sup>1</sup>

## CANTO THE FIRST

---

*nessun maggior dolore  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria*

DANTE *Inferno* v. 111

### I

O ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea  
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free  
Far as the breeze can bear the billows foam  
Survey our empire and behold our home!  
These are our realms no limits to their sway—  
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey  
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range  
From toil to rest and joy in every change  
Oh who can tell? not thou luxurious slave!  
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave 10

<sup>1</sup> The time in this poem may seem too short for the occurrences but the whole of the *Ægean* isles are within a few hours' sail of the continent and the reader must be kind enough to take the *word* as I have often found it

~ {Compare—

Survey the region and confess her home  
*Windsor Forest* by A. Pope line 256]



## II

Such were the notes that from the Pirate's isle  
Around the kindling watch fire ring the while  
Such were the sounds that thrilled the rocks along  
And unto ears as rugged seemed a song !  
In scattered groups upon the golden sand  
They game—carouse—converse—or whet the brand  
Select the arms—to each his blade assign  
And careless eye the blood that dims its shine 50  
Repair the boat replace the helm or oar  
While others straggling muse along the shore  
For the wild bird the busy springs set  
Or spread beneath the sun the dripping net  
Gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies  
With all the thirsting eye of Enterprise  
Tell o'er the tales of many a night of toil,  
And marvel where they next shall seize a spoil  
No matter where—their chief's allotment this  
Theirs to believe no prey nor plan amiss 60  
But who that Chief ? his name on every shore  
Is famed and feared—they ask and know no more  
With these he mingles not but to command  
Few are his words but keen his eye and hand  
Ne'er seasons he with mirth their jovial mess  
But they forgive his silence for success  
Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill  
That goblet passes him untasted still—  
And for his fare—the rudest of his crew  
Would that in turn have passed untasted too 70  
Earth's coarsest bread the garden's homeliest roots  
And scarce the summer luxury of fruits  
His short repast in humbleness supply  
With all a hermit's board would scarce deny

But while he shuns the grosser joys of sense,  
 His mind seems nourished by that abstinence.  
 "Steer to that shore!" they sail. "Do this!" 'tis  
     done  
 "Now form and follow me!" the spoil is won  
 Thus prompt his accents and his actions still,  
 And all obey and few inquire his will,                      80  
 To such, brief answer and contemptuous eye  
 Convey reproof, nor further deign reply

## III

"A sail!—a sail!" a promised prize to Hope!  
 Her nation—flag how speaks the telescope?<sup>1</sup>  
 No prize, alas! but yet a welcome sail  
 The blood-red signal glitters in the gale  
 Yes she is ours a home-returning bark—  
 Blow fair, thou breeze!—she anchors ere the dark  
 Already doubled is the cape—our bay  
 Receives that prow which proudly spurns the spray      90  
 How gloriously her gallant course she goes!  
 Her white wings flying—never from her foes—  
 She walks the waters like a thing of Life,<sup>1</sup>  
 And seems to dare the elements to strife  
 Who would not brave the battle-fire, the wreck,  
 To move the monarch of her peopled deck!

## IV.

Hoarse o'er her side the rustling cable rings  
 The sails are furled, and anchoring round she swings,

<sup>1</sup> *Her nation—flag—how tells the telescope* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare *The Isle of Palms*, by John Wilson, Canto I (1812,  
 p 8)—

"She sailed amid the loveliness  
 Like a thing with heart and mind"]

And gathering loiterers on the land discern  
Her boat descending from the latticed stern 100  
Tis manned—the oars keep concert to the strand  
Till grates her keel upon the shallow sand<sup>1</sup>  
Hail to the welcome shout<sup>1</sup>—the friendly speech!  
When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach  
The smile the question and the quick reply  
And the Heart's promise of festivity

## v

The tidings spread and gathering grows the crowd  
The hum of voices and the laughter loud  
And Woman's gentler anxious tone is heard—  
I nends—husbands—lovers names in each dear word  
Oh! are they safe? we ask not of success— 111  
But shall we see them? will their accents bless?<sup>2</sup>  
From where the battle roars the billows chafe  
They doubtless boldly did—but who are safe?  
Here let them haste to gladden and surprise  
And kiss the doubt from these delighted eyes!

## vi

Where is our Chief? for him we bear report—  
And doubt that joy—which hails our coming—short  
Yet thus sincere—tis cheering though so brief  
But Juan! instant guide us to our Chief 120  
Our greeting paid we'll feast on our return  
And all shall hear what each may wish to learn  
Ascending slowly by the rock hewn way,  
To where his watch tower beetles o'er the bay,  
By bushy brake the wild flowers blossoming,  
And freshness breathing from each silver spring,  
Whose scattered streams from granite basins burst

<sup>1</sup> Till cracks her keel upon the shallow sand —[MS.]



Leap into life, and sparkling woo your thirst,  
 From crag to cliff they mount Near yonder cave,  
 What lonely straggler looks along the wave? 130  
 In pensive posture leaning on the brand,  
 Not oft a resting-staff to that red hand?  
 "'Tis he—'tis Conrad here—as wont alone,  
 On Juan!—on—and make our purpose known  
 The bark he views—and tell him we would greet  
 His ear with tidings he must quickly meet  
 We dare not yet approach—thou know'st his mood,  
 When strange or uninvited steps intrude"

## VII

Him Juan sought, and told of their intent,  
 He spake not, but a sign expressed assent, 140  
 These Juan calls they come—to their salute  
 He bends him slightly, but his lips are mute  
 "These letters, Chief, are from the Greek the spy,  
 Who still proclaims our spoil or peril nigh  
 Whate'er his tidings, we can well report,  
 Much that" "Peace, peace!" he cuts their prating  
 short  
 Wondering they turn, abashed, while each to each  
 Conjecture whispers in his muttering speech  
 They watch his glance with many a stealing look,  
 To gather how that eye the tidings took, 150  
 But, this as if he guessed, with head aside,  
 Perchance from some emotion, doubt, or pride,  
 He read the scroll "My tablets, Juan, hark  
 Where is Gonsalvo?"

"In the anchored bark"

"There let him stay to him this order bear  
 Back to your duty—for my course prepare  
 Myself this enterprise to-night will share"

To-night Lord Conrad?

Aye! at set of sun

The breeze will freshen when the day is done  
My corslet—cloak—one hour and we are gone 160  
Sling on thy bugle—see that free from rust  
My carbine-lock springs worthy of my trust  
Be the edge sharpened of my boarding brand  
And give its guard more room to fit my hand  
This let the Armourer with speed dispose  
Last time it more fatigued my arm than foes  
Mark that the signal-gun be duly fired  
To tell us when the hour of stay's expired

VIII

They make obeisance and retire in haste  
Too soon to seek again the watery waste 170  
Yet they repine not—so that Conrad guides  
And who dare question aught that he decides?  
That man of loneliness and mystery,  
Scarce seen to smile and seldom heard to sigh  
Whose name appals the fiercest of his crew  
And tints each swarthy cheek with sallow hue  
Still sways their souls with that commanding art  
That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart  
What is that spell that thus his lawless train  
Confess and envy—yet oppose in vain? 180  
What should it be that thus their faith can bind?  
The power of Thought—the magic of the Mind!  
Linked with success assumed and kept with skill,  
That moulds another's weakness to its will  
Wields with their hands but still to these unknown  
Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own  
Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the Sun  
The many still must labour for the one!

Of deeper passions, and to judge their mien,  
 He, who would see, must be himself unseen  
 Then with the hurried tread, the upward eye,  
 The clenched hand, the pause of agony,  
 That listens, starting, lest the step too near  
 Approach intrusive on that mood of fear  
 Then—with each feature working from the heart,  
 With feelings, loosed to strengthen—not depart, 240  
 That rise—convulse—contend—that freeze or glow,<sup>1</sup>  
 Flush in the cheek, or damp upon the brow,  
 Then—Stranger! if thou canst, and tremblest not,  
 Behold his soul—the rest that soothes his lot!"  
 Mark how that lone and blighted bosom sears  
 The scathing thought of execrated years!  
 Behold—but who hath seen, or e'er shall see,  
 Man as himself—the secret spirit free?

## XI

Yet was not Conrad thus by Nature sent  
 To lead the guilty—Guilt's worse instrument 250  
 His soul was changed, before his deeds had driven  
 Him forth to war with Man and forfeit Heaven  
 Warped by the world in Disappointment's school,  
 In words too wise in conduct *there* a fool,  
 Too firm to yield, and far too proud to stoop,  
 Doomed by his very virtues for a dupe,  
 He cursed those virtues as the cause of ill,  
 And not the traitors who betrayed him still,  
 Nor deemed that gifts bestowed on better men  
 Had left him joy, and means to give again 260

1 *Released but to convulse or freeze or glow!*  
*Fire in the veins, or damps upon the brow* —[MS]

11 *Behold his soul once seen not soon forgot!*  
*All that there burns its hour away—but sears*  
*The scathed Remembrance of long coming years* —[MS]

Feared—shunned—belied—ere Youth had lost her force  
He hated Man too much to feel remorse  
And thought the voice of Wrath a sacred call  
To pay the injuries of some on all  
He knew himself a villain—but he deemed  
The rest no better than the thing he seemed  
And scorned the best as hypocrites who hid  
Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did  
He knew himself detested but he knew  
The hearts that loathed him crouched and dreaded too  
Lone wild and strange he stood alike exempt 271  
From all affection and from all contempt  
His name could sadden and his acts surprise  
But they that feared him dared not to despise  
Man spurns the worm but pauses ere he wake  
The slumbering venom of the folded snake  
The first may turn but not avenge the blow  
The last expires but leaves no living foe,  
Fast to the doomed offender's form it clings  
And he may crush—not conquer—still it stings!<sup>1</sup> 80

## XII

None are all evil—quickenings round his heart  
One softer feeling would not yet depart  
Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled  
By passions worthy of a fool or child  
Yet *gaunst* that passion vainly still he strove  
And even in him it asks the name of Love!  
Yes it was love—unchangeable—unchanged  
Felt but for one from whom he never ranged,

1 [Lines 277- 80 are not in the MS They were inserted on a detached printed sheet with a view to publication in the Seventh Edition ]

## I.

“ Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,  
 Lonely and lost to light for evermore,  
 Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,  
 Then trembles into silence as before 350

## 2

“ There, in its centre, a sepulchral lamp  
 Burns the slow flame, eternal—but unseen,  
 Which not the darkness of Despair can damp,  
 Though vain its ray as it had never been

## 3

“ Remember me—Oh ! pass not thou my grave  
 Without one thought whose relics there recline  
 The only pang my bosom dare not brave  
 Must be to find forgetfulness in thine

## 4

“ My fondest—faintest—latest accents hear<sup>1</sup>  
 Grief for the dead not Virtue can reprove, 360  
 Then give me all I ever asked—a tear,<sup>1</sup>  
 The first last—sole reward of so much love ! ”

He passed the portal, crossed the corridor,  
 And reached the chamber as the strain gave o'er  
 “ My own Medora ! sure thy song is sad ”

“ In Conrad's absence would'st thou have it glad ?  
 Without thine ear to listen to my lay,  
 Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray

<sup>1</sup> *Yet heed my prayer—my latest accents hear* —[MS ]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare—

“ He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,  
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend ”  
*Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard* ]

Still must each accent to my bosom suit  
My heart unhushed—although my lips were mute ! 370  
Oh ! many a night on this lone couch reclined  
My dreaming fear with storms hath winged the wind  
And deemed the breath that faintly fanned thy sail  
The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale ,  
Though soft—it seemed the low prophetic dirge  
That mourned thee floating on the savage surge  
Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire  
Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire  
And many a restless hour outwatched each star  
And morning came—and still thou wert afar 380  
Oh ! how the chill blast on my bosom blew  
And day broke dreary on my troubled view  
And still I gazed and gazed—and not a prow  
Was granted to my tears—my truth—my vow !  
At length—twas noon—I hailed and blest the mast  
That met my sight—it neared—Alas ! it passed !  
Another came—Oh God ! twas thine at last !  
Would that those days were over ! wilt thou neer  
My Conrad ! learn the joys of peace to share ?  
Sure thou hast more than wealth and many a home 390  
As bright as this invites us not to roam  
Thou know'st it is not peril that I fear  
I only tremble when thou art not here  
Then not for mine but that far dearer life  
Which flies from love and languishes for strife—  
How strange that heart to me so tender still  
Should war with Nature and its better will !

‘ Yea strange indeed—that heart hath long been changed  
Worm like twas trampled—adder like avenged—  
Without one hope on earth beyond thy love 400  
And scarce a glimpse of mercy from above

Yet the same feeling which thou dost condemn,  
My very love to thee is hate to them,  
So closely mingling here, that disentwined,  
I cease to love thee when I love Mankind  
Yet dread not this the proof of all the past  
Assures the future that my love will last,  
But—Oh, Medora ! nerve thy gentler heart ,  
This hour again—but not for long we part ”

“ This hour we part ! my heart foreboded this  
Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss  
This hour it cannot be—this hour away !  
Yon bark hath hardly anchored in the bay  
Her consort still is absent, and her crew  
Have need of rest before they toil anew ,  
My Love ! thou mock’st my weakness , and wouldst s  
My breast before the time when it must feel ,  
But trifle now no more with my distress,  
Such mirth hath less of play than bitterness  
Be silent, Conrad !—dearest ! come and share  
The feast these hands delighted to prepare ,  
Light toil ! to cull and dress thy frugal fare !  
See, I have plucked the fruit that promised best,  
And where not sure, perplexed, but pleased, I guessec  
At such as seemed the fairest , thrice the hill  
My steps have wound to try the coolest rill ,  
Yes ! thy Sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,  
See how it sparkles in its vase of snow !  
The grapes’ gay juice thy bosom never cheers ,  
Thou more than Moslem when the cup appears  
Think not I mean to chide—for I rejoice  
What others deem a penance is thy choice  
But come, the board is spread , our silver lamp  
Is trimmed, and heeds not the Sirocco’s damp

Then shall my handmaids while the time along  
And join with me the dance or wake the song  
Or my guitar which still thou lov'st to hear  
Shall soothe or lull—or should it vex thine ear  
We'll turn the tale by Ariosto told  
Of fair Olympia loved and left of old <sup>1</sup> 440  
Why thou wert worse than he who broke his vow  
To that lost damsel should thou leave me *now*—  
Or even that traitor chief—I've seen thee smile  
When the clear sky showed Ariadne's Isle  
Which I have pointed from these cliffs the while  
And thus half sportive—half in fear—I said  
Lest Time should raise that doubt to more than dread  
Thus Conrad, too will quit me for the morn  
And he deceived me—for—he came again !

Again again—and oft again—my Love ! 450  
If there be life below and hope above  
He will return—but now the moments bring  
The time of parting with redoubled wing  
The why the where—what boots it now to tell ?  
Since all must end in that wild word—Farewell !  
Yet would I fain—did time allow—disclose—  
Fear not—these are no formidable foes !  
And here shall watch a more than wonted guard  
For sudden siege and long defence prepared  
Nor be thou lonely though thy Lord's away 460  
Our matrons and thy handmaids with thee stay  
And thus thy comfort—that when next we meet  
Security shall make repose more sweet  
List !—tis the bugle ! —Juan shrilly blew—  
One kiss—one more—another—Oh ! Adieu !

<sup>1</sup> [For Bireno's desertion of Olympia see] *Orlando F*  
Canto X [stanzas 1- 7]



She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace,  
 'Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face  
 He dared not raise to his that deep-blue eye,  
 Which downcast drooped in tearless agony  
 Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his arms, 470  
 In all the wildness of dishevelled chains,  
 Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt  
 So full—*that* feeling seem'd almost unfelt !  
 Hark ! peals the thunder of the signal-gun !  
 It told 'twas sunset, and he cursed that sun  
 Again—again—that form he madly pressed,  
 Which mutely clasped, imploringly caressed !  
 And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,  
 One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more,  
 Felt that for him Earth held but her alone, 480  
 Kissed her cold forehead—turned—is Conrad gone ?

## XV

“And is he gone ?”—on sudden solitude  
 How oft that fearful question will intrude !  
 “'Twas but an instant past, and here he stood !  
 And now ” without the portal's porch she rushed,  
 And then at length her tears in freedom gushed,  
 Big, bright, and fast, unknown to her they fell,  
 But still her lips refused to send “Farewell !”  
 For in that word—that fatal word how'er  
 We promise—hope believe—there breathes Despair  
 O'er every feature of that still, pale face, 491  
 Had Sorrow fixed what Time can ne'er erase  
 The tender blue of that large loving eye  
 Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,

But, *Oh ! he could bear no more—but madly grasped*  
 Is trim, *Her form—and trembling there his own unclasped*—[MS]

Till—Oh how far !—it caught a glimpse of him  
And then it flowed and phrensied seemed to swim  
Through those long dark, and glistening lashes dewed  
With drops of sadness oft to be renewed

He's gone ! —against her heart that hand is driven  
Convulsed and quick—then gently raised to Heaven 500  
She looked and saw the heaving of the main  
The white sail set—she dared not look again  
But turned with sickening soul within the gate —  
It is no dream—and I am desolate !

## XVI

From crag to crag descending swiftly sped  
Stern Conrad down nor once he turned his head  
But shrunk where'er the windings of his way  
Forced on his eye what he would not survey  
His lone but lovely dwelling on the steep  
That hailed him first when homeward from the deep  
And she—the dim and melancholy Star 511  
Whose ray of Beauty reached him from afar  
On her he must not gaze he must not think—  
There he might rest—but on Destruction's brink  
Yet once almost he stopped—and nearly gave  
His fate to chance his projects to the wave  
But no—it must not be—a worthy chief  
May melt but not betray to Woman's grief  
He sees his bark he notes how fair the wind  
And sternly gathers all his might of mind 520  
Again he hurries on—and as he hears  
The clang of tumult vibrate on his ears  
The busy sounds the bustle of the shore  
The shout the signal and the dashing oar  
As marks his eye the seaway on the mast

The anchors rise, the sails unfurling fast,  
The waving kerchiefs of the crowd that urge  
That mute Adieu to those who stem the surge ,  
And more than all, his blood-red flag aloft,  
He marvelled how his heart could seem so soft      530  
Fire in his glance, and wildness in his breast,  
He feels of all his former self possest ;  
He bounds—he flies—until his footsteps reach  
The verge where ends the cliff, begins the beach,  
There checks his speed , but pauses less to breathe  
The breezy freshness of the deep beneath,  
Than there his wonted stately step renew ,  
Nor rush, disturbed by haste, to vulgar view  
For well had Conrad learned to curb the crowd,  
By arts that veil, and oft preserve the proud ,      540  
His was the lofty port, the distant mien,  
That seems to shun the sight and awes if seen  
The solemn aspect, and the high-born eye,  
That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy ,  
All these he wielded to command assent  
But where he wished to win, so well unbent,  
That Kindness cancelled fear in those who heard,  
And others' gifts showed mean beside his word,  
When echoed to the heart as from his own  
His deep yet tender melody of tone      550  
But such was foreign to his wonted mood,  
He cared not what he softened, but subdued ,  
The evil passions of his youth had made  
Him value less who loved than what obeyed

## XVII

Around him mustering ranged his ready guard.  
Before him Juan stands “Are all prepared?”

They are—nay more—embarked the latest boat  
Waits but my chief——

My sword and my capote  
Soon firmly girded on and lightly slung  
His belt and cloak were o'er his shoulders flung 560

Call Pedro here ! He comes—and Conrad bends  
With all the courtesy he deigned his friends

Receive these tablets and peruse with care  
Words of high trust and truth are graven there  
Double the guard and when Anselmo's bark  
Arrives let him alike these orders mark

In three days (serve the breeze) the sun shall shine  
On our return—till then all peace be thine !  
This said his brother Pirate's hand he wrung  
Then to his boat with haughty gesture sprung 570

Flashed the dipt oars and sparkling with the stroke  
Around the waves phosphoric<sup>1</sup> brightness broke  
They gain the vessel—on the deck he stands—  
Shrieks the shrill whistle ply the busy hands—

He marks how well the ship her helm obeys  
How gallant all her crew and deigns to praise  
His eyes of pride to young Gonsalvo turn—  
Why doth he start and only seem to mourn ?

Alas ! those eyes beheld his rocky tower  
And live a moment o'er the parting hour 580  
She—his Medora—did she mark the prow ?

Ah ! never loved he half so much as now !  
But much must yet be done ere dawn of day—  
Again he mans himself and turns away ,  
Down to the cabin with Gonsalvo bends  
And there unfolds his plan—his means and ends

1 By night particularly in a warm latitude every stroke of the oar every motion of the boat or ship is followed by a slight flash like sheet lightning from the water

Before them burns the lamp, and spreads the chart,  
 And all that speaks and aids the naval art,  
 They to the midnight watch pre-empt debate,  
 To anxious eyes what hour is ever late? 590  
 Meantime, the steady breeze serenely blew,  
 And fast and falcon-like the vessel flew,  
 Passed the high headlands of each clustering isle,  
 To gain their port long long ere morning smile  
 And soon the night-glass through the narrow bay  
 Discovers where the Pacha's galleys lay  
 Count they each sail, and mark how there supine  
 The lights in vain o'er heedless Moslem shine  
 Secure, unnoted, Conrad's prow passed by,  
 And anchored where his ambush meant to lie, 600  
 Screened from espial by the jutting cape,  
 That rears on high its rude fantastic shape<sup>1</sup>  
 Then rose his band to duty not from sleep  
 Equipped for deeds alike on land or deep,  
 While leaned then Leader o'er the fretting flood,  
 And calmly talked and yet he talked of blood!

1 [Cape Gallo is at least eight miles to the south of Corone, but Point Lividia, the promontory on which part of the town is built, can hardly be described as a "jutting cape," or as (see line 1623) a "giant shape"]

## CANTO THE SECOND

Conosceste i dubbiosi desiri ?

DANTE *Inferno* v 10

## I

IN Coron's bay floats many a galley light  
 Through Coron's lattices the lamps are bright<sup>1</sup>  
 For Seyd the Pacha makes a feast to night  
 A feast for promised triumph yet to come 610  
 When he shall drag the fettered Rovers home

1 [Coron or Corone the ancient Colonides is situated a little to the north of a promontory Point Lividia on the western shore of the Gulf of Kalamata or Coron or Messenia

Antoine Louis Castellan (1772-1838) with whose larger work on Turkey Byron professed himself familiar (Letter to Moore August 8 1813) gives a vivid description of Coron and the bey's palace in his *Lettres sur la Morée etc* (first published Paris 1808) 3 vols 1820 Whether Byron had or had not consulted the Letters the following passages may help to illustrate the scene —

La chambre caverneuse du Taygète s'élève en face de Coron à l'autre extrémité du golfe (iii 181)

Nous avons aussi été faire une visite au bey qui nous a permis de parcourir la citadelle (p 187)

Le bey fait exécuter en notre présence une danse singulière qu'on peut nommer danse pantomime (p 189 see line 642)

La maison est assez bien distribuée et proprement meublée à la manière des Turcs. La principale pièce est grande ornée d'une boiserie ciselée sur les dessins arabesques et même marquetée. Les fenêtres donnent sur le jardin. Les volets sont ordinairement fermés dans le milieu de la journée et le jour ne pénètre alors qu'à travers des ouvertures pratiquées au dessus des fenêtres et garnies de vitreaux colorés (p 100) Castellan saw the palace and bay illuminated (p 203) ]

Around his form his loose long robe was thrown,  
 And wrapt a breast bestowed on heaven alone,  
 Submissive, yet with self-possession manned,  
 He calmly met the curious eyes that scanned,  
 And question of his coming fain would seek,  
 Before the Pacha's will allowed to speak 670

## IV

"Whence com'st thou, Dervise?"

"From the Outlaw's den

A fugitive "

"Thy capture where and when?"

"From Scalanova's port<sup>1</sup> to Scio's isle,  
 The Saick<sup>2</sup> was bound, but Allah did not smile  
 Upon our course—the Moslem merchant's gains  
 The Rovers won, our limbs have worn their chains  
 I had no death to fear, nor wealth to boast,  
 Beyond the wandering freedom which I lost,  
 At length a fisher's humble boat by night  
 Afforded hope, and offered chance of flight, 680  
 I seized the hour, and find my safety here  
 With thee most mighty Pacha! who can fear?"

"How speed the outlaws? stand they well prepared,  
 Their plundered wealth, and robber's rock, to guard?  
 Dream they of this our preparation, doomed  
 To view with fire their scorpion nest consumed?"

"Pacha! the fettered captive's mourning eye,  
 That weeps for flight, but ill can play the spy,  
 I only heard the reckless waters roar,  
 Those waves that would not bear me from the shore, 690

<sup>1</sup> [On the coast of Asia Minor, twenty-one miles south of Smyrna.]

<sup>2</sup> [A Levantine bark—"a kind of ketch without top gallant sail, or mizzen-top sail"]

I only marked the glorious Sun and sky,  
Too bright—too blue—for my captivity  
And felt that all which Freedom's bosom cheers  
Must break my chain before it dried my tears  
This mayst thou judge at least from my escape  
They little deem of aught in Peril's shape  
Else vainly had I prayed or sought the chance  
That leads me here—if eyed with vigilance  
The careless guard that did not see me fly  
May watch as idly when thy power is nigh 700  
Pacha! my limbs are faint—and nature craves  
Food for my hunger rest from tossing waves  
Permit my absence—peace be with thee! Peace  
With all around!—now grant repose—release

Stay Dervise! I have more to question—stay  
I do command thee—sit—dost hear?—obey!  
More I must ask and food the slaves shall bring  
Thou shalt not pine where all are banqueting  
The supper done—prepare thee to reply,  
Clearly and full—I love not mystery 710

I were vain to guess what shook the pious man  
Who looked not lovingly on that Divan,  
Nor showed high relish for the banquet prest  
And less respect for every fellow guest

'Twas but a moment's peevish hectic passed  
Along his cheek and tranquillised as fast  
He sate him down in silence and his look  
Resumed the calmness which before forsook  
The feast was ushered in—but sumptuous fare  
He shunned as if some poison mingled there 720  
For one so long condemned to toil and fast  
Methinks he strangely spares the rich repast

What ails thee Dervise? eat—dost thou suppose



No craven he—and yet he dreads the blow,  
 So much Confusion magnifies his foe !  
 His blazing galleys still distract his sight,  
 He tore his beard, and foaming fled the fight, !  
 For now the pirates passed the Haram gate,  
 And burst within—and it were death to wait,  
 Where wild Amazement shrieking—! kneeling—throws  
 The sword aside—in vain—the blood o'erflows ! 791  
 The Corsairs pouring, haste to where within  
 Invited Conrad's bugle, and the din  
 Of groaning victims, and wild cries for life,  
 Proclaimed how well he did the work of strife  
 They shout to find him grim and lonely there,  
 A glutted tiger mangling in his lair !  
 But short their greeting, shorter his reply—  
 "'Tis well—but Seyd escapes and he must die—  
 Much hath been done—but more remains to do— 800  
 Their galleys blaze—why not their city too?"

## V

Quick at the word they seized him each a torch,  
 And fire the dome from minaret to porch  
 A stern delight was fixed in Conrad's eye,  
 But sudden sunk—for on his ear the cry  
 Of women struck, and like a deadly knell  
 Knocked at that heart unmoved by Battle's yell  
 "Oh ! burst the Haram—wrong not on your lives  
 One female form—remember we have wives  
 On them such outrage Vengeance will repay, 810

I A common and not very novel effect of Mussulman anger. See Prince Eugene's *Mémoires*, 1811, p 6, "The Seraskier received a wound in the thigh, he plucked up his beard by the roots, because he was obliged to quit the field" ["Le seraskier est blessé à la cuisse, il s'arrache la barbe, parce qu'il est obligé de fuir" A contemporary translation (Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, 1811), renders "il s'arrache la barbe" *he tore out the arrow* ]

Man is our foe and such tis ours to slay  
 But still we spared—must spare the weaker prey  
 Oh ! I forgot—but Heaven will not forgive  
 If at my word the helpless cease to live  
 Follow who will—I go—we yet have time  
 Our souls to lighten of at least a crime  
 He climbs the crackling stair—he bursts the door  
 Nor feels his feet glow scorching with the floor  
 His breath choked gasping with the volumed smoke  
 But still from room to room his way he broke 80  
 They search—they find—they save with lusty arms  
 Each bears a prize of unregarded charms  
 Calm their loud fears, sustain their sinking frames  
 With all the care defenceless Beauty claims  
 So well could Conrad tame their fiercest mood  
 And check the very hands with gore imbrued  
 But who is she? whom Conrad's arms convey  
 From reeking pile and combat's wreck away—  
 Who but the love of him he dooms to bleed?  
 The Haram queen—but still the slave of Seyd ! 830

## VI

Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare<sup>1</sup>  
 Few words to reassure the trembling Fair  
 For in that pause Compassion snatched from War  
 The foe before retiring fast and far  
 With wonder saw their footsteps unpursued  
 First slower fled—then rallied—then withstood  
 This Seyd perceives then first perceives how few  
 Compared with his the Corsair's roving crew  
 And blushes o'er his error as he eyes  
 The ruin wrought by Panic and Surprise 840

1 Gulnare a female name it means literally the flower of the pomegranate

Alla il Alla ! Vengeance swells the cry  
Shame mounts to rage that must atone or die !  
And flame for flame and blood for blood must tell,  
The tide of triumph ebbs that flowed too well  
When Wrath returns to renovated strife,  
And those who fought for conquest strike for life  
Conrad beheld the danger he beheld  
His followers faint by freshening foes repelled  
“ One effort one to break the circling host ! ”  
They form unite charge waver all is lost ! 850  
Within a narrower ring compressed, beset,  
Hopeless, not heartless, strive and struggle yet—  
Ah ! now they fight in firmest file no more,  
Hemmed in—cut off—cleft down and trampled o’er,  
But each strikes singly—silently and home,  
And sinks outwearied rather than o’ercome  
His last faint quittance rendering with his breath,  
Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of Death !

## VII

But first, ere came the rallying host to blows,  
And rank to rank, and hand to hand oppose, 860  
Gulnare and all her Haïam handmaids freed,  
Safe in the dome of one who held then creed,  
By Conrad’s mandate safely were bestowed,  
And dried those tears for life and fame that flowed  
And when that dark-eyed lady, young Gulnare,  
Recalled those thoughts late wandering in despair,  
Much did she marvel o’er the courtesy  
That smoothed his accents, softened in his eye—  
’Twas strange—*that* robber thus with gore bedewed,  
Seemed gentler then than Seyd in fondest mood 870  
The Pacha wooed as if he deemed the slave  
*Must* seem delighted with the heart he gave,

The Corsair vowed protection soothed affright  
As if his homage were a Woman's right

The wish is wrong—nay, worse for female—vain  
Yet much I long to view that Chief again  
If but to thank for what my fear forgot  
The life—my loving Lord remembered not !

## VIII

And him she saw where thickest carnage spread  
But gathered breathing from the happier dead 880  
Far from his band and battling with a host  
That deem right dearly won the field he lost  
Felled—bleeding—baffled of the death he sought  
And snatched to expiate all the ills he wrought  
Preserved to linger and to live in vain  
While Vengeance pondered o'er new plans of pain  
And stanch'd the blood she saves to shed again—  
But drop by drop for Seyd's unglutted eye  
Would doom him ever dying—ne'er to die !  
Can this be he? triumphant late she saw 890  
When his red hand's wild gesture waved a law !  
Tis he indeed—disarmed but undeprest  
His sole regret the life he still possesseth,  
His wounds too slight though taken with that will  
Which would have kissed the hand that then could kill  
Oh were there none of all the many given  
*To send his soul—he scarcely asked to Heaven ?*<sup>1</sup>

1 [The word *to* had been left out by the printer and in a late revise Byron supplies the omission and writes—

To Mr Murray or Mr Davison

Do not omit words—it is quite enough to alter or mis-spell them  
BN

In the MS the line ran—

To send his soul—he scarcely cared to Heaven

Asked is written over in pencil but *cared* has not been  
erased ]

Must he alone of all retain his breath,  
Who more than all had striven and struck for death?  
He deeply felt—what mortal hearts must feel, 900  
When thus reversed on faithless Fortune's wheel,  
For crimes committed, and the victor's threat  
Of lingering tortures to repay the debt  
He deeply, darkly felt, but evil Pride  
That led to perpetrate now serves to hide  
Still in his stern and self-collected mien  
A conqueror's more than captive's air is seen,  
Though faint with wasting toil and stiffening wound,  
But few that saw so calmly gazed around  
Though the far shouting of the distant crowd, 910  
Their tremors o'er, rose insolently loud,  
The better warriors who beheld him near,  
Insulted not the foe who taught them fear,  
And the grim guards that to his durance led,  
In silence eyed him with a secret dread.

## IX.

The Leech was sent but not in mercy there,  
To note how much the life yet left could bear,  
He found enough to load with heaviest chain,  
And promise feeling for the wretch of Pain,  
To-morrow yea to-morrow's evening Sun 920  
Will, sinking, see Impalement's pangs begun,  
And rising with the wonted blush of morn  
Behold how well or ill those pangs are borne  
Of torments this the longest and the worst,  
Which adds all other agony to thirst,  
That day by day Death still forbears to slake,  
While famished vultures flit around the stake  
"Oh ! water—water !" smiling Hate denies  
The victim's prayer, for if he drinks he dies,

This was his doom —the Leech the guard were gone 930  
And left proud Conrad fettered and alone

## λ

I were vain to punt to what his feelings grew—  
It even were doubtful if their victim knew  
There is a war a chaos of the mind<sup>1</sup>  
When all its elements convulsed combined  
Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force  
And gnashing with impenitent Remorse—  
That juggling fiend who never spake before  
But cries ' I warned thee ! when the deed is o'er  
Vain voice ! the spirit burning but unbent 940  
May writhe—rebel—the weak alone repent !  
Even in that lonely hour when most it feels  
And to itself all—all that self reveals —  
No single passion and no ruling thought  
That leaves the rest as once unseen unsought  
But the wild prospect when the Soul reviews  
*All* rushing through their thousand avenues—  
Ambition's dreams expiring Love's regret  
Endangered Glory Life itself beset  
The joy untasted the contempt or hate 950  
Gainst those who fain would triumph in our fate  
The hopeless past the hasting future driven  
Too quickly on to guess if Hell or Heaven ,  
Deeds—thoughts—and words perhaps remembered not  
So keenly till that hour but ne'er forgot  
Things light or lovely in their acted time  
But now to stern Reflection each a crime

1 [Compare—

One *anarchy* one *chaos* of the *mind*  
*The Wanderer* by Richard Savage Canto V (1761 p 86) ]

The withering sense of Evil unrevealed,  
 Not cankering less because the more concealed ,  
 All, in a word, from which all eyes must start,                    960  
 That opening sepulchre, the naked heart <sup>1</sup>  
 Bares with its buried woes    till Pride awake,  
 To snatch the mirror from the soul, and break  
 Aye, Pride can veil, and Courage brave it all—  
 All all—before    beyond—the deadliest fall  
 Each hath some fear, and he who least betrays,  
 The only hypocrite deserving praise  
 Not the loud recreant wretch who boasts and flies ,  
 But he who looks on Death—and silent dies  
 So, steeled by pondering o'er his far career,                    970  
 He half-way meets Him should He menace near <sup>1</sup>

## XI

In the high chamber of his highest tower  
 Sate Conrad, fettered in the Pacha's power  
 His palace perished in the flame    this fort  
 Contained at once his captive and his court  
 Not much could Conrad of his sentence blame,  
 His foe, if vanquished, had but shared the same —  
 Alone he sate—in solitude had scanned  
 His guilty bosom, but that breast he manned  
 One thought alone he could not—dared not meet                    980  
 "Oh, how these tidings will Medora greet?"  
 Then—only then    his clanking hands he raised,  
 And strained with rage the chain on which he gazed ,  
 But soon he found, or feigned, or dreamed relief,  
 And smiled in self-derision of his grief,

I [Compare—

"That hideous sight, a *naked* human heart "  
*Night Thoughts*, by Edward Young (Night III )  
 (Anderson's *British Poets*, v 71) ]

' And now come Torture when it will or may—  
 More need of rest to nerve me for the day !  
 This said with langour to his mat he crept  
 And whatso'er his visions quickly slept

Twas hardly midnight when that fray begun 990  
 For Conrad's plans matured at once were done  
 And Havoc loathes so much the waste of time  
 She scarce had left an uncommitted crime  
 One hour beheld him since the tide he stemmed—  
 Disguised — discovered — conquering — ta'en — con-  
     demned—  
 A Chief on land—an outlaw on the deep—  
 Destroying—saving—prisoned—and asleep !

## XII

He slept in calmest seeming for his breath<sup>1</sup>  
 Was hushed so deep— Ah ! happy if in death !  
 He slept—Who o'er his placid slumber bends ? 1000  
 His foes are gone—and here he hath no friends  
 Is it some Seraph sent to grant him grace ?  
 No 'tis an earthly form with heavenly face !  
 Its white arm raised a lamp—yet gently hid  
 Lest the ray flash abruptly on the lid  
 Of that closed eye which opens but to pain  
 And once unclosed—but once may close again  
 That form with eye so dark and cheek so fair  
 And auburn waves of gemmed and braided hair

1 [Compare—

When half the world lay wrapt in sleepless night  
 A jarring sound the startled hero wakes

He hears a step draw near—in beauty's pride  
 A female comes—wide floats her glistening gown—  
 Her hand sustains a lamp

Wieland's *Oberon* translated by W. Sotheby  
 Canto XII stanza xxxi et seq }



With shape of fairy lightness    naked foot,                    1010  
 That shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute—  
 Through guards and dunnest night how came it there?  
 Ah ! rather ask what will not Woman dare?  
 Whom Youth and Pity lead like thee, Gulnare !  
 She could not sleep—and while the Pacha's rest  
 In muttering dreams yet saw his pirate-guest,  
 She left his side    his signet-ring she bore,  
 Which oft in sport adorned her hand before  
 And with it, scarcely questioned, won her way  
 Through drowsy guards that must that sign obey    1020  
 Worn out with toil, and tired with changing blows,  
 Their eyes had envied Coniad his repose ,  
 And chill and nodding at the turret door,  
 They stretch their listless limbs, and watch no more ,  
 Just raised then heads to hail the signet-ring,  
 Nor ask or what or who the sign may bring

## XIII

She gazed in wonder, " Can he calmly sleep,  
 While other eyes his fall or savage weep?  
 And mine in restlessness are wandering here  
 What sudden spell hath made this man so dear?    1030  
 True—'tis to him my life, and more, I owe,  
 And me and mine he spared from worse than woe  
 'Tis late to think    but soft—his slumber breaks—  
 How heavily he sighs !    he starts—awakes !"  
 He raised his head, and dazzled with the light,  
 His eye seemed dubious if it saw aright  
 He moved his hand—the grating of his chain  
 Too harshly told him that he lived again  
 " What is that form ? if not a shape of air,  
 Methinks, my jailor's face shows wondrous fair !"    1040

Pirate ! thou know'st me not but I am one  
Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done ,  
Look on me—and remember her thy hand  
Snatched from the flames and thy more fearful band  
I come through darkness—and I scarce know why—  
Yet not to hurt—I would not see thee die

If so kind lady ! thine the only eye  
That would not here in that gay hope delight  
Theirs is the chance—and let them use their right  
But still I thank their courtesy or thine 1050  
That would confess me at so fair a shrine !

Strange though it seem—yet with extremest grief  
Is linked a mirth—it doth not bring relief—  
That playfulness of Sorrow ne'er beguiles  
And smiles in bitterness—but still it smiles  
And sometimes with the wisest and the best  
Till even the scaffold <sup>1</sup> echoes with their jest !  
Yet not the joy to which it seems akin—  
It may deceive all hearts save that within  
Whatever it was that flashed on Conrad now 1060  
A laughing wildness half unbent his brow  
And these his accents had a sound of mirth  
As if the last he could enjoy on earth  
Yet gainst his nature—for through that short life  
Few thoughts had he to spare from gloom and strife

1 In Sir Thomas More for instance on the scaffold and Anne Boleyn in the Tower when grasping her neck she remarked that it was too slender to trouble the headsman much During one part of the French Revolution it became a fashion to leave some *mot* as a legacy and the quantity of facetious last words spoken during that period would form a melancholy jest book of a considerable size

I am his slave but, in despite of pride,  
 'Twere worse than bondage to become his bride 1130  
 Oh ! that this dotage of his breast would cease !  
 Or seek another and give mine release,  
 But yesterday I could have said, to peace !  
 Yes, if unwonted fondness now I feign,<sup>1</sup>  
 Remember Captive ! 'tis to break thy chain ,  
 Repay the life that to thy hand I owe ,  
 To give thee back to all endeared below,  
 Who share such love as I can never know.  
 Farewell Morn breaks and I must now away  
 'Twill cost me dear but dread no death to-day !" 1140

## XV

She pressed his fettered fingers to her heart,  
 And bowed her head, and turned her to depart,  
 And noiseless as a lovely dream is gone  
 And was she here ? and is he now alone ?  
 What gem hath dropped and sparkles o'er his chain ?  
 The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain,  
 That starts at once—bright pure from Pity's mine,  
 Already polished by the hand divine !  
 Oh ! too convincing dangerously dear  
 In Woman's eye the unanswerable tear ! 1150  
 That weapon of her weakness she can wield,  
 To save, subdue at once her spear and shield  
 Avoid it Virtue ebbs and Wisdom errs,  
 Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers !

1 *I breathe but in the hope—his altered breast  
 May seek another—and leave mine at rest  
 Or if unwonted fondness now I feign*<sup>1</sup>—[MS ]

1 [The alteration was sent to the publishers on a separate quarto sheet, with a memorandum, "In Canto *first*—nearly the end," etc—a rare instance of inaccuracy on the part of the author ]

What lost a world and bade a hero fly ?  
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye  
Yet be the soft Triumvir's fault forgiven  
By this—how many lose not earth—but Heaven !  
Consign their souls to Man's eternal foe,  
And seal their own to spare some Wanton's woe ! 1160

## XVI

'Tis Morn—and o'er his altered features play  
The beams—without the Hope of yesterday  
What shall he be ere night? perchance a thing  
O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing  
By his closed eye unheeded and unfelt,  
While sets that Sun and dews of Evening melt  
Chill wet and misty round each stiffened limb  
Refreshing earth—reviving all but him !

Where meek Cephissus pours his scanty tide , 1210  
 The cypress saddening by the sacred Mosque,  
 The gleaming turret of the gay Kiosk ,<sup>1</sup>  
 And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,  
 Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,  
 All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye  
 And dull were his that passed him heedless by

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,  
 Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war ,  
 Again his waves in milder tints unfold  
 Their long array of sapphire and of gold, 1220  
 Mixed with the shades of many a distant isle,  
 That frown where gentler Ocean seems to smile

## II

Not now my theme why turn my thoughts to thee?  
 Oh ! who can look along thy native sea,  
 Nor dwell upon thy name, whate'er the tale,  
 So much its magic must o'er all prevail?  
 Who that beheld that Sun upon thee set,  
 Fair Athens ! could thine evening face forget?  
 Not he whose heart nor time nor distance frees,  
 Spell-bound within the clustering Cyclades ! 1230

1 The Kiosk is a Turkish summer house the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree, the wall intervenes — Cephissus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all

[E. Dodwell (*Classical Tour*, 1819, i 371) speaks of "a magnificent palm tree, which shoots among the ruins of the Ptolemaion," a short distance to the east of the Theseion. There is an illustration in its honour. The Theseion—which was "within five minutes' walk" of Byron's lodgings (*Travels in Albania*, 1858, i 259)—contains the remains of the scholar, John Tweddell, died 1793, "over which a stone was placed, owing to the exertions of Lord Byron" (Clarke's *Travels*, Part II sect 1 p 534). When Byron died, Colonel Stanhope proposed, and the chief Odysseus decreed, that he should be buried in the same spot — *Life*, p 640]

Nor seems this homage foreign to its strain  
His Corsair's isle was once thine own domain—  
Would that with freedom it were thine again !

## III

The Sun hath sunk—and, darker than the night  
Sinks with its beam upon the beacon height  
Medora's heart—the third day's come and gone—  
With it he comes not—sends not—faithless one !  
The wind was fair though light ! and storms were none  
Last eve Anselmo's bark returned and yet  
His only tidings that they had not met !                 I 40  
Though wild as now far different were the tale  
Had Conrad waited for that single sail  
The night breeze freshens—she that day had passed  
In watching all that Hope proclaimed a mast  
Sadly she sate on high—Impatience bore  
At last her footsteps to the midnight shore  
And there she wandered heedless of the spray  
That dashed her garments oft and warned away  
She saw not felt not this—nor dared depart  
Nor deemed it cold—her chill was at her heart                 I 50  
Till grew such certainty from that suspense—  
His very Sight had shocked from life or sense !

It came at last — and shattered boat  
Whose crews first beheld whom first they sought  
Some bleeding—all most wretched—these the few—  
Scarce knew they how escaped—*this* all they knew  
In silence, darkling each appeared to wait  
His fellow's mournful guess at Conrad's fate

1 [After the battle of Salamis B.C. 480 Iaros fell under the dominion of Athens.]

“Pacha ! the day is thine , and on thy crest  
 Sits Triumph Conrad taken fall’n the 1est ! 1310  
 His doom is fixed he dies , and well his fate  
 Was earned yet much too worthless for thy hate  
 Methinks, a short release, for ransom told <sup>1</sup>  
 With all his treasure, not unwisely sold ,  
 Report speaks largely of his pirate-hoard  
 Would that of this my Pacha were the lord <sup>1</sup>  
 While baffled, weakened by this fatal fray  
 Watched followed—he were then an easier prey ,  
 But once cut off the remnant of his band  
 Embark their wealth, and seek a safer strand ” 1320

“Gulnaie ! if for each drop of blood a gem  
 Where offered rich as Stamboul’s diadem ,  
 If for each hair of his a massy mine  
 Of virgin ore should supplicating shine ,  
 If all our Arab tales divulge or dream  
 Of wealth were here—that gold should not redeem <sup>1</sup>  
 It had not now redeemed a single hour,  
 But that I know him fettered, in my power ,  
 And, thirsting for revenge, I ponder still  
 On pangs that longest rack—and latest kill ” 1330

“Nay, Seyd ! I seek not to restrain thy rage,  
 Too justly moved for Mercy to assuage ,  
 My thoughts were only to secure for thee  
 His riches thus released, he were not free  
 Disabled shorn of half his might and band,  
 His capture could but wait thy first command ”

1 *Methinks a short release by ransom wrought  
 Of all his treasures not too cheaply bought —[MS erased ]  
 Methinks a short release for ransom—gold —[MS ]*

His capture *could* !—and shall I then resign  
 One day to him—the wretch already mine ?  
 Release my foe !—at whose remonstrance ?—thine !  
 Fair suitor !—to thy virtuous gratitude 1340  
 That thus repays this Giaour's relenting mood  
 Which thee and thine alone of all could spare—  
 No doubt regardless—if the prize were fair—  
 My thanks and praise alike are due—now hear !  
 I have a counsel for thy gentler ear  
 I do mistrust thee Woman ! and each word  
 Of thine stamps truth on all Suspicion heard <sup>1</sup>  
 Borne in his arms through fire from yon Serai—  
 Say wert thou lingering there with him to fly ?  
 Thou need st not answer—thy confession speaks 1350  
 Already reddening on thy guilty cheeks  
 Then—lovely Dame—bethink thee ! and beware  
 Tis not *his* life alone may claim such care !  
 Another word and—nay—I need no more  
 Accurséd was the moment when he bore  
 Thee from the flames which better far—but no—  
 I then had mourned thee with a lover's woe—  
 Now tis thy lord that warns—deceitful thing !  
 Know st thou that I can clip thy wanton wing ?  
 In words alone I am not wont to chafe 1360  
 Look to thyself—nor deem thy falsehood safe !

He rose—and slowly sternly thence withdrew,  
 Rage in his eye and threats in his adieu  
 Ah ! little recked that Chief of womanhood—  
 Which frowns ne'er quelled nor menaces subdued ,  
 And little deemed he what thy heart Gulnare !  
 When soft could feel—and when incensed could dare !

1 *Of thine add certainty to all I heard* —[MS]



His doubts appeared to wrong—nor yet she knew  
 How deep the root from whence Compassion grew—  
 She was a slave—from such may captives claim 1370  
 A fellow-feeling, differing but in name,  
 Still half unconscious heedless of his wrath,  
 Again she ventured on the dangerous path,  
 Again his rage repelled—until arose  
 That strife of thought, the source of Woman's woes!

## VI

Meanwhile—long—anxious—weary—still the same  
 Rolled day and night his soul could Terror tame—  
 This fearful interval of doubt and dread,  
 When every hour might doom him worse than dead,<sup>1</sup>  
 When every step that echoed by the gate, 1380  
 Might entering lead where axe and stake await,  
 When every voice that grated on his ear  
 Might be the last that he could ever hear,  
 Could Terror tame—that Spirit stern and high  
 Had proved unwilling as unfit to die,  
 'Twas worn—perhaps decayed—yet silent bore  
 That conflict, deadlier far than all before  
 The heat of fight, the hurry of the gale,  
 Leave scarce one thought inert enough to quail  
 But bound and fixed in fettered solitude, 1390  
 To pine, the prey of every changing mood,  
 To gaze on thine own heart—and meditate  
 Irrevocable faults, and coming fate—  
 Too late the last to shun—the first to mend  
 To count the hours that struggle to thine end,  
 With not a friend to animate and tell  
 To other ears that Death became thee well,

1 When every coming hour might view him dead—[MS]

Around thee foes to forge the ready lie  
 And blot Life's latest scene with calumny ,  
 Before thee tortures which the Soul can dare 1400  
 Yet doubts how well the shrinking flesh may bear  
 But deeply feels a single cry would shame  
 To Valour's praise thy last and dearest claim  
 The life thou leav'st below denied above  
 By kind monopolists of heavenly love  
 And more than doubtful Paradise—thy Heaven  
 Of earthly hope—thy loved one from thee riven  
 Such were the thoughts that outlaw must sustain  
 And govern pangs surpassing mortal pain  
 And those sustained he—boots it well or ill ? 1410  
 Since not to sink beneath is something still !

## VII

The first day passed—he saw not her—Gulnare—  
 The second third—and still she came not there ,  
 But what her words avouched her charms had done  
 Or else he had not seen another Sun  
 The fourth day rolled along and with the night  
 Came storm and darkness in their mingling might  
 Oh ! how he listened to the rushing deep  
 That ne'er till now so broke upon his sleep  
 And his wild Spirit wilder wishes sent 1420  
 Roused by the roar of his own element !  
 Oft had he ridden on that winged wave  
 And loved its roughness for the speed it gave  
 And now its dashing echoed on his ear  
 A long known voice—alas ! too vainly near !  
 Loud sung the wind above , and doubly loud  
 Shook o'er his turret cell the thunder-cloud , <sup>1</sup>

1 [ By the way—I have a charge against you As the great  
 Mr Dennis roared out on a similar occasion— By G—d *that is*

And flashed the lightning by the latticed bar,  
 To him more genial than the Midnight Star  
 Close to the glimmering grate he dragged his chain, 1430  
 And hoped *that* peril might not prove in vain  
 He rais'd his non hand to Heaven, and prayed  
 One pitying flash to mar the form it made  
 His steel and impious prayer attract alike  
 The storm rolled onward, and disdained to strike,  
 Its peal waxed fainter—ceased he felt alone,  
 As if some faithless friend had spurned his groan !

*my* thunder !' so do I exclaim, ' *This is my lightning !* ' I allude to a speech of Ivan's, in the scene with Petrowna and the Empress, where the thought and almost expression are similar to Conrad's in the 3d canto of *The Corsair*. I, however, do not say this to accuse you, but to exempt myself from suspicion, as there is a priority of six months' publication, on my part, between the appearance of that composition and of your tragedies" (Letter to W. Sotheby, September 25, 1815, *Letters*, 1899, III 219). The following are the lines in question —

"And I have leapt  
 In transport from my flinty couch, to welcome  
 The thunder as it burst upon my roof,  
 And beckon'd to the lightning, as it flash'd  
 And sparkled on these fetters"

Act IV sc 3 (*Ivan*, 1816, p 64)

According to Moore, this passage in *The Corsair*, as Byron seemed to fear, was included by "some scribblers"—i.e. the "lumbering Goth" (see John Bull's Letter), A. A. Watts, in the *Literary Gazette*, February and March, 1821—among his supposed plagiarisms. Sotheby informed Moore that his lines had been written, though not published, before the appearance of the *Corsair*. *The Confession*, and *Orestes*, reappeared with three hitherto unpublished tragedies, *Ivan*, *The Death of Darnley*, and *Zamorin and Zama*, under the general title, *Five Unpublished Tragedies*, in 1814.

The story of the critic John Dennis (1657-1734) and the "thunder" is related in Cibber's *Lives*, IV 234. Dennis was, or feigned to be, the inventor of a new method of producing stage-thunder, by troughs of wood and stops. Shortly after a play (*Appius and Virginia*) which he had put upon the stage had been withdrawn, he was present at a performance of *Macbeth*, at which the new "thunder" was inaugurated. "That is *my* thunder, by God !" exclaimed Dennis. "The villains will play my thunder, but not my plays"—*Dict. Nat. Biog.*, art. "Dennis"]

## VIII

The midnight passed, and to the massy door  
A light step came—it paused—it moved once more  
Slow turns the grating bolt and sullen key 1440  
Tis as his heart foreboded—that fair She !  
Whate'er her sins to him a Guardian Saint,  
And beauteous still as hermit's hope can paint  
Yet changed since last within that cell she came  
More pale her cheek more tremulous her frame  
On him she cast her dark and hurried eye,  
Which spoke before her accents—' Thou must die !  
Yes thou must die—there is but one resource  
The last—the worst—if torture were not worse

Lady ! I look to none my lips proclaim 1450  
What last proclaimed they—Conrad still the same  
Why shouldst thou seek an outlaw's life to spare  
And change the sentence I deserve to bear ?  
Well have I earned—nor here alone—the meed  
Of Seyd's revenge by many a lawless deed

Why should I seek ? because—Oh ! didst thou not  
Redeem my life from worse than Slavery's lot ?  
Why should I seek ?—hath Misery made thee blind  
To the fond workings of a woman's mind ?  
And must I say ?—albeit my heart rebel 1460  
With all that Woman feels but should not tell—  
Because—despite thy crimes—that heart is moved  
It feared thee—thanked thee—pitied—maddened—loved  
Reply not tell not now thy tale again  
Thou lovest another—and I love in vain  
Though fond as mine her bosom form more fair  
I rush through peril which she would not dare

To smite the smiter with the scimitar ,  
 Such is my weapon—not the secret knife ,  
 Who spares a Woman's seeks not Slumber's life  
 Thine saved I gladly, Lady not for this ,  
 Let me not deem that mercy shown amiss  
 Now fare thee well more peace be with thy breast !  
 Night wears apace, my last of earthly rest ! ”

“ Rest ! rest ! by sunrise must thy sinews shake,  
 And thy limbs writhe around the ready stake,  
 I heard the order saw I will not see— 1540  
 If thou wilt perish, I will fall with thee  
 My life my love—my hatred—all below  
 Are on this cast Corsair ! 'tis but a blow !  
 Without it flight were idle how evade  
 His sure pursuit ? my wrongs too unrepaid,  
 My youth disgraced—the long, long wasted years,  
 One blow shall cancel with our future fears ,  
 But since the dagger suits thee less than brand,  
 I'll try the firmness of a female hand  
 The guards are gained—one moment all were o'er— 1550  
 Corsair ! we meet in safety or no more ,  
 If errs my feeble hand, the morning cloud  
 Will hover o'er thy scaffold, and my shroud ”

## IX

She turned, and vanished ere he could reply,  
 But his glance followed far with eager eye ,  
 And gathering, as he could, the links that bound  
 His form, to curl their length, and curb their sound,  
 Since bar and bolt no more his steps preclude,  
 He, fast as fettered limbs allow, pursued

1 *Night wears apace—and I have need of rest* —[MS]

Twas dark and winding and he knew not where 1560  
That passage led nor lamp nor guard was there  
He sees a dusky glimmering—shall he seek  
Or shun that ray so indistinct and weak ?  
Chance guides his steps—a freshness seems to bear  
Full on his brow as if from morning air ,  
He reached an open gallery—on his eye  
Gleamed the last star of night the clearing sky  
Yet scarcely heeded these—another light  
From a lone chamber struck upon his sight  
Towards it he moved , a scarcely closing door 1570  
Revealed the ray within but nothing more  
With hasty step a figure outward passed  
Then paused and turned—and paused—tis She at last !  
No pomard in that hand nor sign of ill—  
Thanks to that softening heart—she could not kill !  
Again he looked the wildness of her eye  
Starts from the day abrupt and fearfully  
She stopped—threw back her dark far floating hair  
That nearly veiled her face and bosom fair  
As if she late had bent her leaning head 1580  
Above some object of her doubt or dread  
They meet—upon her brow—unknown—forgot—  
Her hurrying hand had left—twas but a spot—  
Its hue was all he saw and scarce withstood—  
Oh ! slight but certain pledge of crime—tis Blood !

## X

He had seen battle—he had brooded lone  
O'er promised pangs to sentenced Guilt foreshown ,  
He had been tempted—chastened—and the chain  
Yet on his arms might ever there remain  
But ne'er from strife—captivity—remorse— 1590  
From all his feelings in their inmost force—

## XV

She wrongs his thoughts—they more himself upbraid  
 Than her though undesigned the wretch he made,  
 But speechless all, deep, dark, and unexpressed,  
 They bleed within that silent cell his breast  
 Still onward, fair the breeze, nor rough the surge,  
 The blue waves sport around the stern they urge,  
 Far on the Horizon's verge appears a speck, 1650  
 A spot—a mast a sail an armed deck!  
 Their little bark her men of watch descry,  
 And ampler canvass woos the wind from high,  
 She bears her down majestically near,  
 Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier,<sup>1</sup>  
 A flash is seen the ball beyond her bow  
 Booms harmless, hissing to the deep below  
 Up rose keen Conrad from his silent trance,  
 A long, long absent gladness in his glance,  
 "'Tis mine my blood-rag flag! again—again— 1660  
 I am not all deserted on the main!"  
 They own the signal, answer to the hail,  
 Hoist out the boat at once, and slacken sail  
 "'Tis Conrad! Conrad!" shouting from the deck,  
 Command nor Duty could their transport check!  
 With light alacrity and gaze of Pride,  
 They view him mount once more his vessel's side,  
 A smile relaxing in each rugged face,  
 Their arms can scarce forbear a rough embrace  
 He, half forgetting danger and defeat, 1670  
 Returns their greeting as a Chief may greet,  
 Wrings with a cordial grasp Anselmo's hand,  
 And feels he yet can conquer and command!

<sup>1</sup> *They count the Dragon-teeth around her tier* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> ["Tier" must stand for "hold" The "cable-tier" is the place in the hold where the cable is stowed]

## XVI

These greetings o'er, the feelings that o'erflow  
 Yet grieve to win him back without a blow,  
 They sailed prepared for vengeance—had they known  
 A woman's hand secured that deed her own  
 She were their Queen—less scrupulous are they  
 Than haughty Conrad how they win their way  
 With many an asking smile and wondering stare 1680  
 They whisper round and gaze upon Gulnare  
 And her at once above—beneath her sex  
 Whom blood appalled not their regards perplex  
 To Conrad turns her faint imploring eye  
 She drops her veil and stands in silence by  
 Her arms are meekly folded on that breast  
 Which—Conrad safe—to Fate resigned the rest  
 Though worse than frenzy could that bosom fill  
 Extreme in love or hate in good or ill  
 The worst of crimes had left her Woman still ! 1690

## XVII

This Conrad marked and felt—ah ! could he less?—  
 Hate of that deed—but grief for her distress,  
 What she has done no tears can wash away  
 And Heaven must punish on its angry day  
 But—it was done he knew whatever her guilt  
 For him that pomard smote that blood was spilt  
 And he was free !—and she for him had given  
 Her all on earth and more than all in heaven !<sup>1</sup>

1 *Whom blood appalled not their rude eyes perplex —*  
[MS erased]

1 [Compare—

And I the cause—for whom were given  
 Her peace on earth her hopes in heaven  
*Marm of Canto III stanza cxi lines 9 10]*



And now he turned him to that dark-eyed slave  
 Whose brow was bowed beneath the glance he gave, 1700  
 Who now seemed changed and humbled, faint and meek,  
 But varying oft the colour of her cheek  
 To deeper shades of paleness all its red  
 That fearful spot which stained it from the dead !  
 He took that hand it trembled now too late—  
 So soft in love—so wildly nerved in hate ,  
 He clasped that hand it trembled and his own  
 Had lost its firmness, and his voice its tone  
 “ Gulnare ! ” but she replied not “ dear Gulnare ! ”  
 She raised her eye—her only answer there— 1710  
 At once she sought and sunk in his embrace  
 If he had driven her from that resting-place,  
 His had been more or less than mortal heart,  
 But good or ill it bade her not depart  
 Perchance, but for the bodings of his breast,  
 His latest virtue then had joined the rest  
 Yet even Medora might forgive the kiss ”  
 That asked from form so fair no more than this,  
 The first, the last that Frailty stole from Faith  
 To lips where Love had lavished all his breath, 1720  
 To lips whose broken sighs such fragrance fling,  
 As he had fanned them freshly with his wing ! ”

## XVIII

They gain by twilight's hour their lonely isle  
 To them the very rocks appear to smile ,

1 “ Gulnare ”—she answered not again—“ Gulnare ”  
 She raised her glance—her sole reply was there —[MS ]

11 That sought from form so fair no more than this  
 That kiss—the first that Frailty wrung from Faith  
 That last—on lips so warm with rosy breath —[MS erased ]

111 As he had fanned them with his rosy wing —[MS ]

The haven hums with many a cheering sound  
 The beacons blaze their wonted stations round  
 The boats are darting o'er the curly bay,  
 And sportive Dolphins bend them through the spray  
 Even the hoarse sea birds shrill discordant shriek  
 Greets like the welcome of his tuneless beak <sup>1</sup> 1730  
 Beneath each lamp that through its lattice gleams  
 Their fancy paints the friends that trim the beams  
 Oh ! what can sanctify the joys of home  
 Like Hope's gay glance from Ocean's troubled foam ? <sup>1</sup>

## XIX

The lights are high on beacon and from bower  
 And midst them Conrad seeks Medora's tower  
 He looks in vain—'tis strange—and all remark  
 Amid so many, hers alone is dark  
 'Tis strange—of yore its welcome never failed  
 Nor now perchance extinguished—only veiled 1740  
 With the first boat descends he for the shore  
 And looks impatient on the lingering oar  
 Oh ! for a wing beyond the falcon's flight  
 To bear him like an arrow to that height <sup>1</sup>  
 With the first pause the resting rowers gave  
 He waits not—looks not—leaps into the wave  
 Strives through the surge bestrides the beach, and high  
 Ascends the path familiar to his eye

He reached his turret door—he paused—no sound  
 Broke from within, and all was night around 1750  
 He knocked and loudly—footstep nor reply  
 Announced that any heard or deemed him nigh

<sup>1</sup> *Oh ! so is so prophesy the joys of home  
 As they who find it from the Ocean foam —[MS]  
 Oh—what can sanctify the joys of home  
 Like the first glance from Ocean's troubled foam —[Reise]*

He knocked, but faintly for his trembling hand  
 Refused to aid his heavy heart's demand.  
 The portal opens 'tis a well known face  
 But not the form he panted to embrace  
 Its lips are silent—twice his own essayed,  
 And failed to frame the question they delayed,  
 He snatched the lamp—its light will answer all—  
 It quits his grasp, expiring in the fall 1760  
 He would not wait for that reviving ray  
 As soon could he have lingered there for day,  
 But, glimmering through the dusky corridor,  
 Another chequers o'er the shadowed floor,  
 His steps the chamber gain his eyes behold  
 All that his heart believed not yet foretold !

## XX

He turned not—spoke not—sunk not—fixed his look,  
 And set the anxious frame that lately shook  
 He gazed how long we gaze despite of pain,  
 And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain ! 1770  
 In life itself she was so still and fair,  
 That Death with gentler aspect withered there,  
 And the cold flowers<sup>1</sup> her colder hand contained,  
 In that last grasp as tenderly were strained  
 As if she scarcely felt, but feigned a sleep  
 And made it almost mockery yet to weep  
 The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,  
 And veiled—Thought shrinks from all that lurked below—

1 In the Levant it is the custom to strew flowers on the bodies of the dead, and in the hands of young persons to place a nosegay  
 [Compare—

“ There shut it inside the sweet cold hand ”

*Evelyn Hope*, by Robert Browning ]

O'er the eye Death most exerts his might <sup>1</sup>  
 And hurls the Spirit from her throne of light 1780  
 Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse  
 But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—  
 Yet yet they seem as they forebore to smile  
 And wished repose—but only for a while,  
 But the white shroud and each extended tress  
 Long fair—but spread in utter lifelessness  
 Which late the sport of every summer wind  
 Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind <sup>1</sup>  
 These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier—  
 But She is nothing—wherefore is he here? 1790

## XXI

He asked no question—all were answered now  
 By the first glance on that still, marble brow <sup>1</sup>  
 It was enough—she died—what recked it how?  
 The love of youth the hope of better years  
 The source of softest wishes tenderest fears  
 The only living thing he could not hate  
 Was reft at once—and he deserved his fate  
 But did not feel it less—the Good explore  
 For peace those realms where Guilt can never soar  
 The proud the wayward—who have fixed below 1800  
 Their joy and find this earth enough for woe  
 Lose in that one their all—perchance a mite—  
 But who in patience parts with all delight?  
 Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern

<sup>1</sup> *Escaped the idle braid that could not bind*—[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *By the first glance on that cold soulless brow*—[MS]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare—

And—but for that sad shrouded eye etc.

and the whole of the famous passage in the *Giaour* (line 68 *sq vide ante* p 88) beginning—

He who hath bent him o'er the dead ]

Mask hearts where Grief hath little left to learn,  
 And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,  
 In smiles that least befit who wear them most.

## XXII

By those, that deepest feel, is ill exprest  
 The indistinctness of the suffering breast,  
 Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one, 1810  
 Which seeks from all the refuge found in none,  
 No words suffice the secret soul to show,  
 For Truth denies all eloquence to Woe  
 On Conrad's stricken soul Exhaustion prest,  
 And Stupor almost lulled it into rest,  
 So feeble now—his mother's softness crept  
 To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept  
 It was the very weakness of his brain,  
 Which thus confessed without relieving pain  
 None saw his trickling tears—perchance, if seen, 1820  
 That useless flood of grief had never been  
 Nor long they flowed—he dried them to depart,  
 In helpless—hopeless—brokenness of heart  
 The Sun goes forth, but Conrad's day is dim  
 And the night cometh ne'er to pass from him<sup>1</sup>  
 There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,  
 On Grief's vain eye—the blindest of the blind!  
 Which may not—dare not see but turns aside  
 To blackest shade—nor will endure a guide!

XXIII<sup>1</sup>

His heart was formed for softness waiped to wrong,  
 Betrayed too early, and beguiled too long, 1831

<sup>1</sup> *And the night cometh—'tis the same to him* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> [Stanza XXIII is not in the MS. It was forwarded on a separate sheet, with the following directions —

(1814, January 10, 11) "Let the following lines be sent

Each feeling pure—as falls the dropping dew  
 Within the grot—like that had hardened too  
 Less clear perchance its earthly trials passed  
 But sunk and chilled and petrified at last<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet tempests wear and lightning cleaves the rock  
 If such his heart so shattered it the shock  
 There grew one flower beneath its rugged brow  
 Though dark the shade—it sheltered—saved till now  
 The thunder came—that bolt hath blasted both 1840  
 The Granite's firmness and the Lily's growth  
 The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell  
 Its tale but shrunk and withered where it fell  
 And of its cold protector blacken round  
 But shivered fragments on the barren ground !

## XXIV

'Tis morn—to venture on his lonely hour  
 Few dare, though now Anselmo sought his tower  
 He was not there, nor seen along the shore,  
 Ere night alarmed their isle is traversed o'er  
 Another morn—another bids them seek 1850  
 And shout his name till Echo waxeth weak,  
 Mount—grotto—cavern—valley searched in vain  
 They find on shore a sea boat's broken chain  
 Their hope revives—they follow o'er the main  
 'Tis idle all—moons roll on moons away  
 And Conrad comes not came not since that day  
 Nor trace nor tidings of his doom declare  
 Where lives his grief or perished his despair !

immediately and form the *last section* (number it) *but one* of the 3<sup>rd</sup> (last) Canto<sup>2</sup> ]

<sup>1</sup> [Byron had perhaps explored the famous stalactite cavern in the island of Anti Paros, which is described by Tournefort Clarke Choiseul Gouffier and other travellers ]

Long mourned his band whom none could mourn beside ;  
 And fair the monument they gave his Bride 1860  
 For him they raise not the recording stone—  
 His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known ,  
 He left a Corsair's name to other times,  
 Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.<sup>1</sup>

1 That the point of honour which is represented in one instance of Conrad's character has not been carried beyond the bounds of probability, may perhaps be in some degree confirmed by the following anecdote of a brother buccaneer in the year 1814 —“Our readers have all seen the account of the enterprise against the pirates of Barataria, but few, we believe, were informed of the situation, history, or nature of that establishment. For the information of such as were unacquainted with it, we have procured from a friend the following interesting narrative of the main facts, of which he has personal knowledge, and which cannot fail to interest some of our readers —Barataria is a bayou, or a narrow arm of the Gulf of Mexico, it runs through a rich but very flat country, until it reaches within a mile of the Mississippi river, fifteen miles below the city of New Orleans. This bayou has branches almost innumerable, in which persons can lie concealed from the severest scrutiny. It communicates with three lakes which lie on the south west side, and these, with the lake of the same name, and which lies contiguous to the sea, where there is an island formed by the two arms of this lake and the sea. The east and west points of this island were fortified, in the year 1811, by a band of pirates, under the command of one Monsieur La Fitte. A large majority of these outlaws are of that class of the population of the state of Louisiana who fled from the island of St. Domingo during the troubles there, and took refuge in the island of Cuba, and when the last war between France and Spain commenced, they were compelled to leave that island with the short notice of a few days. Without ceremony they entered the United States, the most of them the state of Louisiana, with all the negroes they had possessed in Cuba. They were notified by the Governor of that State of the clause in the constitution which forbade the importation of slaves, but, at the same time, received the assurance of the Governor that he would obtain, if possible, the approbation of the General Government for their retaining this property —The island of Barataria is situated about lat 29 deg. 15 min., lon 92 30, and is as remarkable for its health as for the superior scale and shell fish with which its waters abound. The chief of this horde, like Charles de Moor, had, mixed with his many vices, some transcendant virtues. In the year 1813, this party had, from its turpitude and boldness, claimed the attention of the Governor of Louisiana, and to break up the establishment he thought proper to strike at the head. He therefore, offered a reward of 500 dollars for the head of Monsieur La Fitte, who was well known to the inhabitants

of the city of New Orleans from his immediate connection and his once having been a fencing master in that city of great reputation which art he learnt in Buonaparte's army where he was a captain. The reward which was offered by the Governor for the head of La Fitte was answered by the offer of a reward from the latter of 15 000 for the head of the Governor. The Governor ordered out a company to march from the city to La Fitte's island and to burn and destroy all the property and to bring to the city of New Orleans all his banditti. This company under the command of a man who had been the intimate associate of this bold Captain approached very near to the fortified island before he saw a man or heard a sound until he heard a whistle not unlike a boatswain's call. Then it was he found himself surrounded by armed men who had emerged from the secret avenues which led to this bayou. Here it was that this modern Charles de Moor developed his few noble traits for to this man who had come to destroy his life and all that was dear to him he not only spared his life but offered him that which would have made the honest soldier easy for the remainder of his days which was indignantly refused. He then with the approbation of his captor returned to the city. This circumstance and some concomitant events proved that this band of pirates was not to be taken by land. Our naval force having always been small in that quarter exertions for the destruction of this illicit establishment could not be expected from them until augmented for an officer of the navy with most of the gun boats on that station had to retreat from an overwhelming force of La Fitte's. So soon as the augmentation of the navy authorised an attack one was made the overthrow of this banditti has been the result and now this almost invulnerable point and key to New Orleans is clear of an enemy it is to be hoped the government will hold it by a strong military force. — *American Newspaper*

[The story of the Pirates of Barataria which an American print the *National Intelligencer* was the first to make public is quoted *in extenso* by the *Weekly Messenger* (published at Boston) of November 4 1814. It is remarkable that a tale which was destined to pass into the domain of historical romance should have been instantly seized upon and turned to account by Byron whilst it was as yet half told while the legend was still in the making. Jean Lafitte the Franco American Conrad was born either at Bayonne or Bordeaux circ 1780 emigrated with his elder brother Pierre and settled at New Orleans in 1809 as a blacksmith. Legitimate trade was flat but the delta of the Mississippi with its labyrinth of creeks and islands and bayous teemed with pirates or merchant smugglers. Accordingly under the nominal sanction of letters of marque from the Republic of Cartagena and as belligerents of Spain the brothers who had taken up their quarters on Grande Terre an island to the east of the Grand Pass, or channel of the Bay of Barataria swept the Gulph of Mexico with an organized flotilla of privateers and acquired vast booty in the way of specie and living cargoes of slaves. Hence the proclamation of the Governor of Louisiana W. C. Claiborne in which (November



24, 1813) he offered a sum of \$500 for the capture of Jean Lafitte. For the sequel of this first act of the drama the "American newspaper" is the sole authority. The facts, however, if facts they be, which are pieced together by Charles Étienne Arthur Gayarré, in the *History of Louisiana* (1885, iv 301, *sq.*), and in two articles contributed to the *American Magazine of History*, October and November, 1883, are as curious and romantic as the legend. It would appear that early in September, 1814, a British officer, Colonel E. Nicholls, made overtures to Jean Lafitte, offering him the rank of captain in the British army, a grant of lands, and a sum of \$30,000 if he would join forces with the British squadron then engaged in an attack on the coast of Louisiana. Lafitte begged for time to consider Colonel Nicholls's proposal, but immediately put himself in communication with Claiborne, offering, on condition of immunity for past offences, to place his resources at the disposal of the United States. Claiborne's reply to this patriotic offer seems to have been to despatch a strong naval force, under Commander Daniel Patterson, with orders to exterminate the pirates, and seize their fort on Grande Terre, and, on this occasion, though the brothers escaped, the authorities were successful. A proclamation was issued by General Andrew Jackson, in which the pirates were denounced as "hellish banditti," and, to all appearances, their career was at an end. But circumstances were in their favour, and a few weeks later Jackson not only went back on his own mandate, but accepted the alliance and services of the brothers Lafitte and their captains at the siege of New Orleans, January 8, 1815. Finally, when peace with Great Britain was concluded, President Madison publicly acknowledged the "unequivocal traits of courage and fidelity" which had been displayed by the brothers Lafitte, and the once proscribed band of outlaws. Thenceforth Pierre Lafitte disappears from history, but Jean is believed to have settled first at Galveston, in Texas, and afterwards, in 1820, on the coast of Yucatan, whence "he continued his depredations on Spanish commerce." He died game, a pirate to the last, in 1826. See, for what purports to be documentary evidence of the correspondence between Colonel E. Nicholls and Jean Lafitte, *Historical Memoirs of the War in West Florida and Louisiana*, by Major A. La Carrière Latour, 1816, Appendix III pp. vii-xv. See, too, *Fernando de Lemos* (an historical novel), by Charles Gayarré, 1872, pp. 347-361.]

In [the Rev. Mark] Noble's continuation of "Granger's *Biographical History*" [of England, 1806, iii 68], there is a singular passage in his account of Archbishop Blackbourne [1658-1743], and as in some measure connected with the profession of the hero of the foregoing poem, I cannot resist the temptation of extracting it — "There is something mysterious in the history and character of Dr. Blackbourne. The former is but imperfectly known, and report has even asserted he was a buccaneer, and that one of his brethren in that profession having asked, on his arrival in England, what had become of his old chum, Blackbourne, was answered, he is Archbishop of York. We are informed, that Blackbourne

was installed sub-dean of Exeter in 1694 which office he resigned in 1707 but after his successor Lewis Barnard's death, in 1704 he regained it. In the following year he became dean and in 1714 held with it the archdeanery (or archdeaconry) of Cornwall. He was consecrated Bishop of Exeter February 4 1716 and translated to York, November 8 1724 as a result and according to court scandal for uniting George I to the Duchess of Munster. This, however appears to have been an unfounded calumny. As archbishop he behaved with great prudence and was equally respectable as the guardian of the revenues of the see. Rumour whispered he retained the vices of his youth and that a passion for the fair sex formed an item in the list of his weaknesses but so far from being convicted by seventy witnesses, he does not appear to have been directly criminated by one. In short I look upon these aspersions as the effects of mere malice. How is it possible a buccaneer should have been so good a scholar as Blackbourne certainly was? He who had so perfect a knowledge of the classics (particularly of the Greek tragedians) as to be able to read them with the same ease as he could Shakespeare must have taken great pains to acquire the learned languages and have had both leisure and good masters. But he was undoubtedly educated at Christ-church College Oxford. He is allowed to have been a pleasant man this however was turned against him by its being said he gained more hearts than souls.

[Walpole in his *Memoirs of the Reign of King George II* 1841 87 who makes himself the mouthpiece of these calumnies, says that Hayter Bishop of Norwich was a natural son of Blackbourne the jolly old Archbishop of York who had all the manners of a man of quality though he had been a Buccaneer and was a clergyman but he retained nothing of his first profession except his seraglio.]

The only voice that could soothe the passions of the savage (Alphonso III) was that of an amiable and virtuous wife the sole object of his love the voice of Donna Isabella the daughter of the Duke of Savoy and the grand-daughter of Philip II King of Spain. Her dying words sunk deep into his memory [A.D. 1606 August] his fierce spirit melted into tear and after the last embrace Alphonso retired into his chamber to bewail his irreparable loss and to meditate on the vanity of human life. —Gibbon's *Miscellaneous Works* [1831, p. 831]

[This final note was added to the Tenth Edition.]



# ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE<sup>1</sup>

Expende Annibalem —quot libras in duce summo  
Invenies

JUVENAL, [Lib iv] Sat x line 147

The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the *Senate* by the *Italians* and by the Provincials of *Gaul* his moral virtues and military talents, were loudly celebrated and those who derived any private benefit from his government announced in prophetic strains the restoration of the public felicity By this shameful abdication he protracted his life about five years in a very ambiguous state between an Emperor and an Exile till!!! —Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* two vols notes by Milman : 9,9<sup>2</sup>

## 1 [ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE

By

London Printed for J Murray Albemarle Street By W Bulmer and Co Cleveland Row St James s, 1814 —*First Proof tit e page* ]  
[The quotation from Juvenal was added in Second Proof

Produce the urn that Hannibal contains  
And weigh the mighty dust which yet remains  
AND IS THIS ALL!

I know not that this was ever done in the old world at least with regard to Hannibal but in the statistical account of Scotland I find that Sir John Paterson had the curiosity to collect and weigh the ashes of a person discovered a few years since in the parish of Eccles Wonderful to relate he found the whole did not exceed in weight one ounce and a half! AND IS THIS ALL? Alas! the *quot libras* itself is a satirical exaggeration —Gifford's *Translation of Juvenal* (ed 1817) ii 26 27

The motto Expende—Quot Libras In Duce Summo Invenies was inscribed on one side of the silver urn presented by Byron to Walter Scott in April 1815 (See *Letters* 1899 iii 414 Appendix IV)]

3 [ I send you an additional motto from Gibbon which you will find *singularly appropriate* —Letter to Murray April : 1814 *ibid* p 68 ]

pages The concluding stanzas xvii, xviii, xix, which Moore gives in a note (*Life*, p 249), were not printed in Byron's lifetime, but were first included, in a separate poem, in Murray's edition of 1831, and first appended to the Ode in the seventeen-volume edition of 1832

Although he had stipulated that the *Ode* should be published anonymously, Byron had no objection to "its being said to be mine" There was, in short, no secret about it, and notices on the whole favourable appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, April 21, in the *Examiner*, April 24 (in which Leigh Hunt combated Byron's condemnation of Buonaparte for not "dying as honour dies"), and in the *Anti-Jacobin* for May, 1814 (*Letters*, 1899, iii 73, note 3)

Byron's repeated resolutions and promises to cease writing and publishing, which sound as if they were only made to be broken, are somewhat exasperating, and if, as he pleaded in his own behalf, the occasion (of Napoleon's abdication) was *physically* irresistible, it is to be regretted that he did not *sweave* from his self-denying ordinance to better purpose The note of disillusionment and disappointment in the *Ode* is but an echo of the sentiments of the "general" Napoleon on his own "fall" is more original and more interesting "Il céda," writes Léonard Gallois (*Histoire de Napoléon d'après lui-même*, 1825, pp 546, 547), "non sans de grands combats intérieurs, et la dicta en ces termes.

'Les puissances alliées ayant proclamé que l'empereur Napoléon était le seul obstacle au rétablissement, de la paix en Europe, l'empereur Napoléon fidèle à son serment, déclare qu'il renonce, pour lui et ses héritiers, aux trônes de France et d'Italie, parce qu'il n'est aucun sacrifice personnel, même celui de la vie, qu'il ne soit prêt à faire à l'intérêt de la France

NAPOLÉON.'

# ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE

## I

Tis done—but yesterday a King !  
And armed with Kings to strive—  
And now thou art a nameless thing  
So abject—yet alive !  
Is this the man of thousand thrones  
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones  
And can he thus survive ?<sup>1</sup>  
Since he miscalled the Morning Star  
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far

1 [ I don't know—but I think / even / (an insect compared with this creature) have set my life on casts not a millionth part of this man's. But after all a crown may not be worth dying for. Yet to outlive *Lods* for this!!! Oh that Juvenal or Johnson could rise from the dead! Expende—quot libras in duce summo invenies? I knew they were light in the balance of mortality but I thought their living dust weighed more *carats*. Alas! this imperial diamond hath a flaw in it and is now hardly fit to stick in a glazier's pencil—the pen of the historian won't rate it worth a ducat. Psha! something too much of this. But I won't give him up even now though all his admirers have like the thanes fallen from him —*Journal* April 9 1814 *Letters* 1898 ii 409 ]

2 [Compare How art thou fallen from heaven O Lucifer son of the morning! —*Isaiah* xiv 1 ]

II <sup>1</sup>

Ill-minded man ! why scourge thy kind  
 Who bowed so low the knee ?  
 By gazing on thyself grown blind,  
 Thou taught'st the rest to see.  
 With might unquestioned, power to save,  
 Thine only gift hath been the grave  
 To those that worshipped thee ,  
 Nor till thy fall could mortals guess  
 Ambition's less than littleness !

## III

Thanks for that lesson it will teach  
 To after-warriors more  
 Than high Philosophy can preach,  
 And vainly preached before  
 That spell upon the minds of men <sup>2</sup>  
 Breaks never to unite again,  
 That led them to adore  
 Those Pagod things of sabre-sway,  
 With fronts of brass, and feet of clay

## IV

The triumph, and the vanity,  
 The rapture of the strife <sup>3</sup>  
 The earthquake-voice of Victory,  
 To thee the breath of life ,

1 [Stanzas II and III were added in Proof IV]

2 [A "spell" may be broken, but it is difficult to understand how, like the two halves of a seal or amulet, a broken spell can "unite again"]

3 "*Certaminis gaudia*"—the expression of Attila in his harangue to his army, previous to the battle of Chalons, given in Cassiodorus [*"Nisi ad certaminis hujus gaudia pręparasset*"—*Attilę Oratio ad Hunnos*, caput XXXIX, *Appendix ad Opera Cassiodori*, Migne, lxi., 1279]

The sword the sceptre and that sway  
Which man seemed made but to obey  
Wherewith renown was rife—  
All quelled !—Dark Spirit ! what must be  
The madness of thy memory !

v<sup>1</sup>

The Desolator desolate !  
The Victor overthrown !  
The Arbiter of others fate  
A Suppliant for his own !  
Is it some yet imperial hope  
That with such change can calmly cope ?  
Or dread of death alone ?  
To die a Prince—or live a slave—  
Thy choice is most ignobly brave !

## vi

He who of old would rend the oak  
Dreamed not of the rebound,<sup>3</sup>  
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke—  
Alone—how looked he round ?

1 [Added in Proof v]

2 [The first four lines of stanza v were quoted by Mr Miller in the House of Representatives of the United States in a debate on the Militia Draft Bill (*Weekly Messenger* Boston February 10 1815) Take warning he went on to say by this example Bonaparte split on this rock of conscription etc This would have pleased Byron who confided to his *Journal* December 3 1813 (*Letters* 1898 ii 360) that the statement that my rhymes are very popular in the United States was the first tidings that have ever sounded like *Fame* to my ears ]

3 [ Like Milo he would rend the oak but it closed again wedged his hands and now the beasts—lion bear down to the dirtiest jackal—may all tear him —*Journal* April 8 1814 *Letters* 1898 ii 408 For the story of Milo and the Oak see Valerius Maximus *Factorum Dictorumq; Memorabilium* lib ix cap xii Part II example 9 ]



Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,  
 An equal deed hast done at length,  
 And darker fate hast found  
 He sell, the forest prowlers' prey,  
 But thou must eat thy heart away !

## VII

The Roman,<sup>1</sup> when his burning heart  
 Was slaked with blood of Rome,  
 Threw down the dagger—dared depart,  
 In savage grandeur, home  
 He dared depart in utter scorn  
 Of men that such a yoke had borne,  
 Yet left him such a doom !  
 His only glory was that hour  
 Of self-upheld abandoned power

## VIII.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway  
 Had lost its quickening spell,<sup>2</sup>  
 Cast crowns for rosaries away,  
 An empire for a cell

1 Sylla [We find the germ of this stanza in the Diary of the evening before it was written "I mark this day! Napoleon Buonaparte has abdicated the throne of the world 'Excellent well' Methinks Sylla did better, for he revenged, and resigned in the height of his sway, red with the slaughter of his foes—the finest instance of glorious contempt of the rascals upon record Dioclesian did well too—Amurath not amiss, had he become aught except a dervise—Charles the Fifth but so so, but Napoleon worst of all"—*Journal*, April 9, 1814, *Letters*, 1898, II 409]

2 ["Alter '*potent* spell' to 'quickenings spell' the first (as Polonius says) 'is a vile phrase,' and means nothing, besides being commonplace and Rosa-Matildaish"—Letter to Murray, April 11, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, III 68]

A strict accountant of his beads  
 A subtle disputant on creeds  
 His dotage trifled well <sup>1</sup>  
 Yet better had he neither known  
 A bigot's shrine nor despot's throne

## IX

But thou—from thy reluctant hand  
 The thunderbolt is wrung—  
 Too late thou leav'st the high command  
 To which thy weakness clung  
 All Evil Spirit as thou art  
 It is enough to grieve the heart  
 To see thine own unstrung  
 To think that God's fair world hath been  
 The footstool of a thing so mean

## X

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him  
 Who thus can hoard his own !  
 And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb  
 And thanked him for a throne !  
 Fair Freedom ! we may hold thee dear  
 When thus thy mightiest foes their fear  
 In humblest guise have shown  
 Oh ! ne'er may tyrant leave behind  
 A brighter name to lure mankind !

<sup>1</sup> [Charles V resigned the kingdom to his son Philip circ October 1555 and the imperial crown to his brother Ferdinand August 27 1556 and entered the Jeronymite Monastery of St Justus at Placencia in Estremadura. Before his death (September 21 1558) he dressed himself in his shroud was laid in his coffin joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed as if they had been celebrating a real funeral.—Robertson's *Charles V* 1798 iv 180 o, 254.]

## XI.

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,  
 Nor written thus in vain  
 Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,  
 Or deepen every stain  
 If thou hadst died as Honour dies,  
 Some new Napoleon might arise,  
 To shame the world again  
 But who would soar the solar height,  
 To set in such a starless night ?<sup>1</sup>

## XII

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust  
 Is vile as vulgar clay , "  
 Thy scales, Mortality<sup>1</sup> are just  
 To all that pass away  
 But yet methought the living great  
 Some higher sparks should animate,  
 To dazzle and dismay  
 Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth  
 Of these, the Conquerors of the earth

XIII<sup>1</sup>

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,  
 Thy still imperial bride ,  
 How bears her breast the torturing hour ?  
 Still clings she to thy side ?  
 Must she too bend, must she too share

<sup>1</sup> *But who would rise in brightest day  
 To set without one parting ray ?—[MS]*

<sup>11</sup> *common clay —[First Proof]*

1 [Added in Proof v]

Thy late repentance, long despair  
 Thou throneless Homicide?  
 If still she loves thee, hoard that gem —  
 'Tis worth thy vanished diadem <sup>1</sup>

## XIV

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle  
 And gaze upon the sea <sup>1</sup>  
 That element may meet thy smile—  
 It ne'er was ruled by thee <sup>1</sup>  
 Or trace with thine all idle hand  
 In loitering mood upon the sand  
 That Earth is now as free <sup>1</sup>  
 That Corinth's pedagogue <sup>2</sup> hath now  
 Transferred his by word to thy brow

- <sup>1</sup> *And look aloft the sea  
 That element may meet thy smile  
 For Albion kept it free  
 But gaze not on the land for there  
 Walks crownless Power with temples bare  
 And shakes the head at thee  
 And Corinth's Pedagogue hath now — [Proof 11]*

- <sup>11</sup> *Or sit thee down upon the sand  
 And trace with thine all idle hand —  
 [A final correction made in Proof 11]*

<sup>1</sup> [Count Albert Adam de Neipperg born 1774 an officer in the Austrian Army and 1811 Austrian envoy to the Court of Stockholm was presented to Marie Louise a few days after Napoleon's abdication became her chamberlain and according to the *Nouvelle Biographie Universelle* plus tard il l'épousa. The count who is said to have been remarkably plain (he had lost an eye in a scrimmage with the French) died April 12 1829.]

— [Dionysius at Corinth was yet a king to this — *Dary* April 9. Dionysius the Younger on being for the second time banished from Syracuse retired to Corinth (B.C. 344) where he is said to have opened a school for teaching boys to read (see *Plutarch* *Timarchus* 14) but not apparently with a view to making a living by pedagogy — Grote's *History of Greece* 1872 i. 150.]

## XV.

Thou Timour ! in his captive's cage <sup>1</sup> 1  
 What thoughts will there be thine,  
 While brooding in thy prisoned rage ?  
 But one—"The world *was* mine <sup>1</sup> "  
 Unless, like he of Babylon,<sup>2</sup>  
 All sense is with thy sceptre gone,<sup>3</sup>  
 Life will not long confine  
 That spirit poured so widely forth—  
 So long obeyed—so little worth !

## XVI.

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,<sup>4</sup>  
 Wilt thou withstand the shock ?  
 And share with him, the unforgiven,  
 His vulture and his rock <sup>1</sup>  
 Foredoomed by God—by man accurst,<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Thou Timour in his captive cage.* —[*First Proof*]

<sup>11</sup> *He suffered for kind acts to men  
 Who have not seen his like again,  
 At least of kingly stock  
 Since he was good, and thou but great  
 Thou canst not quarrel with thy fate —*

[*First Proof, stanza 2*]

<sup>1</sup> The cage of Bajazet, by order of Tamerlane

[The story of the cage is said to be a fable. After the battle of Angora, July 20, 1402, Bajazet, whose escape from prison had been planned by one of his sons, was chained during the night, and placed in a kafes (*kâfess*), a Turkish word, which signifies either a cage or a grated room or bed. Hence the legend—*Hist de l'Empire Ottoman*, par J. von Hammer-Purgstall, 1836, ii 97.]

<sup>2</sup> [Presumably another instance of "careless and negligent ease"]

<sup>3</sup> ["Have you heard that Bertrand has returned to Paris with the account of Napoleon's having lost his senses? It is a *report*, but, if true, I must, like Mr Fitzgerald and Jeremiah (of lamentable memory), lay claim to prophecy"]—Letter to Murray, June 14, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, iii 95]

<sup>4</sup> Prometheus

And that last act though not thy worst  
 The very Fiend's arch mock,<sup>1</sup>  
 He in his fall preserved his pride,  
 And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!<sup>1, 2</sup>

## LVII

There was a day—there was an hour  
 While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—<sup>11</sup>  
 When that immeasurable power  
 Unsated to resign  
 Had been an act of purer fame  
 Than gathers round Marengo's name  
 And gilded thy decline,  
 Through the long twilight of all time  
 Despite some passing clouds of crime

1 And—*ere* he mortal had as proudly died —  
 [Alteration in First Proof]

11 While earth was Gallia's Gallia thine —[MS]

1 O! tis the spite of hell the fiend's arch mock  
 To lip a wanton in a secure couch  
 And to suppose her chaste!  
*Othello* act iv sc 1 lines 69, 1

[We believe there is no doubt of the truth of the anecdote here alluded to—of Napoleon's having found leisure for an unworthy amour the very evening of his arrival at Fontainebleau—*Note to Edition 1832*

A consultation of numerous lives and memoirs of Napoleon has not revealed the particulars of this unworthy amour. It is possible that Murray may have discovered the source of Byron's allusion among the papers in the possession of one of Napoleon's generals a friend of Miss Waldie<sup>1</sup> which were offered him for purchase and publication in 1815—See *Memoir of John Murray* 1891 i 279]

2 [Of Prometheus—

Unlike the offence though like would be the fate—  
 His to give life but *this* is to desolate  
 He stole from Heaven the flame for which he fell  
 Whilst *thine* be stolen from thy native Hell

— Attached to Proof v April 25 ]

## XVIII

But thou forsooth must be a King  
 And don the purple vest,  
 As if that foolish robe could wring  
 Remembrance from thy breast  
 Where is that faded garment ? where <sup>1</sup>  
 The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,  
 The star, the string, the crest ? <sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup>  
 Vain froward child of Empire ! say,  
 Are all thy playthings snatched away ?

## XIX

Where may the wearied eye repose <sup>1</sup>  
 When gazing on the Great ,  
 Where neither guilty glory glows,  
 Nor despicable state ?  
 Yes One—the first the last the best—  
 The Cincinnatus of the West,  
 Whom Envy dared not hate,  
 Bequeathed the name of Washington,  
 To make man blush there was but one ! <sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Where is that tattered —* —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *— the laurel-circled crest —* [MS]

<sup>111</sup> *Where may the eye of man repose —* [MS]

<sup>1v</sup> *Alas ! and must there be but one ! —* [MS]

<sup>1</sup> [Byron had recently become possessed of a "fine print" (by Raphael Morghen, after Gérard) of Napoleon in his imperial robes, which (see *Journal*, March 6, 1814, *Letters*, 1898, II 393, note 2) became him "as if he had been hatched in them" According to the catalogue of Morghen's works, the engraving represents "the head nearly full-face, looking to the right, crowned with laurel. He wears an enormous velvet robe embroidered with bees—hanging over it the collar and jewel of the Legion of Honour" It was no doubt this "fine print" which suggested "the star, the string [i.e. the chain of enamelled eagles], the crest"]

<sup>2</sup> ["The two stanzas which I now send you were, by some mistake, omitted in the copies of Lord Byron's spirited and poetical

Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte already published One of the  
 devils in Mr Davison's employ procured a copy of this for me  
 and I give you the chance of first discovering them to the world  
 Your obedient servant

J R

Yes ! better to have stood the storm  
 A Monarch to the last !  
 Although that heartless fireless form  
 Had crumbled in the blast  
 Than stoop to drag out Life's last years  
 The nights of terror days of tears  
 For all the splendour past  
 Then —after ages would have read  
 Thy awful death with more than dread

A lion in the conquering hour !  
 In wild defeat a hare !  
 Thy mind hath vanished with thy power  
 For Danger brought despair  
 The dreams of sceptres now depart  
 And leave thy desolated heart  
 The Capitol of care !  
 Dark Corsican tis strange to trace  
 Thy long deceit and last disgrace

*Morning Chronicle* April 7 1814 ]





# LARA

A TALE

and happier solution of the difficulty, a coalescing with Rogers, and, if possible, Moore (*Life*, 1892, p 257, *note* 2), "into a joint invasion of the public" (Letter to Moore, July 8, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, III 102) But Rogers hesitated, and Moore refused to embark on so doubtful a venture, with the result that, as late as the 31d of August, Byron thought fit to remonstrate with Murray for "advertising *Lara and Jacqueline*," and confessed to Moore that he was "still demurring and delaying and in a fuss" (*Letters*, 1899, III 115, 119) Murray knew his man, and, though he waited for Byron's formal and ostensibly reluctant word of command, "Out with Lara, since it must be" (August 5, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, III 122), he admitted (August 6, *Memoir of John Murray*, 1891, I 230) that he had "anticipated his consent," and "had done everything but actually deliver the copies of *Lara*" "The moment," he adds, "I received your letter, for for it I waited, I cut the last cord of my aerial work, and at this instant 6000 copies are sold" *Lara, a Tale, Jacqueline, a Tale*, was published on Saturday, August 6, 1814

*Jacqueline* is a somewhat insipid pastoral, betraying the influence of the Lake School, more especially Coleridge, on a belated and irresponsible disciple, and wholly out of place as contrast or foil to the melodramatic *Lara*

No sooner had the "lady," as Byron was pleased to call her, played her part as decoy, than she was discharged as *emerita* A week after publication (August 12, 1814, *Letters*, III 125) Byron told Moore that "Murray talks of divorcing Larry and Jacky—a bad sign for the authors, who will, I suppose, be divorced too Seriously, I don't care a cigar about it" The divorce was soon pronounced, and, contrary to Byron's advice (September 2, 1814, *Letters*, III 131), at least four separate editions of *Lara* were published during the autumn of 1814

The "advertisement" to *Lara and Jacqueline* contains the plain statement that "the reader may probably regard it [*Lara*] as a sequel to the *Corsair*"—an admission on the author's part which forestalls and renders nugatory any prolonged discussion on the subject It is evident that Lara is Conrad, and that Kaled, the "darkly delicate" and

mysterious page whose hand is femininely white ' is Gulnare in a transparent and temporary disguise

If the facts which the ' English Gentleman in the Greek Military Service (*Life Writings etc of Lord Byron* 1825 : 191-201) gives in detail with regard to the sources of the *Corsair* are not wholly imaginary it is possible that the original Conrad's determination to quit so horrible a mode of life and return to civilization may have suggested to Byron the possible adventures and fate of a *grand seigneur* who had played the pirate in his time and resumed his ancestral dignities only to be detected and exposed by some rival or victim of his wild and lawless youth

*Lara* was reviewed together with the *Corsair* by George Agar Ellis in the *Quarterly Review* for July 1814 vol xi p 48 and in the *Portfolio* vol xiv p 33



# LARA

## CANTO THE FIRST<sup>1</sup>



### I

THE Serfs are glad through Lara's wide domain<sup>2</sup>  
And Slavery half forgets her feudal chain

<sup>1</sup> *Lara the sequel of the Corsair* —[MS erased]

<sup>1</sup> [A revised version of the following Advertisement was prefixed to the First Edition (Printed for J. Murray, Albemarle Street, By T. Davison, Whitefriars, 1814) which was accompanied by *Jacqueline* —

The Reader—if the tale of *Lara* has the fortune to meet with one—may probably regard it as a sequel to the *Corsair*—the colouring is of a similar cast, and although the situations of the characters are changed, the stories are in some measure connected. The countenance is nearly the same—but with a different expression. To the readers' conjecture are left the name of the writer and the failure or success of his attempt—the latter are the only points upon which the author or his judges can feel interested.

The Poem of *Jacqueline* is the production of a different author and is added at the request of the writer of the former tale, whose wish and entreaty it was that it should occupy the first pages of the following volume, and he regrets that the tenacious courtesy of his friend would not permit him to place it where the judgement of the reader concurring with his own will suggest its more appropriate station.]

<sup>2</sup> The reader is apprised that the name of *Lara* being Spanish and no circumstance of local and natural description fixing the scene or hero of the poem to any country or age, the word *Serf* which could not be correctly applied to the lower classes in Spain, who

He, their unhoped, but unforgotten lord,  
 The long self-exiled Chieftain, is restored  
 There be bright faces in the busy hall,  
 Bowls on the board, and banners on the wall,  
 Far checkering o'er the pictured window, plays  
 The unwonted faggot's hospitable blaze,  
 And gay retainers gather round the hearth,  
 With tongues all loudness, and with eyes all mirth 10

## II

The Chief of Lara is returned again  
 And why had Lara crossed the bounding main?  
 Left by his Sire, too young such loss to know,<sup>4</sup>  
 Lord of himself,—that heritage of woe,  
 That fearful empire which the human breast  
 But holds to rob the heart within of rest!  
 With none to check, and few to point in time  
 The thousand paths that slope the way to crime,  
 Then, when he most required commandment, then  
 Had Lara's daring boyhood governed men ' 20  
 It skills not, boots not step by step to trace  
 His youth through all the mazes of its race,

1 *First in each folly*—*not the last in vice*—[MS erased]

were never vassals of the soil, has nevertheless been employed to designate the followers of our fictitious chieftain

[Byron, writing to Murray, July 14, 1814, says, "The name only is Spanish, the country is not Spain, but the Moon" (not "Morea," as hitherto printed)—*Letters*, 1839, iii 110 The MS is dated May 15, 1814]

3 [For the opening lines to *Lara*, see *Murray's Magazine*, January, 1887, vol 1 p 3]

4 [Compare *Childish Recollections*, lines 221-224—

"Can Rank, or e'en a Guardian's name supply  
 The love, which glistens in a Father's eye'  
 For this, can Wealth, or Title's sound atone,  
 Made, by a Parent's early loss, my own?"

Compare, too, *English Bards, etc*, lines 689-694, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i 95, 352]

Short was the course his restlessness had run  
But long enough to leave him half undone

## III

And Lara left in youth his father land  
But from the hour he waved his parting hand  
Each trace waxed fainter of his course till all  
Had nearly ceased his memory to recall  
His sire was dust his vassals could declare  
'Twas all they knew that Lara was not there 30  
Nor sent nor came he till conjecture grew  
Cold in the many anxious in the few  
His hall scarce echoes with his wonted name  
His portrait darkens in its fading frame  
Another chief consoled his destined bride<sup>11</sup>  
The young forgot him and the old had died,<sup>1</sup>  
Yet doth he live<sup>1</sup> exclaims the impatient heir  
And sighs for sables which he must not wear  
A hundred scutcheons deck with gloomy grace  
The Laras last and longest dwelling place 40  
But one is absent from the mouldering pile  
That now were welcome in that Gothic pile

## IV

He comes at last in sudden loneliness  
And whence they know not why they need not guess  
They more might marvel when the greeting's o'er  
Not that he came but came not long before

1 Short was the course the beardless wanderer run —[MS ]

11 Another chief had won — —[MS erased ]

111 His friends forgot him—and he too had died —[MS ]

1v Without one rumour to relieve his care —[MS erased ]

v That not might decorate that gloomy pile —[MS erased ]



No train is his beyond a single page,  
 Of foreign aspect, and of tender age  
 Years had rolled on, and fast they speed away  
 To those that wander as to those that stay, 50  
 But lack of tidings from another clime  
 Had lent a flagging wing to weary Time  
 They see, they recognise, yet almost deem  
 The present dubious, or the past a dream

He lives, nor yet is past his Manhood's prime,  
 Though seared by toil, and something touched by Time,  
 His faults, whate'er they were, if scarce forgot,  
 Might be untaught him by his varied lot,  
 Nor good nor ill of late were known, his name  
 Might yet uphold his patrimonial fame 60  
 His soul in youth was haughty, but his sins<sup>1</sup>  
 No more than pleasure from the stripling wins,  
 And such, if not yet hardened in their course,  
 Might be redeemed, nor ask a long remorse

## V

And they indeed were changed 'tis quickly seen,  
 Whate'er he be, 'twas not what he had been  
 That brow in furrowed lines had fixed at last,  
 And spake of passions, but of passion past  
 The pride, but not the fire, of early days,  
 Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise 70  
 A high demeanour, and a glance that took  
 Their thoughts from others by a single look,  
 And that sarcastic levity of tongue,  
 The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,

1 [The construction is harsh and obscure, but the meaning is, perhaps, that, though Lara's soul was haughty, his sins were due to nothing worse than pleasure, that they were the natural sins of youth.]

That darts in seeming playfulness around  
And makes those feel that will not own the wound  
All these seemed his and something more beneath  
Than glance could well reveal or accent breathe  
Ambition Glory Love the common aim,  
That some can conquer and that all would claim 80  
Within his breast appeared no more to strive  
Yet seemed as lately they had been alive  
And some deep feeling it were vain to trace  
At moments lightened o'er his livid face

## VI

Not much he loved long question of the past  
Nor told of wondrous wilds and deserts vast  
In those far lands where he had wandered lone  
And—as himself would have it seem—unknown  
Yet these in vain his eye could scarcely scan  
Nor glean experience from his fellow man, 90  
But what he had beheld he shunned to show  
As hardly worth a stranger's care to know  
If still more prying such inquiry grew  
His brow fell darker and his words more few

## VII

Not unrejoiced to see him once again  
Warm was his welcome to the haunts of men  
Born of high lineage linked in high command  
He mingled with the Magnates of his land  
Joined the carousals of the great and gay  
And saw them smile or sigh their hours away 100  
But still he only saw and did not share  
The common pleasure or the general care  
He did not follow what they all pursued  
With hope still baffled still to be renewed

Not shadowy Honour, nor substantial Gain,  
 Nor Beauty's preference, and the rival's pain  
 Around him some mysterious circle thrown  
 Repelled approach, and showed him still alone,  
 Upon his eye sat something of reproof,  
 That kept at least Frivolity aloof, 110  
 And things more timid that beheld him near  
 In silence gazed, or whispered mutual fear,  
 And they the wiser, friendlier few confessed  
 They deemed him better than his air expressed.

## VIII

'Twas strange in youth all action and all life,  
 Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife,  
 Woman the Field the Ocean, all that gave  
 Promise of gladness, peril of a grave,  
 In turn he tried he ransacked all below,  
 And found his recompense in joy or woe, 120  
 No tame, tame medium, for his feelings sought  
 In that intenseness an escape from thought <sup>1</sup>  
 The Tempest of his Heart in scorn had gazed  
 On that the feebler Elements hath raised,  
 The Rapture of his Heart had looked on high,  
 And asked if greater dwelt beyond the sky  
 Chained to excess, the slave of each extreme,  
 How woke he from the wildness of that dream!  
 Alas! he told not but he did awake  
 To curse the withered heart that would not break. 130

## IX

Books, for his volume heretofore was Man,  
 With eye more curious he appeared to scan,

<sup>1</sup> *Then refuge in intensity of thought — [MS]*

And oft in sudden mood, for many a day  
 From all communion he would start away  
 And then his rarely called attendants said  
 Through night's long hours would sound his hurried tread  
 O'er the dark gallery where his fathers frowned  
 In rude but antique portraiture around  
 They heard, but whispered— *that* must not be known—  
 The sound of words less earthly than his own <sup>1</sup> 140  
 Yes, they who chose might smile but some had seen  
 They scarce knew what, but more than should have been  
 Why gazed he so upon the ghastly head <sup>1</sup>  
 Which hands profane had gathered from the dead  
 That still beside his opened volume lay  
 As if to startle all save him away?  
 Why slept he not when others were at rest?  
 Why heard no music and received no guest?  
 All was not well they deemed—but where the wrong? <sup>1</sup>  
 Some knew perchance—but twere a tale too long 150  
 And such besides were too discreetly wise  
 To more than hint their knowledge in surmise,  
 But if they would—they could —around the board  
 Thus Lara's vassals prattled of their lord

1 *The sound of other voices than his own* —[MS]

1 [ The circumstance of his having at this time [1808-9] among the ornaments of his study a number of skulls highly polished and placed on light stands round the room would seem to indicate that he rather courted than shunned such gloomy associations —*L* *see* p 87 ]

[Compare—

His train but deemed the favour to page  
 Was left behind to spare his age  
 Or other if they deemed none dared  
 To mutter what he thought or heard

*Marmion* Canto III stanza 25 lines 19

## λ

It was the night and Lara's glassy stream  
 The stars are studding, each with imaged beam,  
 So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,  
 And yet they glide like Happiness away,<sup>1</sup>  
 Reflecting far and fairy-like from high  
 'The immortal lights that live along the sky 160  
 Its banks are fringed with many a goodly tree,  
 And flowers the fairest that may feast the bee,  
 Such in her chaplet infant Dian wove,  
 And Innocence would offer to her love  
 These deck the shore, the waves their channel make  
 In windings bright and mazy like the snake  
 All was so still, so soft in earth and air,  
 You scarce would start to meet a spirit there,  
 Secure that nought of evil could delight  
 'To walk in such a scene, on such a night' 170  
 It was a moment only for the good  
 So Lara deemed, nor longer there he stood,  
 But turned in silence to his castle-gate,  
 Such scene his soul no more could contemplate  
 Such scene reminded him of other days,  
 Of skies more cloudless, moons of purer blaze,  
 Of nights more soft and frequent, hearts that now  
 No no the storm may beat upon his brow,  
 Unfelt, unsparing but a night like this,  
 A night of Beauty, mocked such breast as his 180

1 [Compare—

"Sweetly shining on the eye,  
 A rivulet gliding smoothly by,  
 Which shows with what an easy tide  
 The moments of the happy glide"  
 Dyer's *Countr'y Walk* (*Poetical Works of Armstrong,*  
*Dyer, and Goun,* 1858, p 221) ]

## XI

He turned within his solitary hall  
 And his high shadow shot along the wall  
 There were the painted forms of other times <sup>1</sup>  
 'Twas all they left of virtues or of crimes,  
 Save vague tradition, and the gloomy vaults  
 That hid their dust their foibles and their faults,  
 And half a column of the pompous page  
 That speeds the specious tale from age to age  
 Where History's pen its praise or blame supplies  
 And lies like Truth and still most truly lies 190  
 He wandering mused and as the moonbeam shone  
 Through the dim lattice o'er the floor of stone  
 And the high fretted roof and saints that there  
 O'er Gothic windows knelt in pictured prayer  
 Reflected in fantastic figures grew  
 Like life but not like mortal life to view  
 His bristling locks of sable brow of gloom  
 And the wide waving of his shaken plume  
 Glanced like a spectre's attributes—and gave  
 His aspect all that terror gives the grave 200

## XII

'Twas midnight—all was slumber, the lone light  
 Dimmed in the lamp as loth to break the night  
 Hark! there be murmurs heard in Lara's hall—  
 A sound—a voice—a shriek—a fearful call!  
 A long loud shriek—and silence—did they hear  
 That frantic echo burst the sleeping ear?

<sup>1</sup> — *knelt in painted prayer* —[MS]

<sup>2</sup> *His aspect all that best becomes the grave* —[MS]

<sup>3</sup> [ He used at first though offered a bed at Annesley to return every night to Newstead to sleep alleging as a reason that he was afraid of the family pictures of the Chaworths —*Life* p 27 ]

'They heard and rose, and, tremulously brave,  
Rush where the sound invoked their aid to save,  
They come with half-lit tapers in their hands,  
And snatched in startled haste unbelted brands. 210

## XIII.

Cold as the marble where his length was laid,  
Pale as the beam that o'er his features played,  
Was Lara stretched, his half-drawn sabre near,  
Dropped it should seem in more than Nature's fear,  
Yet he was firm, or had been firm till now,  
And still Defiance knit his gathered brow,  
Though mixed with terror, senseless as he lay,  
There lived upon his lip the wish to slay,  
Some half formed threat in utterance there had died,  
Some imprecation of despairing Pride, 220  
His eye was almost sealed, but not forsook,  
Even in its trance, the gladiator's look,  
That oft awake his aspect could disclose,  
And now was fixed in horrible repose.  
They raise him bear him,—hush! he breathes, he  
speaks,  
The swarthy blush recolours in his cheeks,  
His lip resumes its red, his eye, though dim,  
Rolls wide and wild, each slowly quivering limb  
Recalls its function, but his words are strung  
In terms that seem not of his native tongue, 230  
Distinct but strange, enough they understand  
To deem them accents of another land,  
And such they were, and meant to meet an ear  
That hears him not—alas! that cannot hear!

## XIV

His page approached, and he alone appeared  
To know the import of the words they heard,

And by the changes of his cheek and brow  
 They were not such as Lara should avow  
 Nor he interpret,—yet with less surprise  
 Than those around their Chieftain's state he eyes ~40  
 But Lara's prostrate form he bent beside,  
 And in that tongue which seemed his own replied  
 And Lara heeds those tones that gently seem  
 To soothe away the horrors of his dream—  
 If dream it were that thus could overthrow  
 A breast that needed not ideal woe

## XV

Whatever his frenzy dreamed or eye beheld —  
 If yet remembered ne'er to be revealed —  
 Rests at his heart the customary morning came  
 And breathed new vigour in his shaken frame 50  
 And solace sought he none from priest nor leech  
 And soon the same in movement and in speech  
 As heretofore he filled the passing hours  
 Nor less he smiles nor more his forehead lowers  
 Than these were wont, and if the coming night  
 Appeared less welcome now to Lara's sight  
 He to his marvelling vassals showed it not  
 Whose shuddering proved *their* fear was less forgot  
 In trembling purs (alone they dared not) crawl<sup>1</sup>  
 The astonished slaves and shun the fated hall ~60  
 The waving banner and the clapping door  
 The rustling tapestry and the echoing floor  
 The long dim shadows of surrounding trees,  
 The flapping bat the night song of the breeze  
 Aught they behold or hear their thought appals  
 As evening saddens o'er the dark grey walls

1 — *also the gallery crawl* — [MS]



## XVI.

Vain thought ! that hour of ne'er untravell'd gloom  
 Came not again, or Lara could perceive  
 A seeming of forgetfulness, that made  
 His vessel more amazed nor less afraid 270  
 Had Memory vanished then with reason's record?  
 Since word, nor look, nor posture of the soul  
 Betrayed a feeling that recalled to the  
 That severed moment of becoming's darkness  
 Was it a dream? vainly the voice that spoke  
 Those strange wild accents, by the cry that broke  
 Their slumber? by the oppressed, o'erthrobbed heart  
 That ceased to beat, the look that made them start?  
 Could he who thus had suffered so forget,  
 When such as saw that suffering, chide or yet? 280  
 Or did that silence prove his memory fixed  
 Too deep for words, indelible, unnamed  
 In that corroding secrecy which gnaws  
 The heart to show the effect, but not the cause?  
 Not so in him, his breast had buried both,  
 Nor common gazers could discern the growth  
 Of thoughts that mortal lips must leave half told,  
 They choke the feeble words that would unfold

## XVII

In him inexplicably mixed appeared  
 Much to be loved and hated, sought and feared 290  
 Opinion varying o'er his hidden lot,  
 In praise or railing ne'er his name forgot  
 His silence formed a theme for others' prate—  
 They guessed—they gazed—they fain would know his fate

1 *Opinion various as his varying eye*  
*In praise or railing—never passed lightly* —[MS.]

What had he been ? what was he thus unknown  
 Who walked their world, his lineage only known ?  
 A hater of his kind ? yet some would say,  
 With them he could seem gay amidst the gay,<sup>1</sup>  
 But owned that smile if oft observed and near,  
 Waned in its mirth, and withered to a sneer, 300  
 That smile might reach his lip, but passed not by  
 Nor e'er could trace its laughter to his eye  
 Yet there was softness too in his regard  
 At times a heart as not by nature hard,  
 But once perceived his Spirit seemed to chide  
 Such weakness, as unworthy of its pride  
 And steeled itself as scorning to redeem  
 One doubt from others half withheld esteem,  
 In self inflicted penance of a breast  
 Which Tenderness might once have wrung from Rest  
 In vigilance of Grief that would compel 311  
 The soul to hate for having loved too well<sup>1</sup>

## XVIII

There was in him a vital scorn of all<sup>1</sup>  
 As if the worst had fallen which could befall  
 He stood a stranger in this breathing world  
 An erring Spirit from another hurled  
 A thing of dark imaginings that shaped  
 By choice the perils he by chance escaped  
 But scaped in vain for in their memory yet  
 His mind would half exult and half regret 30

1 — *gayest of the gay* — [MS]

ii — *an unward scorn of all* — [MS]

1 [The MS omits lines 313-382 Stanza xviii is written on a loose sheet belonging to the Murray MSS stanza xix on a sheet inserted in the MS Both stanzas must have been composed after the first draft of the poem was completed]

With more capacity for love than Earth  
 Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth  
 His early dreams of good outstripped the truth,<sup>1</sup>  
 And troubled Manhood followed baffled Youth;  
 With thought of years in phantom chase misspent,  
 And wasted powers for better purpose lent,  
 And fiery passions that had poured their wrath  
 In hurried desolation o'er his path,  
 And left the better feelings all at strife<sup>1</sup>  
 In wild reflection o'er his stormy life,                      330  
 But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,  
 He called on Nature's self to share the shame,  
 And charged all faults upon the fleshly form  
 She gave to clog the soul, and feast the worm.  
 Till he at last confounded good and ill,  
 And half mistook for fate the acts of will<sup>2</sup>  
 Too high for common selfishness, he could  
 At times resign his own for others' good,  
 But not in pity—not because he ought,  
 But in some strange perversity of thought,                      340  
 That swayed him onward with a secret pride  
 To do what few or none would do beside,  
 And this same impulse would, in tempting time,  
 Mislead his spirit equally to crime

1 *And left Reflection. loth himself to blame,  
 He called on Nature's self to share the shame.* —[MS]

2 *And half mistook for fate his wayward will* —[MS]

1 [Compare Coleridge's *Lines to a Gentleman* [William Wordsworth] (written in 1807, but not published till 1817), lines 69, 70—

“Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,  
 And genius given, and knowledge won in vain”]

2 [For Byron's belief or half-persuasion that he was predestined to evil, compare *Childe Harold*, Canto I stanza lxxxiii lines 8, 9, and *note*. Compare, too, Canto III stanza lxx lines 8 and 9, and Canto IV stanza xxxv line 6 *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii 74, 260, 354.]

So much he soared beyond or sunk beneath  
 The men with whom he felt condemned to breathe  
 And longed by good or ill to separate  
 Himself from all who shared his mortal state  
 His mind abhorring this had fixed her throne  
 Far from the world in regions of her own 350  
 Thus coldly passing all that passed below  
 His blood in temperate seeming now would flow  
 Ah ! happier if it ne'er with guilt had glowed  
 But ever in that icy smoothness flowed !  
 'Tis true, with other men their path he walked  
 And like the rest in seeming did and talked  
 Nor outraged Reason's rules by flaw nor start  
 His Madness was not of the head but heart  
 And rarely wandered in his speech, or drew  
 His thoughts so forth as to offend the view 360

## XIX

With all that chilling mystery of mien  
 And seeming gladness to remain unseen  
 He had (if twere not nature's boon) an art  
 Of fixing memory on another's heart  
 It was not love perchance—nor hate—nor aught  
 That words can image to express the thought,  
 But they who saw him did not see in vain  
 And once beheld—would ask of him again  
 And those to whom he spake remembered well  
 And on the words, however light would dwell 370  
 None knew nor how, nor why but he entwined  
 Himself perforce around the hearer's mind,<sup>1</sup>  
 There he was stamped in liking or in hate  
 If greeted once, however brief the date

<sup>1</sup> — around another's mind  
 There he was fixed — —[MS]

That friendship, pity, or aversion knew, '  
 Still there within the inmost thought he grew  
 You could not penetrate his soul, but found,  
 Despite your wonder, to your own he wound,  
 His presence haunted still, and from the breast "  
 He forced an all unwilling interest 380  
 Vain was the struggle in that mental net  
 His Spirit seemed to dare you to forget '

## XX.

There is a festival, where knights and dames,  
 And aught that wealth or lofty lineage claims,  
 Appear a high-born and a welcome guest  
 To Otho's hall came Lara with the rest  
 The long carousal shakes the illumined hall,  
 Well speeds alike the banquet and the ball,  
 And the gay dance of bounding Beauty's train  
 Links grace and harmony in happiest chain 390  
 Blest are the early hearts and gentle hands  
 That mingle there in well according bands,  
 It is a sight the careful brow might smooth,  
 And make Age smile, and dream itself to youth  
 And Youth forget such hour was past on earth,  
 So springs the exulting bosom to that mirth ' 400

## XXI

And Lara gazed on these, sedately glad,  
 His brow beheld him if his soul was sad,  
 And his glance followed fast each fluttering fair,

- 1 *That friendship, interest, aversion knew*  
*But there within your inmost* —[MS]
- 11 *Yes you might hate abhor, but from the breast*  
*He wrung an all unwilling interest—*  
*Vain was the struggle in that sightless net* —[MS]
- 111 *So springs the exulting spirit* —[MS]

Whose steps of lightness woke no echo there 400  
 He leaned against the lofty pillar nigh  
 With folded arms and long attentive eye  
 Nor marked a glance so sternly fixed on his—  
 Ill brooked high Lara scrutiny like this  
 At length he caught it—'tis a face unknown  
 But seems as searching his and his alone  
 Prying and dark a stranger's by his mien,  
 Who still till now had gazed on him unseen  
 At length encountering meets the mutual gaze  
 Of keen enquiry and of mute amaze, 410  
 On Lara's glance emotion gathering grew  
 As if distrusting that the stranger threw  
 Along the stranger's aspect fixed and stern  
 Flashed more than thence the vulgar eye could learn

## XXII

'Tis he! the stranger cried, and those that heard  
 Re echoed fast and far the whispered word  
 'Tis he! — 'Tis who? they question far and near  
 Till louder accents rung on Lara's ear,  
 So widely spread, few bosoms well could brook  
 The general marvel or that single look 420  
 But Lara stirred not changed not the surprise  
 That sprung at first to his arrested eyes  
 Seemed now subsided—neither sunk nor raised  
 Glanced his eye round, though still the stranger gazed  
 And drawing nigh exclaimed with haughty sneer  
 'Tis he!—how came he thence?—what doth he here?

## XXIII

It were too much for Lara to pass by  
 Such questions so repeated fierce and high <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *That question thus repeat 1—Thrice and high —[MS ]*

With look collected, but with accent cold,  
 More mildly firm than petulantly bold, 430  
 He turned, and met the inquisitorial tone—  
 "My name is Lara when thine own is known,  
 "Doubt not my fitting answer to requite  
 "The unlooked for courtesy of such a knight  
 "'Tis Lara!—further wouldst thou mark or ask?  
 "I shun no question, and I wear no mask"

"Thou *shunn'st* no question' Ponder—is there none  
 "Thy heart must answer, though thine ear would shun?  
 "And deem'st thou me unknown too? Gaze again!  
 "At least thy memory was not given in vain 440  
 "Oh! never canst thou cancel half her debt  
 "Eternity forbids thee to forget."  
 With slow and searching glance upon his face  
 Grew Lara's eyes, but nothing there could trace  
 They knew, or chose to know with dubious look  
 He deigned no answer, but his head he shook,  
 And half contemptuous turned to pass away,  
 But the stern stranger motioned him to stay

"A word! I charge thee stay, and answer here  
 "To one, who, wert thou noble, were thy peer, 450  
 "But as thou wast and art nay, frown not, Lord,  
 "If false, 'tis easy to disprove the word  
 "But as thou wast and art, on thee looks down,  
 "Distrusts thy smiles, but shakes not at thy frown.  
 "Art thou not he? whose deeds       "  
 "Whate'er I be,  
 "Words wild as these, accusers like to thee,

1 Art thou not he who

"

"Whate'er I be —[MS]

‘ I list no further , those with whom they weigh  
May hear the rest, nor venture to gainsay  
‘ The wondrous tale no doubt thy tongue can tell  
Which thus begins so courteously and well 460  
Let Otho cherish here his polished guest,  
To him my thanks and thoughts shall be expressed  
And here their wondering host hath interposed—  
‘ Whate er there be between you undisclosed,  
This is no time nor fitting place to mar  
‘ The mirthful meeting with a wordy war  
If thou Sir Ezzelin hast aught to show  
‘ Which it befits Count Lara s ear to know  
To-morrow here or elsewhere as may best  
Beseem your mutual judgment, speak the rest 470  
I pledge myself for thee as not unknown,  
Though like Count Lara, now returned alone  
From other lands almost a stranger grown  
And if from Lara s blood and gentle birth  
‘ I augur right of courage and of worth  
He will not that untainted line belie,  
Nor aught that Knighthood may accord, deny

To morrow be it Ezzelin replied,  
And here our several worth and truth be tried  
I gage my life my falchion to attest 480  
My words so may I mingle with the blest !  
What answers Lara ? to its centre shrunk  
His soul, in deep abstraction sudden sunk  
The words of many and the eyes of all  
That there were gathered seemed on him to fall  
But his were silent, his appeared to stray  
In far forgetfulness away—away—  
Alas ! that heedlessness of all around  
Bespoke remembrance only too profound



## XXIV

"To-morrow! aye, to-morrow!" further word<sup>1</sup> 490  
 Than those repeated none from Lara heard,  
 Upon his brow no outward passion spoke,  
 From his large eye no flashing anger broke,  
 Yet there was something fixed in that low tone,  
 Which showed resolve, determined, though unknown  
 He seized his cloak his head he slightly bowed,  
 And passing Ezzelin, he left the crowd,  
 And, as he passed him, smiling met the frown  
 With which that Chieftain's brow would bear him down  
 It was nor smile of mirth, nor struggling pride 500  
 That curbs to scorn the wrath it cannot hide,  
 But that of one in his own heart secure  
 Of all that he would do, or could endure  
 Could this mean peace? the calmness of the good?  
 Or guilt grown old in desperate hardihood?  
 Alas! too like in confidence are each,  
 For man to trust to mortal look or speech,  
 From deeds, and deeds alone, may he discern  
 Truths which it wings the unpractised heart to learn

## XXV

And Lara called his page, and went his way 510  
 Well could that stripling word or sign obey  
 His only follower from those climes afar,  
 Where the Soul glows beneath a brighter star,  
 For Lara left the shore from whence he sprung,  
 In duty patient, and sedate though young,  
 Silent as him he served, his faith appears  
 Above his station, and beyond his years

1 "To-morrow!—aye—tomorrow" these were all  
 The words from Lara's answering lip that fall —[MS]

Though not unknown the tongue of Lara's land  
In such from him he rarely heard command ,  
But fleet his step and clear his tones would come, 520  
When Lara's lip breathed forth the words of home  
Those accents as his native mountains dear  
Awake their absent echoes in his ear,<sup>1</sup>  
Friends—kindred s—parents—wonted voice recall  
Now lost abjured for one—his friend his all  
For him earth now disclosed no other guide ,  
What marvel then he rarely left his side ?

## XXVI

Light was his form, and darkly delicate  
That brow whereon his native sun had sate,  
But had not marred, though in his beams he grew 530  
The cheek where oft the unbidden blush shone through  
Yet not such blush as mounts when health would show  
All the heart's hue in that delighted glow ,  
But 'twas a hectic tint of secret care  
That for a burning moment fevered there  
And the wild sparkle of his eye seemed caught  
From high and lightened with electric thought <sup>1</sup>  
Though its black orb those long low lashes fringe  
Had tempered with a melancholy tinge  
Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there 540  
Or if 'twere grief, a grief that none should share  
And pleased not him the sports that please his age  
The tricks of Youth the frolics of the Page  
For hours on I ara he would fix his glance  
As all forgotten in that watchful trance  
And from his chief withdrawn he wandered lone  
Brief were his answers, and his questions none

1 *That brought their native echoes to his ear* —[MS]

11 *From high and quickened into life and thought* —[MS]

His walk the wood, his sport some foreign book ,  
 His resting-place the bank that curbs the brook  
 He seemed, like him he served, to live apart 550  
 From all that lures the eye, and fills the heart ,  
 To know no brotherhood, and take from earth  
 No gift beyond that bitter boon—our birth

## XXVII

If aught he loved, 'twas Lara , but was shown  
 His faith in reverence and in deeds alone ,  
 In mute attention , and his care, which guessed  
 Each wish, fulfilled it ere the tongue expressed  
 Still there was haughtiness in all he did,  
 A spirit deep that brooked not to be chid ,  
 His zeal, though more than that of servile hands,<sup>i</sup> 560  
 In act alone obeys, his air commands ,  
 As if 'twas Lara's less than *his* desire  
 That thus he served, but surely not for hire  
 Slight were the tasks enjoined him by his Lord,  
 To hold the stirrup, or to bear the sword ,  
 To tune his lute, or, if he willed it more,"  
 On tomes of other times and tongues to pore  
 But ne'er to mingle with the menial train,  
 To whom he showed nor deference nor disdain,  
 But that well-worn reserve which proved he knew 570  
 No sympathy with that familiar crew  
 His soul, whate'er his station or his stem,  
 Could bow to Lara, not descend to them  
 Of higher birth he seemed, and better days,  
 Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays,

<sup>i</sup> *Though no reluctance checked his willing hand,  
 He still obeyed as others would command —[MS ]*

<sup>ii</sup> *To tune his lute and, if none else were there,  
 To fill the cup in which himself might share —[MS ]*

So femininely white it might bespeak  
 Another sex when matched with that smooth cheek  
 But for his garb and something in his gaze,  
 More wild and high than Woman's eye betrays  
 A latent fierceness that far more became 580  
 His fiery climate than his tender frame  
 True, in his words it broke not from his breast,  
 But from his aspect might be more than guessed  
 Kaled his name though rumour said he bore  
 Another ere he left his mountain shore  
 For sometimes he would hear however nigh,  
 That name repeated loud without reply,  
 As unfamiliar—or if roused again,  
 Start to the sound as but remembered then  
 Unless 'twas Lara's wonted voice that spake 590  
 For then—ear—eyes—and heart would all awake

## XXVIII

He had looked down upon the festive hall  
 And mark'd that sudden strife so marked of all  
 And when the crowd around and near him told<sup>11</sup>  
 Their wonder at the calmness of the bold  
 Their marvel how the high born Lara bore  
 Such insult from a stranger doubly sore  
 The colour of young Kaled went and came  
 The lip of ashes and the cheek of flame  
 And o'er his brow the dampening heart-drops threw 600  
 The sickening iciness of that cold dew  
 That rises as the busy bosom sinks  
 With heavy thoughts from which Reflection shrinks  
 Yes—there be things which we must dream and dare

<sup>1</sup> *Yet still existed there though still suppress —[MS]*

<sup>11</sup> *As & when the slaves and pages round him told —[MS]*

## CANTO THE SECOND

•••

## I

NIGHT wanes the vapours round the mountains curled <sup>1</sup>  
 Melt into morn, and Light awakes the world,  
 Man has another day to swell the past,  
 And lead him near to little, but his last,  
 But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth, 650  
 The Sun is in the heavens, and Life on earth, <sup>2</sup>  
 Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,  
 Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream  
 Immortal Man <sup>1</sup> behold her glories shine,  
 And cry, exulting inly, "They are thine <sup>1</sup>"  
 Gaze on, while yet thy gladdened eye may see  
 A morrow comes when they are not for thee  
 And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,  
 Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear,  
 Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall, 660  
 Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all, <sup>3</sup>

1 [Compare—

"Now slowly melting into day,  
 Vapour and mist dissolved away"

Sotheby's *Constance de Castile*, Canto III stanza v lines 17, 18 ]

2 [Compare the last lines of Pippa's song in Browning's *Pippa Passes*—

"God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world <sup>1</sup>" ]

3 [Mr Alexander Dyce points out the resemblance between these lines and a passage in one of Pope's letters to Steele (July 15,

But creeping things shall revel in their spoil  
And fit thy clay to fertilise the soil

## II

'Tis morn—'tis noon—assembled in the hall  
The gathered Chieftains come to Otho's call  
'Tis now the promised hour that must proclaim  
The life or death of Lara's future fame  
And Ezzelin his charge may here unfold<sup>1</sup>  
And whatsoever the tale it must be told  
His faith was pledged and Lara's promise given 670  
To meet it in the eye of Man and Heaven  
Why comes he not? Such truths to be divulged,  
Methinks the accuser's rest is long indulged

## III

The hour is past and Lara too is there  
With self-confiding coldly patient air  
Why comes not Ezzelin? The hour is past  
And murmurs rise, and Otho's brows o'ercast  
I know my friend! his faith I cannot fear  
' If yet he be on earth expect him here  
The roof that held him in the valley stands 680  
Between my own and noble Lara's lands,  
My halls from such a guest had honour gained  
Nor had Sir Ezzelin his host disdained  
' But that some previous proof forbade his stay,  
And urged him to prepare against to-day,  
The word I pledged for his I pledge again  
Or will myself redeem his knighthood's stain

<sup>1</sup> *When Ezzelin* — — [Ed 1831]

1712 *Works* 1754 viii 226) The morning after my exit the  
sun will rise as bright as ever the flowers smell as sweet the plants  
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.o.

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spring as green ]



He ceased and Lara answered, " I am here  
 " To lend at thy demand a listening ear  
 " To tales of evil from a stranger's tongue, 690  
 " Whose words already might my heart have wrung,  
 " But that I deemed him scarcely less than mad,  
 " Or, at the worst, a foe ignobly bad.  
 " I know him not but me it seems he knew  
 " In lands where but I must not trifle too  
 " Produce this babbler or redeem the pledge ,  
 " Here in thy hold, and with thy falchion's edge." 1

Proud Otho on the instant, reddening, threw  
 His glove on earth, and forth his sabre flew  
 " The last alternative befits me best, 700  
 " And thus I answer for mine absent guest "

With cheek unchanging from its sallow gloom,  
 However near his own or other's tomb ,  
 With hand, whose almost careless coolness spoke  
 Its grasp well-used to deal the sabre-stroke ,  
 With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,  
 Did Lara too his willing weapon bare  
 In vain the circling Chieftains round them closed,  
 For Otho's frenzy would not be opposed ,  
 And from his lip those words of insult fell 710  
 His sword is good who can maintain them well.

## IV

Short was the conflict , furious, blindly rash,  
 Vain Otho gave his bosom to the gash  
 He bled, and fell , but not with deadly wound,  
 Stretched by a dextrous sleight along the ground.

Demand thy life !    He answered not    and then  
 From that red floor he ne'er had risen again,  
 For Lara's brow upon the moment grew  
 Almost to blackness in its demon hue ,<sup>1</sup>  
 And fiercer shook his angry falchion now                      70  
 Than when his foe's was levelled at his brow  
 Then all was stern collectedness and art,  
 Now rose the unleavened hatred of his heart  
 So little sparing to the foe he felled,<sup>4</sup>  
 That when the approaching crowd his arm withheld  
 He almost turned the thirsty point on those  
 Who thus for mercy dared to interpose ,  
 But to a moment's thought that purpose bent  
 Yet looked he on him still with eye intent  
 As if he loathed the ineffectual strife                      730  
 That left a foe, however overthrown, with life ,  
 As if to search how far the wound he gave  
 Had sent its victim onward to his grave

## v

They raised the bleeding Otho and the Leech  
 Forbade all present question sign, and speech  
 The others met within a neighbouring hall  
 And he incensed and heedless of them all<sup>11</sup>  
 The cause and conqueror in this sudden fray  
 In haughty silence slowly strode away ,  
 He backed his steed his homeward path he took    740  
 Nor cast on Otho's towers a single look

<sup>1</sup> *And turned to smite a foe already felled* —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *And he less calm—yet calmer than them all* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare *Mysteries of Udolpho* by Mrs Ann Radcliffe 1794  
<sup>11</sup> ~79 The Count then fell back into the arms of his servants  
 while Montoni held his sword over him and bade him ask his life  
 his complexion changed almost to blackness as he looked  
 upon his fallen adversary ]

## VI

But where was he ? that meteor of a night,  
Who menaced but to disappear with light  
Where was this Ezzelin ? who came and went,  
To leave no other trace of his intent  
He left the dome of Otho long ere morn,  
In darkness, yet so well the path was worn  
He could not miss it near his dwelling lay,  
But there he was not, and with coming day  
Came fast inquiry, which unfolded nought, 750  
Except the absence of the Chief it sought  
A chamber tenantless, a steed at rest,  
His host alarmed, his murmuring squires distressed  
Their search extends along, around the path,  
In dread to meet the marks of prowlers' wrath  
But none are there, and not a brake hath borne  
Nor gout of blood, nor shred of mantle torn,  
Nor fall nor struggle hath defaced the grass,  
Which still retains a mark where Murder was,  
Nor dabbling fingers left to tell the tale, 760  
The bitter print of each convulsive nail,  
When agonised hands that cease to guard,  
Wound in that pang the smoothness of the sward  
Some such had been, if here a life was reft,  
But these were not, and doubting Hope is left,  
And strange Suspicion, whispering Lara's name,  
Now daily mutters o'er his blackened fame,  
Then sudden silent when his form appeared,  
Awaits the absence of the thing it feared  
Again its wonted wondering to renew, 770  
And dye conjecture with a darker hue

## VII

Days roll along and Otho's wounds are healed  
 But not his pride and hate no more concealed  
 He was a man of power, and Lara's foe  
 The friend of all who sought to work him woe  
 And from his country's justice now demands  
 Account of Ezzelin at Lara's hands  
 Who else than Lara could have cause to fear  
 His presence? who had made him disappear  
 If not the man on whom his menaced charge 780  
 Had sate too deeply were he left at large?  
 The general rumour ignorantly loud,  
 The mystery dearest to the curious crowd  
 The seeming friendliness of him who strove  
 To win no confidence and wake no love  
 The sweeping fierceness which his soul betrayed  
 The skill with which he wielded his keen blade  
 Where had his arm unwarlike caught that art?  
 Where had that fierceness grown upon his heart?  
 For it was not the blind capricious rage<sup>1</sup> 790  
 A word can kindle and a word assuage,  
 But the deep working of a soul unmixed  
 With aught of pity where its wrath had fixed  
 Such as long power and overgorged success  
 Concentrates into all that's merciless  
 These linked with that desire which ever sways  
 Mankind the rather to condemn than praise  
 Gainst Lara gathering raised at length a storm  
 Such as himself might fear and foes would form  
 And he must answer for the absent head 800  
 Of one that haunts him still alive or dead

1 — *the blind and headlong rage* — [MS]

## VIII.

Within that land was many a malcontent,  
 Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent ,  
 That soil full many a wringing despot saw,  
 Who worked his wantonness in form of law ,  
 Long war without and frequent broil within  
 Had made a path for blood and giant sin,  
 That waited but a signal to begin  
 New havoc, such as civil discord blends,  
 Which knows no neuter, owns but foes or friends , 810  
 Fixed in his feudal fortress each was lord,  
 In word and deed obeyed, in soul abhorred.  
 Thus Lara had inherited his lands,  
 And with them pining hearts and sluggish hands ,  
 But that long absence from his native clime  
 Had left him stainless of Oppression's crime,  
 And now, diverted by his milder sway,<sup>1</sup>  
 All dread by slow degrees had worn away  
 The menials felt their usual awe alone,  
 But more for him than them that fear was grown , 820  
 They deemed him now unhappy, though at first  
 Their evil judgment augured of the worst,  
 And each long restless night, and silent mood,  
 Was traced to sickness, fed by solitude  
 And though his lonely habits threw of late  
 Gloom o'er his chamber, cheerful was his gate ,<sup>11</sup>  
 For thence the wretched ne'er unsoothed withdrew,  
 For them, at least, his soul compassion knew  
 Cold to the great, contemptuous to the high,  
 The humble passed not his unheeding eye , 830

1 *The first impressions with his milder sway  
Of a dead* —[MS]

11 *Mysterious gloom around his hall and state* —[MS]

Much he would speak not, but beneath his roof  
They found asylum oft, and ne'er reproof  
And they who watched might mark that day by day  
Some new retainers gathered to his sway  
But most of late since Ezzelin was lost  
He played the courteous lord and bounteous host  
Perchance his strife with Otho made him dread  
Some snare prepared for his obnoxious head,  
Whate'er his view his favour more obtains  
With these the people than his fellow thanes 840  
If this were policy so far 'twas sound  
The million judged but of him as they found  
From him by sterner chiefs to exile driven  
They but required a shelter and 'twas given  
By him no peasant mourned his rifled cot  
And scarce the Serf could murmur o'er his lot  
With him old Avarice found its hoard secure  
With him contempt forbore to mock the poor  
Youth present cheer and promised recompense  
Detained till all too late to part from thence 850  
To Hate he offered with the coming change  
The deep reversion of delayed revenge  
To Love, long baffled by the unequal match  
The well won charms success was sure to snatch<sup>1</sup>  
All now was ripe he waits but to proclaim  
That slavery nothing which was still a name  
The moment came the hour when Otho thought  
Secure at last the vengeance which he sought  
His summons found the destined criminal  
Begirt by thousands in his swarming hall 860  
Fresh from their feudal fetters newly riven  
Defying earth and confident of heaven

<sup>1</sup> *The Beauty which the first success would snatch* —[MS]

That morning he had freed the soil-bound slaves,  
 Who dig no land for tyrants but their graves !  
 Such is their cry some watchword for the fight  
 Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the right ,  
 Religion Freedom Vengeance what you will,  
 A word's enough to raise Mankind to kill ,<sup>1</sup>  
 Some factious phrase by cunning caught and spread,  
 That Guilt may reign and wolves and worms be fed ! 870

## IX

Throughout that clime the feudal Chiefs had gained  
 Such sway, their infant monarch hardly reigned ,  
 Now was the hour for Faction's rebel growth,  
 The Serfs contemned the one, and hated both  
 They waited but a leader, and they found  
 One to their cause inseparably bound ,  
 By circumstance compelled to plunge again,  
 In self-defence, amidst the strife of men.  
 Cut off by some mysterious fate from those  
 Whom Birth and Nature meant not for his foes, 880  
 Had Lara from that night, to him accurst,  
 Prepared to meet, but not alone, the woist  
 Some reason urged, whate'er it was, to shun  
 Inquiry into deeds at distance done ,  
 By mingling with his own the cause of all,  
 E'en if he failed, he still delayed his fall  
 The sullen calm that long his bosom kept,  
 The storm that once had spent itself and slept,  
 Roused by events that seemed foredoomed to urge  
 His gloomy fortunes to their utmost verge, 890  
 Burst forth, and made him all he once had been,  
 And is again , he only changed the scene

<sup>1</sup> *A word's enough to rouse mankind to kill  
 Some factious phrase by cunning raised and spread —[MS]*

Light care had he for life and less for fame  
 But not less fitted for the desperate game  
 He deemed himself marked out for others hate  
 And mocked at Ruin so they shared his fate  
 And cared he for the freedom of the crowd ?  
 He raised the humble but to bend the proud  
 He had hoped quiet in his sullen lair  
 But Man and Destiny beset him there 900  
 Inured to hunters he was found at bay  
 And they must kill they cannot snare the prey  
 Stern unambitious silent, he had been  
 Henceforth a calm spectator of Life's scene  
 But dragged again upon the arena stood  
 A leader not unequal to the feud  
 In voice—mien—gesture—savage nature spoke  
 And from his eye the gladiator broke

## x

What boots the oft repeated tale of strife  
 The feast of vultures and the waste of life ? 910  
 The varying fortune of each separate field  
 The fierce that vanquish and the faint that yield ?  
 The smoking ruin, and the crumbled wall ?  
 In this the struggle was the same with all  
 Save that distempered passions lent their force  
 In bitterness that banished all remorse  
 None sued for Mercy knew her cry was vain  
 The captive died upon the battle plain <sup>1</sup>  
 In either cause one rage alone possessed  
 The empire of the alternate victor's breast 920  
 And they that smote for freedom or for sway  
 Deemed few were slain while more remained to slay

1 — *up to the battle slain* — [Ed 1851]



It was too late to check the wasting brand,  
 And Desolation reaped the famished land,  
 The torch was lighted, and the flame was spread,  
 And Carnage smiled upon her daily dead

## XI

Fresh with the nerve the new-born impulse strung,  
 The first success to Lara's numbers clung  
 But that vain victory hath ruined all,  
 They form no longer to their leader's call 930  
 In blind confusion on the foe they press,  
 And think to snatch is to secure success  
 The lust of booty, and the thirst of hate,  
 Lure on the broken brigands to their fate  
 In vain he doth whate'er a chief may do,  
 To check the headlong fury of that crew,  
 In vain their stubborn ardour he would tame,  
 The hand that kindles cannot quench the flame,  
 The wary foe alone hath turned their mood,  
 And shown their rashness to that erring brood 940  
 The feigned retreat, the nightly ambuscade,  
 The daily harass, and the fight delayed,  
 The long privation of the hoped supply,  
 The tentless rest beneath the humid sky,  
 The stubborn wall that mocks the leaguer's art,  
 And palls the patience of his baffled art,  
 Of these they had not deemed the battle-day  
 They could encounter as a veteran may,  
 But more preferred the fury of the strife,<sup>1</sup>  
 And present death, to hourly suffering life 950  
 And Famine wrings, and Fever sweeps away  
 His numbers melting fast from their array,

<sup>1</sup> *But not endure the long protracted strife* —[MS erased]

Intemperate triumph fades to discontent  
And Lara's soul alone seems still unbent  
But few remain to aid his voice and hand  
And thousands dwindled to a scanty band  
Desperate, though few the last and best remained  
To mourn the discipline they late disdained  
One hope survives the frontier is not far,  
And thence they may escape from native war 960  
And bear within them to the neighbouring state  
An exile's sorrows or an outlaw's hate  
Hard is the task their father land to quit  
But harder still to perish or submit

## XII

It is resolved—they march—consenting Night  
Guides with her star their dim and torchless flight  
Already they perceive its tranquil beam  
Sleep on the surface of the barrier stream  
Already they descry—Is yon the bank?  
Away! 'tis lined with many a hostile rank 970  
Return or fly!—What glitters in the rear?  
'Tis Otho's banner—the pursuer's spear!  
Are those the shepherds' fires upon the height?  
Alas! they blaze too widely for the flight  
Cut off from hope and compassed in the toil  
Less blood perchance hath bought a richer spoil!

## XIII

A moment's pause—'tis but to breathe their band  
Or shall they onward press or here withstand?  
It matters little—if they charge the foes  
Who by their border stream their march oppose, 980  
Some few perchance may break and pass the line  
However linked to baffle such design

“The charge be ours ! to wait for their assault  
 Were fate well worthy of a coward’s halt ”  
 Forth flies each sabre, reined is every steed,  
 And the next word shall scarce outstrip the deed  
 In the next tone of Lara’s gathering breath  
 How many shall but hear the voice of Death !

## XIV

His blade is bared, in him there is an air  
 As deep, but far too tranquil for despair , 990  
 A something of indifference more than then  
 Becomes the bravest, if they feel for men  
 He turned his eye on Kaled, ever near,  
 And still too faithful to betray one fear ,  
 Perchance ’twas but the moon’s dim twilight threw  
 Along his aspect an unwonted hue  
 Of mournful paleness, whose deep tint expressed  
 The truth, and not the terror of his breast  
 This Lara marked, and laid his hand on his  
 It trembled not in such an hour as this , 1000  
 His lip was silent, scarcely beat his heart,  
 His eye alone proclaimed, “We will not part !  
 “Thy band may perish, or thy friends may flee,  
 “Farewell to Life—but not Adieu to thee !”

The word hath passed his lips, and onward driven,  
 Pours the linked band through ranks asunder riven  
 Well has each steed obeyed the arméd heel,  
 And flash the scimitars, and rings the steel ,  
 Outnumbered, not outbraved, they still oppose  
 Despair to daring, and a front to foes , 1010  
 And blood is mingled with the dashing stream,  
 Which runs all redly till the morning beam !

xv<sup>1</sup>

Commanding—aiding—animating all,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where foe appeared to press, or friend to fall  
 Cheers Lara's voice and waves or strikes his steel  
 Inspiring hope, himself had ceased to feel  
 None fled for well they knew that flight were vain,  
 But those that waver turn to smite again  
 While yet they find the firmest of the foe  
 Recoil before their leader's look and blow 100  
 Now girt with numbers now almost alone  
 He foils their ranks or re-unites his own,  
 Himself he spared not—once they seemed to fly—  
 Now was the time he waved his hand on high  
 And shook—Why sudden droops that plumed crest?  
 The shaft is sped—the arrows in his breast!  
 That fatal gesture left the unguarded side  
 And Death has stricken down yon arm of pride  
 The word of triumph fainted from his tongue  
 That hand so raised, how droopingly it hung! 1030  
 But yet the sword instinctively retains  
 Though from its fellow shrink the falling reins  
 These kaled snatches dizzy with the blow  
 And senseless bending o'er his saddle bow  
 Perceives not Lara that his anxious page  
 Beguiles his charger from the combat's rage  
 Meantime his followers charge and charge again  
 Too mixed the slayers now to heed the slain!

1 [Stanza xv was added after the completion of the first draft of the poem.]

2 [Compare—

Il s'excite il s'empresse il inspire aux soldats  
 Cet espoir genereux que lui même il n'a pas  
 Voltaire *Henriade* Chant viii lines 17 128  
*Œuvres Complètes* Paris 1831 ii 325 ]

## XVI

Day glimmers on the dying and the dead,  
 The cloven cuirass, and the helmless head,                    1040  
 'The war-horse masterless is on the earth,'<sup>1</sup>  
 And that last gasp hath burst his bloody girth,  
 And near, yet quivering with what life remained,  
 The heel that urged him and the hand that reined,  
 And some too near that rolling torrent lie,  
 Whose waters mock the lip of those that die,  
 That panting thirst which scorches in the breath  
 Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,  
 In vain impels the burning mouth to crave  
 One drop the last—to cool it for the grave,                    1050  
 With feeble and convulsive effort swept,  
 Their limbs along the crimsoned turf have crept,  
 The faint remains of life such struggles waste,  
 But yet they reach the stream, and bend to taste  
 They feel its freshness, and almost partake  
 Why pause? No further thirst have they to slake—  
 It is unquenched, and yet they feel it not,  
 It was an agony but now forgot!

## XVII

Beneath a lime, remoter from the scene,  
 Where but for him that strife had never been,                    1060  
 A breathing but devoted warrior lay  
 'Twas Lara bleeding fast from life away

<sup>1</sup> *The stiffening steed is on the dented earth* —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> *that glassy river lie* —[MS]

i [Compare—

“There lay a horse, another through the field  
 Ran masterless”

Tasso's *Jerusalem* (translated by Edward Fairfax),

Bk VII stanza cvi lines 3, 4]

His follower once and now his only guide  
Kneels kaled watchful o'er his welling side  
And with his scarf would staunch the tides that rush  
With each convulsion in a blacker gush,  
And then as his faint breathing waxes low,  
In feebler not less fatal tricklings flow  
He scarce can speak but motions him tis vain  
And merely adds another throb to pain 1070  
He clasps the hand that pang which would assuage  
And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark page  
Who nothing fears—nor feels—nor heeds—nor sees—  
Save that damp brow which rests upon his knees,  
Save that pale aspect where the eye though dim  
Held all the light that shone on earth for him

## XVIII

The foe arrives who long had searched the field  
Their triumph nought till Lara too should yield  
They would remove him but they see twere vain  
And he regards them with a calm disdain, 1080  
That rose to reconcile him with his fate  
And that escape to death from living hate  
And Otho comes and leaping from his steed  
Looks on the bleeding foe that made him bleed  
And questions of his state he answers not  
Scarce glances on him as on one forgot  
And turns to kaled —each remaining word  
They understood not if distinctly heard  
His dying tones are in that other tongue  
To which some strange remembrance wildly clung 1090  
They spake of other scenes but what—is known  
To kaled whom their meaning reached alone  
And he replied though faintly to their sound  
While gazed the rest in dumb amazement round

They seemed even then—that twain unto the last  
 To half forget the present in the past,  
 To share between themselves some separate fate,  
 Whose darkness none beside should penetrate

XIX <sup>1</sup>

Their words though faint were many from the tone  
 Their import those who heard could judge alone, 1100  
 From this, you might have deemed young Kaled's death  
 More near than Lara's by his voice and breath,  
 So sad so deep—and hesitating broke  
 The accents his scarce-moving pale lips spoke, '  
 But Lara's voice, though low, at first was clear  
 And calm, till murmuring Death gasped hoarsely near,  
 But from his visage little could we guess,  
 So unrepentant dark and passionless,"  
 Save that when struggling nearer to his last,  
 Upon that page his eye was kindly cast, 1110  
 And once, as Kaled's answering accents ceased,  
 Rose Lara's hand, and pointed to the East  
 Whether (as then the breaking Sun from high  
 Rolled back the clouds) the morrow caught his eye,  
 Or that 'twas chance or some remembered scene,  
 That raised his aim to point where such had been,  
 Scarce Kaled seemed to know, but turned away,  
 As if his heart abhorred that coming day,  
 And shrunk his glance before that morning light,  
 To look on Lara's brow where all grew night 1120  
 Yet sense seemed left, though better were its loss,  
 For when one near displayed the absolving Cross,

1        *white lips spoke* —[MS]

11       *pale—and passionless* —[MS]

1 [Stanza XIX was added after the completion of the poem The MS is extant]

And proffered to his touch the holy bead  
 Of which his parting soul might own the need  
 He looked upon it with an eye profane,  
 And smiled—Heaven pardon ! if twere with disdain  
 And Kaled though he spoke not, nor withdrew  
 From Lara's face his fixed despairing view,  
 With brow repulsive and with gesture swift  
 Flung back the hand which held the sacred gift, 1130  
 As if such but disturbed the expiring man  
 Nor seemed to know his life but *then* began—  
 That Life of Immortality secure<sup>1</sup>  
 To none save them whose faith in Christ is sure

## XX

But gasping heaved the breath that Lara drew  
 And dull the film along his dim eye grew  
 His limbs stretched fluttering and his head drooped o'er  
 The weak yet still untiring knee that bore,  
 He pressed the hand he held upon his heart—  
 It beats no more but Kaled will not part 1140  
 With the cold grasp, but feels and feels in vain  
 For that faint throb which answers not again  
 It beats ! —Away thou dreamer ! he is gone—  
 It once *was* Lara which thou look'st upon

## XXI

He gazed as if not yet had passed away  
 The haughty spirit of that humbled clay

- 1 *That Life—immortal—infinite secure*  
*To All for whom that Cross hat' made it sure —*  
 [MS First ed 1814 ]  
 or *That life immortal infinite and sure*  
*To all whose faith the eternal boon secure —[ MS ]*  
 11 *But faint the dying Lara's accents grew —[MS ]*  
 111 *He gazed as doubtful that the thing he saw*  
*Had something more to ask from Love or a lie —[ MS ]*



When Cynthia's light almost gave way to morn,  
And nearly veiled in mist her waning horn ,

him a visit whilst at supper, and who, during the space of a month or thereabouts, previous to this time, had called upon him almost daily at the apostolic palace, he took this person behind him on his mule, and proceeded to the street of the Jews, where he quitted his servant, directing him to remain there until a certain hour , when, if he did not return, he might repair to the palace The duke then seated the person in the mask behind him, and rode I know not whither , but in that night he was assassinated, and thrown into the river The servant, after having been dismissed, was also assaulted and mortally wounded , and although he was attended with great care, yet such was his situation, that he could give no intelligible account of what had befallen his master In the morning, the duke not having returned to the palace, his servants began to be alarmed , and one of them informed the pontiff of the evening excursion of his sons, and that the duke had not yet made his appearance This gave the pope no small anxiety, but he conjectured that the duke had been attracted by some courtesan to pass the night with her, and, not choosing to quit the house in open day, had waited till the following evening to return home When, however, the evening arrived, and he found himself disappointed in his expectations, he became deeply afflicted, and began to make inquiries from different persons, whom he ordered to attend him for that purpose Amongst these was a man named Giorgio Schiavoni, who, having discharged some timber from a bark in the river, had remained on board the vessel to watch it , and being interrogated whether he had seen any one thrown into the river on the night preceding, he replied, that he saw two men on foot, who came down the street, and looked diligently about to observe whether any person was passing That seeing no one, they returned, and a short time afterwards two others came, and looked around in the same manner as the former no person still appearing, they gave a sign to their companions, when a man came, mounted on a white horse, having behind him a dead body, the head and arms of which hung on one side, and the feet on the other side of the horse , the two persons on foot supporting the body, to prevent its falling They thus proceeded towards that part where the filth of the city is usually discharged into the river, and turning the horse, with his tail towards the water, the two persons took the dead body by the arms and feet, and with all their strength flung it into the river The person on horseback then asked if they had thrown it in , to which they replied, *Signor, sì* (yes, Sir) He then looked towards the river, and seeing a mantle floating on the stream, he enquired what it was that appeared black, to which they answered, it was a mantle , and one of them threw stones upon it, in consequence of which it sunk The attendants of the pontiff then enquired from Giorgio, why he had not revealed this to the governor of the city , to which he replied, that he had seen in his time a hundred dead bodies thrown into the river at the same place, without

A Serf that rose betimes to thread the wood  
 And hew the bough that bought his children's food 1 00  
 Passed by the river that divides the plain  
 Of Otho's lands and Lara's broad domain  
 He heard a tramp—a horse and horseman broke  
 From out the wood—before him was a cloak  
 Wrapt round some burthen at his saddle-bow  
 Bent was his head and hidden was his brow  
 Roused by the sudden sight at such a time  
 And some foreboding that it might be crime  
 Himself unheeded watched the stranger's course  
 Who reached the river bounded from his horse 1-10  
 And lifting thence the burthen which he bore  
 Heaved up the bank and dashed it from the shore  
 Then paused—and looked—and turned—and seemed to  
 watch  
 And still another hurried glance would snatch  
 And follow with his step the stream that flowed  
 As if even yet too much its surface showed

any inquiry being made respecting them and that he had not therefore considered it as a matter of any importance. The fishermen and seamen were then collected and ordered to search the river where on the following evening they found the body of the duke with his habit entire and thirty ducats in his purse. He was pierced with nine wounds one of which was in his throat the others in his head body and limbs. No sooner was the pontiff informed of the death of his son and that he had been thrown like filth into the river than giving way to his grief he shut himself up in a chamber and wept bitterly. The Cardinal of Segovia and other attendants on the pope went to the door and after many hours spent in persuasions and exhortations prevailed upon him to admit them. From the evening of Wednesday till the following Saturday the pope took no food nor did he sleep from Thursday morning till the same hour on the ensuing day. At length however giving way to the entreaties of his attendants he began to restrain his sorrow and to consider the injury which his own health might sustain by the further indulgence of his grief. —Roscoe's *Life and Pontificate of Leo Tenth* 1805 i 265 [See too for the original in *Burchard Diar* in Gordon's *Life of Alex VI Apperd* De Cæde Ducis Gandiæ *Append* No xlviii 16 pp 90 91]



Grief had so tamed a spirit once too proud  
Her tears were few her wailing never loud  
But furious would you tear her from the spot  
Where yet she scarce believed that he was not, 1 50  
Her eye shot forth with all the living fire  
That haunts the tigress in her whelpless ire  
But left to waste her weary moments there  
She talked all idly unto shapes of air  
Such as the busy brain of Sorrow paints  
And woos to listen to her fond complaints  
And she would sit beneath the very tree  
Where lay his drooping head upon her knee  
And in that posture where she saw him fall  
His words his looks his dying grasp recall, 1 60  
And she had shorn, but saved her raven hair  
And oft would snatch it from her bosom there  
And fold and press it gently to the ground  
As if she staunched anew some phantom's wound  
Herself would question and for him reply  
Then rising start and beckon him to fly  
From some imagined Spectre in pursuit  
Then seat her down upon some linden's root  
And hide her visage with her meagre hand  
Or trace strange characters along the sand— 1270  
This could not last—she lies by him she loved  
Her tale untold—her truth too dearly proved

1 — *some phantom wound* —[MS ]



# HEBREW MELODIES



## INTRODUCTION TO THE *HEBREW MELODIES*

ACCORDING to the Advertisement prefixed to Murray's First Edition of the *Hebrew Melodies* London 1815 (the date January 1815 was appended in 1837) the poems were written at the request of the author's friend the Hon D Kinnaird for a selection of Hebrew Melodies and have been published with the music arranged by Mr Braham and Mr Nathan

Byron's engagement to Miss Milbanke took place in September 1814 and the remainder of the year was passed in London at his chambers in the Albany. The so called *Hebrew Melodies* were probably begun in the late autumn of that year and were certainly finished at Seaham after his marriage had taken place in January-February 1815. It is a natural and pardonable conjecture that Byron took to writing sacred or at any rate scriptural verses by way of giving pleasure and doing honour to his future wife the girl who gave to song *What gold could never buy*. They were so to speak the first fruits of a seemlier muse.

It is probable that the greater number of these poems were in MS before it occurred to Byron's friend and banker the Honble Douglas James William Kinnaird (1788-1850) to make him known to Isaac Nathan (1797-1864) a youthful composer of musical farces and operatic works who had been destined by his parents for the Hebrew priesthood but had broken away and after some struggles succeeded in qualifying himself as a musician.

Byron took a fancy to Nathan and presented him with the copyright of his poetical effusions on the understanding that they were to be set to music and sung in public by John



Braham "Professional occupations" prevented Braham from fulfilling his part of the engagement, but a guinea folio (Part I) ("*Selections of Hebrew Melodies, Ancient and Modern*, with appropriate symphonies and accompaniments, by I Braham and I Nathan, the poetry written expressly for the work by the Right Honourable Lord Byron")—with an ornamental title-page designed by the architect Edward Blois (1789-1879), and dedicated to the Princess Charlotte of Wales—was published in April, 1815. A second part was issued in 1816.

The preface, part of which was reprinted (p. vi) by Nathan, in his *Fugitive Pieces and Reminiscences of Lord Byron*, London, 1829, is not without interest—

"The Hebrew Melodies are a selection from the favourite airs which are still sung in the religious ceremonies of the Jews. Some of these have, in common with all their Sacred airs, been preserved by memory and tradition alone, without the assistance of written characters. Their age and originality, therefore, must be left to conjecture. But the latitude given to the taste and genius of their performers has been the means of engrafting on the original Melodies a certain wildness and pathos, which have at length become the chief characteristics of the sacred songs of the Jews.

"Of the poetry it is necessary to speak, in order thus publicly to acknowledge the kindness with which Lord Byron has condescended to furnish the most valuable part of the work. It has been our endeavour to select such melodies as would best suit the style and sentiment of the poetry."

Moore, for whose benefit the Melodies had been rehearsed, was by no means impressed by their "wildness and pathos," and seems to have twitted Byron on the subject, or, as he puts it (*Life*, p. 276), to have taken the liberty of "laughing a little at the manner in which some of the Hebrew Melodies had been set to music." The author of *Sacred Songs* (1814) set to airs by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, etc., was a critic not to be gainsaid, but from the half-comical petulance with which he "curses" and "sun-burns" (Letters to Moore, February 22, March 8, 1815, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 179, 183) Nathan, and his "vile Ebrew nasalities," it is evident that Byron winced under Moore's "chaff."

Apart from the merits or demerits of the setting the title *Hebrew Melodies* is somewhat misleading Three love songs,

She walks in Beauty like the Night Oh ! snatched away  
in Beauty's Bloom and I saw thee weep still form part of  
the collection and in Nathan's folio (which does not con-  
tain 'A spirit passed before me') two fragments It is  
the hour when from the boughs and Francesca walks in  
the shadow of night which were afterwards incorporated  
in *Parisina* were included The *Fugitive Pieces* 189  
retain the fragments from *Parisina* and add the following  
hitherto unpublished poems I speak not I trace not, etc

They say that Hope is Happiness and the genuine but  
rejected Hebrew Melody 'In the valley of waters we wept  
on the day

It is uncertain when Murray's first edition appeared  
Byron wrote to Nathan with regard to the copyright in  
January 1815 (*Letters* 1899 iii 167), but it is unlikely that  
the volume was put on the market before Nathan's folio  
which was advertised for the first time in the *Morning  
Chronicle* April 6 1815 and it is possible that the first  
public announcement of the *Hebrew Melodies*, as a separate  
issue was made in the *Courier* June 22 1815

The *Hebrew Melodies* were reviewed in the *Christian  
Observer* August 1815 vol xiv p 54 in the *Analectic  
Magazine* October 1815 vol vi p 29 and were noticed by  
Jeffrey [The *Hebrew Melodies*, though 'obviously inferior  
to Lord Byron's other works display a skill in versification  
and a mastery in diction which would have raised an inferior  
artist to the very summit of distinction] in the *Edinburgh  
Review* December 1816 vol xxvii p 291

—



*Lily Udm + Horton*  
1 11 11



# HEBREW MELODIES

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## SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY<sup>1</sup>

### I

SHE walks in Beauty like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies

### II

One shade the more one ray the less  
Had half impaired the nameless grace

<sup>1</sup> [In a manuscript note to a letter of Byron's dated June 11 1814 Wedderburn Webster writes I *did* take him to Lady Sitwell's party He there for the first time saw his cousin the beautiful Mrs Wilmot [who had appeared in mourning with numerous spangles in her dress] When we returned to the Albany he desired Fletcher to give him a *tumbler of brandy* which he drank at once to Mrs Wilmot's health The next day he wrote some charming lines upon her She walks in beauty etc —*Letters* 1899 iii 92 note 1

Anne Beatrix daughter and co-heiress of Eusebius Horton of Catton Hall Derbyshire married Byron's second cousin Robert John Wilmot (1784-1841) son of Sir Robert Wilmot of Osmaston by Juliana second daughter of the Hon John Byron and widow of the Hon William Byron She died February 4 1871

Nathan (*Five Pieces* 1829 pp 2-3) has a note to the effect that Byron while arranging the first edition of the *Melodies* used to ask for this song and would not unfrequently join in its execution ]

Which waves in every raven tress,  
 Or softly lightens o'er her face,  
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express,  
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

## III

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
 But tell of days in goodness spent,  
 A mind at peace with all below,  
 A heart whose love is innocent <sup>1</sup>

June 12, 1814

## THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEEP <sup>1</sup>

## I.

THE Harp the Monarch Minstrel swept,  
 The King of men, the loved of Heaven <sup>1</sup>  
 Which Music hallowed while she wept  
 O'er tones her heart of hearts had given  
 Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven <sup>1</sup>  
 It softened men of iron mould,  
 It gave them virtues not their own,  
 No ear so dull, no soul so cold,  
 That felt not fired not to the tone,  
 Till David's Lyre grew mightier than his Throne <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Harp the Minstrel Monarch swept,  
 The first of men, the loved of Heaven,  
 Which Music cherished while she wept* —[MS. M.]

## II

It told the triumphs of our King  
 It wafted glory to our God,  
 It made our gladdened valleys ring  
 The cedars bow, the mountains nod,  
 Its sound aspired to Heaven and there abode<sup>1 1</sup>  
 Since then though heard on earth no more  
 Devotion and her daughter Love  
 Still bid the bursting spirit soar  
 To sounds that seem as from above  
 In dreams that days broad light can not remove

## IF THAT HIGH WORLD

## I

If that high world<sup>2</sup> which lies beyond  
 Our own, surviving Love endears

<sup>1</sup> *It told the Triumph* — —[MS M]

<sup>11</sup> *It there abode and thence it rings*  
*But ne'er on earth its sound shall be*  
*The prophets' race hath passed away*  
*And all the hallowed minstrelsy—*  
*From earth the sound and soul are fled*  
*And shall we never hear again?—[MS M erased]*

<sup>1</sup> [When Lord Byron put the copy into my hand it terminated with this line. This however did not complete the verse and I asked him to help out the melody. He replied 'Why I have sent you to Heaven—it would be difficult to go further!' My attention for a few moments was called to some other person and his Lordship whom I had hardly missed exclaimed 'Here Nathan I have brought you down again' and immediately presented me the beautiful and sublime lines which conclude the melody — *Fugiti e Peces* 1829 p 33]

<sup>2</sup> [According to Nathan the monosyllable 'if' at the beginning of the first line led to numerous attacks on the noble author's religion and in some an inference of atheism was drawn]

Needless to add in a subsequent conversation Byron repels this charge and delivers himself of some admirable if commonplace sentiments on the grand perhaps — *Fugiti e Peces* 189 pp 5 6]



If there the cherished heart be fond,  
 The eye the same, except in tears  
 How welcome those untrodden spheres !  
 How sweet this very hour to die !  
 To soar from earth and find all fears  
 Lost in thy light Eternity !

## II.

It must be so 'tis not for self  
 That we so tremble on the brink ,  
 And striving to o'erleap the gulf,  
 Yet cling to Being's severing link !  
 Oh ! in that future let us think  
 To hold each heart the heart that shares,  
 With them the immortal waters drink,  
 And soul in soul grow deathless theirs !

## THE WILD GAZELLE

## I

THE wild gazelle on Judah's hills  
 Exulting yet may bound,  
 And drink from all the living rills  
 That gush on holy ground ,  
 Its airy step and glorious eye <sup>1</sup>  
 May glance in tameless transport by—

<sup>1</sup> *breaking link* —[*Nathan*, 1815, 1829 ]

I [Compare *To Ianthe*, stanza iv lines 1, 2—

“ Oh ! let that eye, which, wild as the Gazelle's,  
 Now brightly bold or beautifully shy ”

Compare, too, *The Giaour*, lines 473, 474—

“ Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,  
 But gaze on that of the Gazelle ”

*Poetical Works*, 1899, ii 13 , *et ante*, p 108 ]

## II

A step as fleet, an eye more bright  
 Hath Judah witnessed there  
 And o'er her scenes of lost delight  
 Inhabitants more fair  
 The cedars wave on Lebanon  
 But Judah's stately maids are gone !

## III

More blest each palm that shades those plains  
 Than Israel's scattered race  
 For taking root, it there remains  
 In solitary grace  
 It cannot quit its place of birth  
 It will not live in other earth

## IV

But we must wander witheringly  
 In other lands to die  
 And where our fathers' ashes be  
 Our own may never lie  
 Our temple hath not left a stone  
 And Mockery sits on Salem's throne

## OH ! WEEP FOR THOSE

## I

Oh ! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,  
 Whose shrines are desolate whose land a dream,  
 Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell  
 Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the godless dwell !

## II

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?  
 And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?  
 And Judah's melody once more rejoice  
 The hearts that leaped before its heavenly voice?

## III

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,  
 How shall ye flee away and be at rest!  
 The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,  
 Mankind their country Israel but the grave!

## ON JORDAN'S BANKS

## I.

On Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray,  
 On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,  
 The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep  
 Yet there—even there Oh God! thy thunders sleep

## II.

There where thy finger scorched the tablet stone!  
 There—where thy shadow to thy people shone!  
 Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire  
 Thyself—none living see and not expire!

## III

Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear,  
 Sweep from his shivered hand the oppressor's spear!  
 How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod?  
 How long thy temple worshipless, Oh God?

JEPHTHA S DAUGHTER <sup>1</sup>

## I

SINCE our Country our God—Oh, my Sire  
Demand that thy Daughter expire,  
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—  
Strike the bosom that s bared for thee now <sup>1</sup>

## II

And the voice of my mourning is o er  
And the mountains behold me no more  
If the hand that I love lay me low  
There cannot be pain in the blow <sup>1</sup>

## III

And of this, oh my Father <sup>1</sup> be sure—  
That the blood of thy child is as pure  
As the blessing I beg ere it flow  
And the last thought that soothes me below

## IV      ♦

Though the virgins of Salem lament  
Be the judge and the hero unbent !  
I have won the great battle for thee  
And my Father and Country are free <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Nathan (*Fugitive Pieces* 1829 pp 11 12) seems to have tried to draw Byron into a discussion on the actual fate of Jephtha s daughter—death at her father s hand or perpetual seclusion — and that Byron had no opinion to offer. Whatever may be the absolute state of the case I am innocent of her blood she has been killed to my hands and again Well my hands are not imbrued in her blood ! ]

## V.

When this blood of thy giving hath gushed,  
 When the voice that thou lovest is hushed,  
 Let my memory still be thy pride,  
 And forget not I smiled as I died !

OH ! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM <sup>1</sup>

## I.

OH ! snatched away in beauty's bloom,  
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb ,  
     But on thy turf shall roses rear  
     Their leaves, the earliest of the year ,  
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom !

## II.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream  
     Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,"  
 And feed deep thought with many a dream,  
     And lingering pause and lightly tread ,  
 Fond wretch ! as if her step disturbed the dead !

<sup>1</sup>      *in gentle gloom* —[MS M]

<sup>11</sup>      *Shall Sorrow on the waters gaze,  
     And lost in deep remembrance dream,  
     As if her footsteps could disturb the dead* —[MS M]

<sup>1</sup> [“ In submitting the melody to his Lordship’s judgment, I once inquired in what manner they might refer to any scriptural subject he appeared for a moment affected—at last replied, ‘ Every mind must make its own references , there is scarcely one of us who could not imagine that the affliction belongs to himself, to me it certainly belongs ’ ‘ She is no more, and perhaps the only vestige of her existence is the feeling I sometimes fondly indulge ’ ”—*Fugitive Pieces*, 1829, p 30 It has been surmised that the lines contain a final reminiscence of the mysterious Thyrza ]

## III

Away ! we know that tears are vain  
 That Death nor heeds nor hears distress  
 Will this unteach us to complain ?  
 Or make one mourner weep the less ?  
 And thou—who tellst me to forget<sup>1</sup>  
 Thy looks are wan thine eyes are wet<sup>11</sup> <sup>1</sup>

[Published in the *Examiner* April 23, 1815]

## MY SOUL IS DARK

## I

My soul is dark—Oh ! quickly string<sup>2</sup>  
 The harp I yet can brook to hear  
 And let thy gentle fingers fling  
 Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear  
 If in this heart a hope be dear  
 That sound shall charm it forth again

<sup>1</sup> *E'en thou* — —[MS M]

<sup>11</sup>

IX

*Nor need I write to tell the tale  
 My pen is ere doubly weak  
 Oh what can idle words avail  
 Unless my heart could speak ?*

V

*By day or night in wail or woe  
 That heart no longer free  
 Must bear the love it cannot show  
 And silent turn for thee —[MS M]*

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Nay now pry thee weep no more ! you know  
 that tis sinful to murmur at Providence — And should  
 not that reflect on check your own my Blanche ? — Why are your  
 cheeks so wet ? Fie ! fie my child ! —*Romantic Tales* by M G  
 Lewis 1808 : 53]

<sup>2</sup> [Compare My soul is dark —Ossian Oina Morul *The  
 Works of Ossian* 1765 : 279]

If in these eyes there lurk a tear,  
 'Twill flow, and cease to burn my biam

## II.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,  
 Nor let thy notes of joy be first  
 I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,  
 Or else this heavy heart will burst ,  
 For it hath been by sorrow nursed,  
 And ached in sleepless silence long ,  
 And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,  
 And break at once—on yield to song <sup>1</sup>

## I SAW THEE WEEP

## I

I saw thee weep—the big bright tear  
 Came o'er that eye of blue, <sup>2</sup>  
 And then methought it did appear  
 A violet dropping dew  
 I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze  
 Beside thee ceased to shine ,  
 It could not match the living rays  
 That filled that glance of thine

1 [“It was generally conceived that Lord Byron's reported singularities approached on some occasions to derangement, and at one period, indeed, it was very currently asserted that his intellects were actually impaired. The report only served to amuse his Lordship. He referred to the circumstance, and declared that he would try how a *Madman* could write. seizing the pen with eagerness, he for a moment fixed his eyes in majestic wildness on vacancy, when, like a flash of inspiration, without erasing a single word, the above verses were the result.”—*Fugitive Pieces*, 1829, p. 37.]

2 [Compare the first *Sonnet to Geneva* (addressed to Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster) “Thine eye's blue tenderness”]

II

As clouds from yonder sun receive  
 A deep and mellow dye,  
 Which scarce the shade of coming eve  
 Can banish from the sky,  
 Those smiles unto the moodiest mind  
 Their own pure joy impart  
 Their sunshine leaves a glow behind  
 That lightens o'er the heart

THY DAYS ARE DONE

I

Thy days are done thy fame begun  
 Thy country's strains record  
 The triumphs of her chosen Son  
 The slaughters of his sword !  
 The deeds he did the fields he won  
 The freedom he restored !

II

Though thou art fallen, while we are free  
 Thou shalt not taste of death !  
 The generous blood that flowed from thee  
 Disdained to sink beneath  
 Within our veins its currents be  
 Thy spirit on our breath !

III

Thy name, our charging hosts along  
 Shall be the battle word !



Thy fall, the theme of choral song  
 From virgin voices poured !  
 To weep would do thy glory wrong  
 Thou shalt not be deplored

## SAUL

## I

THOU whose spell can raise the dead,  
 Bid the Prophet's form appear  
 "Samuel, raise thy buried head !  
 King, behold the phantom Seer !"  
 Earth yawned, he stood the centre of a cloud  
 Light changed its hue, retreating from his shroud<sup>1</sup>  
 Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye,  
 His hand was withered, and his veins were dry,  
 His foot, in bony whiteness, glittered there,  
 Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare,  
 From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,  
 Like caverned winds, the hollow accents came  
 Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,  
 At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke"

## II.

"Why is my sleep disquieted ?  
 Who is he that calls the dead ?  
 Is it thou, O King ? Behold,  
 Bloodless are these limbs, and cold"<sup>iii</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *He stands amidst an earthly cloud,  
 And the mist mantled o'er his floating shroud* —[MS erased]

<sup>ii</sup> *At once and scorched beneath* —[MS Copy (1, 2)]

<sup>iii</sup> *Bloodless are these bones* —[MS]

Such art mine and such shall be  
 Thine to morrow when with me  
 Ere the coming day is done  
 Such shalt thou be—such thy Son  
 Fare thee well but for a day  
 Then we mix our mouldering clay  
 Thou—thy rice he pale and low  
 Pierced by shafts of many a bow  
 And the falchion by thy side  
 To thy heart thy hand shall guide  
 Crownless—breathless—headless fall  
 Son and Sire—the house of Saul ! <sup>1</sup>

Seaham Feb 1815

## SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE

### I

WARRIORS and chiefs should the shaft or the sword  
 Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord  
 Heed not the corpse, though a King's in your path <sup>1</sup>  
 Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath !

### II

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow <sup>11</sup>  
 Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe

<sup>1</sup> *Heed not the carcass that lies in your path* —[*MS Copy* (1) ]

<sup>11</sup> — *my shield and my bow*

*Should the ranks of your kin look away from the foe* —[*MS* ]

<sup>1</sup> [ Since we have spoken of witches said Lord Byron at Cephalonia in 1830 what think you of the witch of Endor ? I have always thought this the finest and most finished witch scene that ever was written or conceived and you will be of my opinion if you consider all the circumstances and the actors in the case together with the gravity simplicity and dignity of the language —*Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron* by James Kennedy M D London 1830 p 154 ]

Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet !  
 Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet

## III

Farewell to others, but never we part,  
 Hen to my Royalty—Son of my heart !<sup>1</sup>  
 Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,  
 Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day !

Seaham, 1815

“ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER”

## I

FAME, Wisdom, Love, and Power were mine,  
 And Health and Youth possessed me,  
 My goblets blushed from every vine,  
 And lovely forms caressed me,  
 I sunned my heart in Beauty's eyes,  
 And felt my soul grow tender,  
 All Earth can give, or mortal prize,  
 Was mine of regal splendour

## II

I strive to number o'er what days "  
 Remembrance can discover,  
 Which all that Life on Earth displays  
 Would lure me to live over

<sup>1</sup> *Hen to my monarchy* —[MS]  
 Note to *Hen*—Jonathan —[Copy]

<sup>11</sup> *My father was the shepherd's son,  
 Ah were my lot as lowly  
 My earthly course had softly run* —[MS]

There rose no day there rolled no hour  
 Of pleasure unembittered <sup>1</sup>  
 And not a trapping decked my Power  
 That galled not while it glittered

III <sup>4</sup>

I he serpent of the field by art  
 And spells is won from harming  
 But that which coils around the heart  
 Oh ! who hath power of charming ?  
 It will not list to Wisdom's lore  
 Nor Music's voice can lure it  
 But there it stings for evermore  
 The soul that must endure it

Seaham 1815

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING  
CLAY

## I

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay <sup>1</sup>  
 Ah ! whither strays the immortal mind ?  
 It cannot die it cannot stay  
 But leaves its darkened dust behind  
 Then, unembodied doth it trace  
 By steps each planet's heavenly way ?

<sup>1</sup> *Ah ! what hath been but what shall be  
 The same dull scene re-creating ?  
 And all our fathers were are are  
 In erring and undoing —[MS]*

<sup>ii</sup> *When it is corroding clay is gone —[MS erased]*

<sup>iii</sup> *The stars in their eternal way —[MS L. erased]*

<sup>i</sup> [Compare *Childe Harold*! Canto I stanza lxxvii lines 8 9—

Full from the fount of Joy delicious springs  
 Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings  
*Poetical Works* 1899 ii 73 and note 16 p 93]

Or fill at once the realms of space,  
A thing of eyes, that all survey ?

## II

Eternal—boundless, undecayed,  
A thought unseen, but seeing all,  
All, all in earth, or skies displayed,<sup>1</sup>  
Shall it survey, shall it recall  
Each fainter trace that Memory holds  
So darkly of departed years,  
In one broad glance the Soul beholds,  
And all, that was, at once appears

## III.

Before Creation peopled earth,  
Its eye shall roll through chaos back,  
And where the farthest heaven had birth,  
The Spirit trace its rising track  
And where the future mars or makes,  
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,  
While Sun is quenched—or System breaks,  
Fixed in its own Eternity

## IV

Above or Love Hope Hate—or Fear,  
It lives all passionless and pure  
An age shall fleet like earthly year,  
Its years as moments shall endure  
Away—away—without a wing,  
O'er all through all—its thought shall fly,  
A nameless and eternal thing,  
Forgetting what it was to die

Senham, 1815

<sup>1</sup> *A conscious light that can pervade* —[MS erased]

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR <sup>1</sup>

## I

THE King was on his throne  
 The Satraps thronged the hall  
 A thousand bright lamps shone  
 O'er that high festival  
 A thousand cups of gold  
 In Judah deemed divine—  
 Jehovah's vessels hold  
 The godless Heathen's wine <sup>1</sup>

## II

In that same hour and hall  
 The fingers of a hand  
 Came forth against the wall  
 And wrote as if on sand  
 The fingers of a man —  
 A solitary hand  
 Along the letters ran  
 And traced them like a wand

## III

The monarch saw and shook  
 And bade no more rejoice  
 All bloodless waxed his look  
 And tremulous his voice  
 Let the men of lore appear  
 The wisest of the earth

<sup>1</sup> — *in the hall* — [Copy]

<sup>11</sup> *In Israel* — — [Copy]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare the lines entitled Belshazzar (*vide post* p. 421)  
 and *Don Juan* (Canto III. *לחן א' ל"ו*)]

And expound the words of fear,  
Which mar our royal mirth "

## IV

Chaldea's seers are good,  
But here they have no skill,  
And the unknown letters stood  
Untold and awful still  
And Babel's men of age  
Are wise and deep in lore,  
But now they were not sage,  
They saw but knew no more

## V

A captive in the land,  
A stranger and a youth,<sup>1</sup>  
He heard the King's command,  
He saw that writing's truth  
The lamps around were bright,  
The prophecy in view,  
He read it on that night,  
The morrow proved it true.

## VI

" Belshazzar's grave is made,  
His kingdom passed away,  
He, in the balance weighed,  
Is light and worthless clay,  
The shroud, his robe of state,  
His canopy the stone,  
The Mede is at his gate!  
The Persian on his throne!"

<sup>1</sup> *Oh king thy grave* —[*Copy erased*]

<sup>1</sup> [It was not in his youth, but in extreme old age, that Daniel interpreted the "writing on the wall"]

## SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS !

SUN of the sleepless ! melancholy star !  
 Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far  
 That showst the darkness thou canst not dispel  
 How like art thou to Joy remembered well !  
 So gleams the past, the light of other days  
 Which shines but warms not with its powerless rays  
 A night beam Sorrow watcheth to behold  
 Distinct but distant—clear—but oh how cold

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU  
DEEMST IT TO BE

## I

WERE my bosom as false as thou deemst it to be  
 I need not have wandered from far Galilee  
 It was but abjuring my creed to efface  
 The curse which thou say'st, is the crime of my race

## II

If the bad never triumph then God is with thee !  
 If the slave only sin—thou art spotless and free !  
 If the Exile on earth is an Outcast on high  
 Live on in thy faith—but in mine I will die

## III

I have lost for that faith more than thou canst bestow  
 As the God who permits thee to prosper doth know  
 In his hand is my heart and my hope—and in thine  
 The land and the life which for him I resign

Seaham 1815



HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE<sup>1</sup>

## I.

OH, Mariamne ! now for thee  
 The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding,  
 Revenge is lost in Agony'  
 And wild Remorse to rage succeeding "  
 Oh, Mariamne ! where art thou ?  
 Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading ""  
 Ah ! could'st thou thou would'st pardon now,  
 Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding

## II

And is she dead?—and did they dare  
 Obey my Frenzy's jealous raving? "  
 My Wrath but doomed my own despair  
 The sword that smote her 's o'er me waving.—  
 But thou art cold, my murdered Love !  
 And this dark heart is vainly craving '

- i *And what was rage is agony* —[MS *erased* ]  
*Revenge is turned* —[MS ]  
 ii *And deep Remorse* —[MS ]  
 iii *And what am I thy tyrant pleading* —[MS *erased* ]  
 iv *Thou art not dead—they could not dare*  
*Obey my jealous Frenzy's raving* —[MS ]  
 v *But yet in death my soul enslaving* —[MS *erased* ]

i [Mariamne, the wife of Herod the Great, falling under the suspicion of infidelity, was put to death by his order. Ever after, Herod was haunted by the image of the murdered Mariamne, until disorder of the mind brought on disorder of body, which led to temporary derangement. See *History of the Jews*, by H. H. Milman, 1878, pp. 236, 237. See, too, Voltaire's drama, *Mariamne*, *passim*. Nathan, wishing "to be favoured with so many lines pathetic, some playful, others martial, etc. one evening unfortunately (while absorbed for a moment in worldly affairs) requested so many *dull* lines—meaning *plaintive*." Byron instantly caught at the expression, and exclaimed, "Well, Nathan! you have at length set me an easy task," and before parting presented him with "these beautifully pathetic lines, saying, 'Here, Nathan, I think you will find these *dull* enough.'"—*Fugitive Pieces*, 1829, p. 51.]

For he who sours alone above  
And leaves my soul unworthy saving

## III

She's gone, who shared my diadem  
She sunk, with her my joys entombing  
I swept that flower from Judah's stem  
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming  
And mine's the guilt and mine the hell,  
This bosom's desolation dooming  
And I have earned those tortures well<sup>1</sup>  
Which unconsumed are still consuming!

Jan 15 1815

## ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS

## I

FROM the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome<sup>1</sup>  
I beheld thee oh Sion! when rendered to Rome<sup>11</sup>  
Twas thy last sun went down and the flames of thy fall  
Flashed back on the last glance I gave to thy wall

## II

I looked for thy temple—I looked for my home  
And forgot for a moment my bondage to come<sup>1</sup>  
I beheld but the death fire that fed on thy fane  
And the fast fettered hands that made vengeance in vain

<sup>1</sup> *Oh I have earned* — —[MS]

<sup>11</sup> — — *that looks o'er thy once holy dome* —[MS]

<sup>111</sup> — — *o'er thy once holy wall*

*I beheld thee O Sion the day of thy fall* —[MS erased]

<sup>1v</sup> *And for ot in their ruin* — —[MS erased]

## III.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed  
 Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed ,  
 While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline  
 Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine

## IV.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,  
 But I marked not the twilight beam melting away ,  
 Oh ! would that the lightning had glared in its stead,  
 And the thunderbolt burst on the Conqueror's head !

## V.

But the Gods of the Pagan shall never profane  
 The shrine where Jehovah disdained not to reign ,  
 And scattered and scorned as thy people may be,  
 Our worship, oh Father ! is only for thee

1815

# BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT DOWN AND WEPT.<sup>1</sup>

## I

WE sate down and wept by the waters<sup>2</sup>  
 Of Babel, and thought of the day

<sup>1</sup> *And the red bolt* —[MS *erased*]  
*And the thunderbolt crashed* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> [The following note, in Byron's handwriting, is prefixed to the copy in Lady Byron's handwriting —

"DEAR KINNAIRD,—Take only *one* of these marked 1 and 2 [*i.e.* 'By the Rivers,' etc , and 'By the waters,' *vide* p 404], as both are but different versions of the *same thought*—leave the choice to any important person you like

"Yours,  
 "B"]

<sup>2</sup> [Landor, in his "Dialogue between Southey and Porson"

When our foe in the hue of his slaughters  
 Made Salem's high places his prey  
 And Ye oh her desolate daughters!<sup>1</sup>  
 Were scattered all weeping away

## II

While sadly we gazed on the river  
 Which rolled on in freedom below  
 They demanded the song but oh never  
 That triumph the Stranger shall know!<sup>2</sup>  
 May this right hand be withered for ever  
 Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

## III

On the willow that harp is suspended  
 Oh Salem! its sound should be free<sup>3</sup>  
 And the hour when thy glories were ended  
 But left me that token of thee  
 And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended  
 With the voice of the Spoiler by me!

Jan 15 1813

- 1 *Our mute harps were hung on the willow  
 That grew by the stream of our foe  
 And in sadness we gazed on each billow  
 That rolled on in freedom below* —[MS erased]  
 2 *On the willow that harp still hangs miserably  
 Oh Salem its sound is as for thee* —[MS erased]

(Works 1846 : 69) attempted to throw ridicule on the opening lines of this Melody

A prey in the hue of his slaughters! This is very pathetic but not more so than the thought it suggested to me which is plainer—

We sat down and wept by the waters  
 Of Camu and thought of the day  
 When damsel would how their red garters  
 In their hurry to scamper away ]

# “BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON”

## I.

IN the valley of waters we wept on the day  
 When the host of the Stranger made Salem his prey ,  
 And our heads on our bosoms all droopingly lay,  
 And our hearts were so full of the land far away !

## II

The song they demanded in vain it lay still  
 In our souls as the wind that hath died on the hill  
 They called for the harp—but our blood they shall spill  
 Ere our right hands shall teach them one tone of their  
 skill

## III

All stringlessly hung in the willow's sad tree,  
 As dead as her dead-leaf, those mute harps must be  
 Our hands may be fettered—our tears still are free  
 For our God and our Glory and Sion, Oh *Thee* !

1815

# THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

## I

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ,  
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee

## II.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen

I like the leaves of the fore when Autumn has blown  
That host on the morrow lay withered and brown.

## 111

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill  
And their hearts but once heaved—and for ever grew still

## 13

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide  
But through it there rolled no breath of his pride  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf  
And cold as the spray of the rock, beneath the surf

## 3

And there lay the rider dismounted and pale  
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail  
And the tents were all silent—the banners alone—  
The lances unlifted—the trumpet unblown

## 41

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal  
And the might of the Gentile in no way by the sword  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord :

Schwarz *et al.* 1981c

- i And the form of his robe laye down the as it — [ MS ]  
 ii — of the cloth laye down — [ MS ]  
 iii With the robe on his back it — [ MS ]  
 iv And the wind of his robe — [ MS erased ]  
 v And the robes of his robe laye down the as it — [ MS erased ]  
 i [ Come are —

As leaves in autumn, so the leaves fell

*The Barons' Wars* by Michael Drayton. Pk. H. & Anna Linn  
Anderson & Co. 44 West 35 St.

## A SPIRIT PASSED BEFORE ME

FROM JOB.

## I

A SPIRIT passed before me I beheld  
The face of Immortality unveiled  
Deep Sleep came down on every eye save mine  
And there it stood,—all formless—but divine  
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake,  
And as my damp hair stiffened, thus it spake

## II

“Is man more just than God? Is man more pure  
Than he who deems even Seraphs insecure?  
Creatures of clay vain dwellers in the dust!  
The moth survives you, and are ye more just?  
Things of a day! you wither ere the night,  
Heedless and blind to Wisdom’s wasted light!”

POEMS 1814—1816





## POEMS 1814—1816

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### FAREWELL<sup>1</sup> IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER

#### I

FAREWELL<sup>1</sup> if ever fondest prayer  
For other's weal waived on high  
Mine will not all be lost in air  
But waft thy name beyond the sky  
I were vain to speak—to weep—to sigh  
Oh<sup>1</sup> more than tears of blood can tell  
When wrung from Guilt's expiring eye<sup>1</sup>  
Are in that word—Farewell<sup>1</sup>—Farewell<sup>1</sup>

#### 2

These lips are mute these eyes are dry  
But in my breast and in my brain  
Awake the pangs that pass not by  
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again  
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain  
Though Grief and Passion there rebel  
I only know we loved in vain—  
I only feel—Farewell<sup>1</sup>—Farewell<sup>1</sup>

[First published *Corsair* Second Edition 1814]

1 [Compare *The Corsair* Canto I stanza xv lines 480-490]

## WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

## I

WHEN we two parted  
 In silence and tears,  
 Half broken-hearted  
 To sever for years,  
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold,  
 Colder thy kiss,  
 'Truly that hour foretold'  
 Sorrow to this

## 2

The dew of the morning"  
 Sunk chill on my brow  
 It felt like the warning  
 Of what I feel now  
 Thy vows are all broken,"  
 And light is thy fame  
 I hear thy name spoken,  
 And share in its shame

## 3 "

They name thee before me,  
 A knell to mine ear,

<sup>i</sup> *Never may I behold  
 Moment like this* —[MS]

<sup>ii</sup> *The damp of the morning  
 Clung chill on my brow* —[MS erased]

<sup>iii</sup> *Thy vow hath been broken* —[MS]

<sup>iv</sup> *lies hidden*

*Our secret of sorrow—  
 And deep in my soul—  
 But deed more forbidden,  
 Our secret lies hidden,*

*But never forgot* —[Erasmus, stanza 3, MS]

A shudder comes o'er me—  
 Why wert thou so dear?  
 They know not I knew thee  
 Who knew thee too well —  
 I long long shall I rue thee,  
 Too deeply to tell

## 4

In secret we met—  
 In silence I grieve  
 That thy heart could forget  
 Thy spirit deceive  
 If I should meet thee<sup>1</sup>  
 After long years  
 How should I greet thee?—  
 With silence and tears

[First published *Poems* 1816]

[LOVE AND GOLD<sup>1</sup>]

## I

I CANNOT talk of I ove to thee  
 Though thou art young and free and fair<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *If one should meet thee  
 How should we greet thee?  
 In silence and tears —[MS]*

<sup>1</sup> [From an autograph MS in the possession of Mr Murray now for the first time printed]

The water mark of the paper on which a much tortured rough copy of these lines has been scrawled is 1809 but with this exception there is no hint as to the date of composition. An entry in the *Diary* for November 30 1813 in which Annabella (Miss Milbanke)<sup>1</sup> described as an heiress a girl of twenty a peeress that is to be etc and a letter (Byron to Miss Milbanke) dated November 29 1813 (see *Letters* 1898 ii 357 and 1899 iii 407)

There is a spell thou dost not see,  
That bids a genuine love despair

## 2

And yet that spell invites each youth,  
For thee to sigh, or seem to sigh,  
Makes falsehood wear the garb of truth,  
And Truth itself appear a lie

## 3

If ever Doubt a place possesst  
In woman's heart, 'twere wise in thine  
Admit not Love into thy breast,  
Doubt others' love, nor trust in mine

## 4

Perchance 'tis feigned, perchance sincere,  
But false or true thou canst not tell,  
So much hast thou from all to fear,  
In that unconquerable spell.

## 5

Of all the herd that throng around,  
Thy simpering or thy sighing train,  
Come tell me who to thee is bound  
By Love's or Plutus' heavier chain

## 6

In some 'tis Nature, some 'tis Art  
That bids them worship at thy shine,

in which there is more than one allusion to her would-be suitors, "your thousand and one pretendants," etc., suggest the idea that the lines were addressed to his future wife, when he first made her acquaintance in 1812 or 1813 ]

But thou deserv'st a better heart  
Than they or I can give for thine

## 7

For thee and such as thee behold  
Is Fortune painted truly—blind<sup>1</sup>  
Who doomed thee to be bought or sold  
Has proved too bounteous to be kind

## 8

Each day some tempter's crafty suit  
Would woo thee to a loveless bed  
I see thee to the altar's foot  
A decorated victim led

## 9

Adieu, dear maid<sup>1</sup> I must not speak  
Whate'er my secret thoughts may be  
Though thou art all that man can reck  
I dare not talk of Love to *thee*

STANZAS FOR MUSIC<sup>1</sup>

## I

I SPEAK not I trace not I breathe not thy name<sup>1</sup>  
There is grief in the sound there is guilt in the fame

<sup>1</sup> *I speak not—I breathe not—I write not that name —*  
[MS erased]

<sup>1</sup> [ Thou hast asked me for a song and I enclose you an experiment which has cost me something more than trouble and is therefore less likely to be worth your taking any in your proposed setting Now if it be so throw it into the fire without phrase — Letter to Moore May 4 1814 *Letters* 1899 iii 80 ]

But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart  
The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence of heart

2<sup>1</sup>

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace,  
Were those hours—can their joy or their bitterness  
cease?

We repent, we abjure, we will break from our chain,  
We will part, we will fly to—unite it again<sup>1</sup>

## 3

Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt!<sup>1</sup>  
Forgive me, adored one!—forsake, if thou wilt,  
But the heart which is thine shall expire undebased<sup>111</sup>  
And *man* shall not break it whatever *thou* mayst<sup>16</sup>

## 4

And stern to the haughty, but humble to thee,  
This soul, in its bitterest blackness, shall be<sup>1</sup>  
And our days seem as swift, and our moments more  
sweet,  
With thee by my side, than with worlds at our feet

<sup>1</sup> *We have loved—and oh, still, my adored one we love!*  
*Oh the moment is past, when that Passion might cease —*  
[MS erased]

<sup>111</sup> *The thought may be madness—the wish may be guilt —*  
[MS erased]

<sup>111</sup> { *But I cannot repent what we ne'er can recall*  
*But the heart which is thine would disdain to recall —*  
[MS erased]  
*though I feel that thou mayst —* [MS L erased]

<sup>v</sup> <sup>1</sup> *1 soul in its bitterest moments shall be,*  
*And our days run as swift—and our moments more sweet,*  
*With thee at my side, than the world at my feet —* [MS]

5<sup>1</sup>

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love  
 Shall turn me or frown shall reward or reprove  
 And the heartless may wonder at all I resign—  
 Thy lip shall reply not to them but to *mine*

May 4 1814.

[First published *Letters and Journals* 1830 : 554]

# ADDRESS INTENDED TO BE RECITED AT THE CALEDONIAN MEETING<sup>1</sup>

Who hath not glowed above the page where Fame  
 Hath fixed high Caledon's unconquered name,  
 The mountain land which spurned the Roman chain  
 And baffled back the fiery crested Dane  
 Whose bright claymore and hardihood of hand  
 No foe could tame—no tyrant could command?  
 That race is gone—but still their children breathe  
 And Glory crowns them with redoubled wreath  
 O'er Gael and Saxon mingling banners shine  
 And England<sup>1</sup> add their stubborn strength to thine

<sup>1</sup> *And there is that love which I will not forego  
 Thou hast the price which I pay for Liberty's note—*

[*MS. erased*]

<sup>11</sup> *One tear of thy sorrow one smile — —* [*MS. erased*]

<sup>1</sup> [The Caledonian Meeting at which these lines were or were intended to be recited (see *Lf* p. 254) was a meeting of subscribers to the Highland Society held annually in London in support of the [Royal] *Caledonian Asylum* for educating and supporting children of soldiers sailors and marines natives of Scotland. To soothe says the compiler of the *Report* for 1814 p. 4 by the assurance that their offspring will be reared in virtue and comfort the minds of those brave men through whose exposure to hardship and danger the independence of the Empire has been preserved is no less an act of sound policy than of gratitude.]



The blood which flowed with Wallace flows as free,  
 But now 'tis only shed for Fame and thee!  
 Oh! pass not by the northern veteran's claim,  
 But give support—the world hath given him fame!

The humbler ranks, the lowly brave, who bled  
 While cheerly following where the Mighty led<sup>1</sup>  
 Who sleep beneath the undistinguished sod  
 Where happier comrades in their triumph trod,  
 To us bequeath 'tis all their fate allows  
 The sireless offspring and the lonely spouse  
 She on high Albyn's dusky hills may raise  
 The tearful eye in melancholy gaze,  
 Or view, while shadowy auguries disclose  
 The Highland Seer's anticipated woes,  
 The bleeding phantom of each martial form  
 Dim in the cloud, or darkling in the storm,<sup>2</sup>  
 While sad, she chaunts the solitary song,  
 The soft lament for him who taries long  
 For him, whose distant relics vainly crave  
 The Coronach's wild requiem to the brave!

'Tis Heaven—not man—must charm away the woe,  
 Which bursts when Nature's feelings newly flow,

1 [As an instance of Scottish gallantry in the Peninsular War it is sufficient to cite the following list of "casualties" at the battle of Vittoria, June 21, 1813 "The battalion [the seventy-first Highland Light Infantry] suffered very severely, having had 1 field officer, 1 captain, 2 lieutenants, 6 sergeants, 1 bugler, and 78 rank and file killed, 1 field officer, 3 captains, 7 lieutenants, 13 sergeants, 2 buglers, and 255 rank and file were wounded"—*Historical Record of the 71st Highland Light Infantry*, by Lieut Henry J T Hildyard, 1876, p 91]

2 [Compare *Timora*, bk vii, "The king took his deathful spear, and struck the deeply-sounding shield Ghosts fled on every side, and rolled their gathered forms on the wind—Thrice from the winding vale arose the voices of death"—*Works of Ossian*, 1765, ii 160]

Yet Tenderness and Time may rob the tear  
 Of half its bitterness for one so dear,  
 A Nation's gratitude perchance may spread  
 A thornless pillow for the widowed head  
 May lighten well her heart's maternal care  
 And wean from Penury the soldier's heir  
 Or deem to living war worn Valour just<sup>1</sup>  
 Each wounded remnant—Albion's cherished trust—  
 Warm his decline with those endearing rays  
 Whose bounteous sunshine yet may gild his days—  
 So shall that Country—while he sinks to rest—  
 His hand hath fought for—by his heart be blest!

May 1814.

[First published *Letters and Journals* 1830 : 559]

## ELFGIAC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART

### I

THERE is a tear for all that die<sup>3</sup>  
 A mourner o'er the humblest grave  
 But nations swell the funeral cry  
 And Triumph weeps above the brave

1 [The last six lines are printed from the MS.]

[Sir P. Parker fell in August 1814 in his twenty ninth year whilst leading a party from his ship the *Menelaus* at the storming of the American camp near Baltimore. He was Byron's first cousin (his father Christopher Parker (1761-1804) married Charlotte Augusta, daughter of Admiral the Hon John Byron) but they had never met since boyhood. (See letter to Moore *Letters* 1899 iii 150 see too *Letters* i 6 note 1). The stanzas were included in *Hebrew Melodies* 1815 and in the Ninth Edition of *Childe Harold* 1818.]

3 [Compare Tasso's sonnet—

Questa Tomba non e che non morto etc  
*Rime Eroiche* Parte Seconda No 38 *Opere di*  
*Torquato Tasso* Venice 1736 vi 169]

## 2

For them is Sorrow's purest sigh  
O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent  
In vain their bones unburied lie,  
All earth becomes their monument !

## 3

A tomb is theirs on every page,  
An epitaph on every tongue  
The present hours, the future age,  
For them bewail, to them belong

## 4

For them the voice of festal mirth  
Grows hushed, *their name* the only sound ,  
While deep Remembrance pours to Worth  
The goblet's tributary round

## 5

A theme to crowds that knew them not,  
Lamented by admiring foes,  
Who would not share their glorious lot ?  
Who would not die the death they chose ?

## 6

And, gallant Parker ! thus enshrined  
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be ,  
And early valour, glowing, find  
A model in thy memory

## 7

But there are breasts that bleed with thee  
In woe, that glory cannot quell ,  
And shuddering hear of victory,  
Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell

## 8

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?  
 When cease to hear thy cherished name?  
 Time cannot teach forgetfulness,  
 While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame

## 9

Alas! for them though not for thee  
 They cannot choose but weep the more  
 Deep for the dead the grief must be  
 Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before

*October 7 1814*

[First published *Morning Chronicle* October 7 1814]

JULIAN [A FRAGMENT]<sup>1</sup>

## 1

THE Night came on the Waters—all was rest  
 On Earth—but Rage on Ocean's troubled Heart  
 The Waves arose and rolled beneath the blast  
 The Sailors gazed upon their shivered Mast  
 In that dark Hour a long loud gathered cry  
 From out the billows pierced the sable sky,  
 And borne o'er breakers reached the craggy shore—  
 The Sea roars on—that Cry is heard no more

## 2

There is no vestige in the Dawning light  
 Of those that shrieked thro' shadows of the Night  
 The Bark—the Crew—the very Wreck is gone  
 Marred—mutilated—traceless—all save one

<sup>1</sup> [From an autograph MS in the possession of Mr Murray now for the first time printed]

In him there still is Life, the Wave that dashed  
On shore the plank to which his form was lashed,  
Returned unheeding of its helpless Prey  
The lone survivor of that Yesterday  
The one of Many whom the withering Gale  
Hath left unpunished to record their Tale.  
But who shall hear it? on that barren Sand  
None comes to stretch the hospitable hand  
That shore reveals no print of human foot,  
Nor e'en the pawing of the wilder Brute,  
And niggard vegetation will not smile,  
All sunless on that solitary Isle.

## 3

The naked Stranger rose, and wrung his hair,  
And that first moment passed in silent prayer.  
Alas! the sound he sunk into Despair  
He was on Earth but what was Earth to him,  
Houseless and homeless bare both breast and limb?  
Cut off from all but Memory he curst  
His fate his folly but himself the worst  
What was his hope? he looked upon the Wave  
Despise—of all it still may be his Grave!

## 4.

He rose and with a feeble effort shaped  
His course unto the billows late escaped  
But weakness conquered—swam his dizzy glance,  
And down to Earth he sunk in silent trance  
How long his senses bore its chilling chain,  
He knew not but, recalled to Life again,  
A stranger stood beside his shivering form  
And what was he? had he too scaped the storm?

## 5

He raised young Julian      Is thy Cup so full  
 ' Of bitterness—thy Hope—thy heart so dull  
 That thou shouldst from Thee dash the Draught of Life  
 ' So late escaped the elemental strife !  
 Rise—tho these shores few aids to Life supply  
 Look upon me and know thou shalt not die  
 Thou gazest in mute wonder—more may be  
 Thy marvel when thou knowest mine and me.  
 But come—The bark that bears us hence shall find  
 Her Haven soon despite the warning Wind

## 6

He raised young Julian from the sand, and such  
 Strange power of healing dwelt within the touch  
 That his weak limbs grew light with freshened Power  
 As he had slept not fainted in that hour  
 And woke from Slumber—as the Birds awake  
 Recalled at morning from the branched brake  
 When the day's promise heralds early Spring  
 And Heaven unfolded woos their soaring wing  
 So Julian felt and gazed upon his Guide  
 With honest Wonder what might next betide

Dec 1 1814

## TO BELSHAZZAR

I<sup>1</sup>

BELSHAZZAR ! from the banquet turn  
 Nor in thy sensual fulness fall

## 1

## I

*The red light glows the massed flowers  
 Around the royal hall*

Behold ! while yet before thee burn  
 The graven words, the glowing wall,<sup>1</sup>  
 Many a despot men miscall  
 Crowned and anointed from on high,  
 But thou, the weakest, worst of all  
 Is it not written, thou must die ?<sup>2</sup>

## 2

Go ! dash the roses from thy brow  
 Grey hairs but poorly wreath with them,  
 Youth's garlands misbecome thee now,  
 More than thy very diadem,<sup>3</sup>  
 Where thou hast tarnished every gem —  
 Then throw the worthless bauble by,  
 Which, worn by thee, ev'n slaves contemn,  
 And learn like better men to die !

## 3

Oh ! early in the balance weighed,  
 And ever light of word and worth,  
 Whose soul expired ere youth decayed,  
 And left thee but a mass of earth

*And who, on earth, dare mar the mirth  
 Of that high festival ?  
 The prophet dares—before thee glows—  
 Belshazzar rise, nor dare despise  
 The writing on the wall !*

## 2

*Thy vice might raise th' avenging steel,  
 Thy meanness shield thee from the blow—  
 And they who loathe thee proudly feel —[MS]*

<sup>1</sup> *The words of God along the wall —[MS erased]  
 The word of God—the graven wall —[MS]*

<sup>11</sup> *Behold it written —[MS]*

<sup>111</sup> *thy sullied diadem —[MS]*

To see thee moves the scorner's mirth  
 But tears in Hope's averted eye  
 Lament that even thou hadst birth—  
 Unfit to govern live or die

February 12 1815  
 [First published 1831]

STANZAS FOR MUSIC<sup>1</sup>

O Lachrymarum fons tenero sacros  
 Ducentium ortus ex animo quater  
 Felix ! in imo qui scatentem  
 Pectore te pia Nympha sensit  
 GRAY'S *Poemata*

[Motto to The Tear *Poetical Works* 1898 : 49]

## I

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes  
 away,  
 When the glow of early thought declines in Feeling's dull  
 decay  
 'Tis not on Youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which  
 fades so fast<sup>1</sup>  
 But the tender bloom of heart is gone ere Youth itself be  
 past

<sup>1</sup> *'Tis not the blush alone that fades from Beauty's cheek* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> [Byron gave these verses to Moore for Mr Power of the Strand who published them with music by Sir John Stevenson I feel merry enough he wrote March 2 to send you a sad song And again March 8 1815 An event—the death of poor Dorset—and the recollection of what I once felt and ought to have felt now but could not—set me pondering and finally into the train of thought which you have in your hands A year later in another letter to Moore he says I pique myself on these lines as being the *truest* though the most melancholy I ever wrote (March 8 1816)—*Letters* 1899 in 181 183 274]



## 2

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of  
 happiness  
 Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess  
 The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in  
 vain  
 The shore to which their shivered sail shall never stretch  
 again

## 3

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like Death itself  
 comes down,  
 It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its  
 own,  
 That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,  
 And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice  
 appears

## 4

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract  
 the breast,  
 Through midnight hours that yield no more than former  
 hope of rest,  
 'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined turret wreath,<sup>1</sup>  
 All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey  
 beneath

<sup>1</sup> *As ivy o'er the mouldering wall that heavily hath crept* —[MS]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare—

“ And oft we see gay ivy's wreath  
 The tree with brilliant bloom o'erspread,  
 When, part its leaves and gaze beneath,  
 We find the hidden tree is dead ”

“ To Anna,” *The Warrior's Return, etc*, by  
 Mrs Opie, 1808, p 144 ]

## 5

Oh, could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I have been  
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanished  
scene

As springs in deserts found seem sweet all brackish  
though they be

So midst the withered waste of life those tears would flow  
to me

March 1815

[First published *Poems* 1816]

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF DORSET<sup>1</sup>

## 1

I HEARD thy fate without a tear  
Thy loss with scarce a sigh  
And yet thou wast surpassing dear  
Too loved of all to die  
I know not what hath seared my eye—  
Its tears refuse to start  
But every drop it bids me dry  
Falls dreary on my heart

## 2

Yes dull and heavy one by one  
They sink and turn to care

<sup>1</sup> [From an autograph MS in the possession of Mr Murray now for the first time printed. The MS is headed in pencil Lines written on the Death of the Duke of Dorset a College Friend of Lord Byron's who was killed by a fall from his horse while hunting. It is endorsed Bought of Markham Thorpe August 29 1844 (For Duke of Dorset see *Poetical Works* 1898 i 194 note 2 and *Letters* 1899 iii 181 note 1)]

Oh ! for the veteran hearts that were wasted  
 In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—  
 Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted  
 Had still soared with eyes fixed on Victory's sun !<sup>1</sup>

## 3

Farewell to thee, France !—but when Liberty rallies  
 Once more in thy regions, remember me then,  
 The Violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys .  
 Though withered, thy tear will unfold it again  
 Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,  
 And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice  
 There are links which must break in the chain that has  
     bound us,

*Then* turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice !

July 25, 1815    London

[First published, *Examiner*, July 30, 1815 ]

FROM THE FRENCH.<sup>1</sup>

## I

MUST thou go, my glorious Chief,  
 Severed from thy faithful few ?

- 1 *Oh for the thousands of Those who have perished  
 By elements blasted, unvanquished by man—  
 Then the hope which till now I have fearlessly cherished,  
 Had waved o'er thine eagles in Victory's van* —[MS ]

1 [“ All wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer who had been exalted from the ranks by Buonaparte. He clung to his master's knees, wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreating permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity, which could not be admitted ”—*Private Letter from Brussels* ]

Who can tell thy warrior's grief  
 Maddening o'er that long adieu?<sup>1</sup>  
 Woman's love and Friendship's zeal  
 Dear as both have been to me—<sup>2</sup>  
 What are they to all I feel  
 With a soldier's faith for thee?<sup>3</sup>

## II

Idol of the soldier's soul,<sup>4</sup>  
 First in fight but mightiest now,<sup>5</sup>  
 Many could a world control,  
 Thee alone no doom can bow  
 By thy side for years I dared  
 Death and envied those who fell  
 When their dying shout was heard  
 Blessing him they served so well<sup>6</sup>

## III

Would that I were cold with those  
 Since this hour I live to see,  
 When the doubts of coward foes  
 Scarce dare trust a man with thee  
 Dreading each should set thee free!  
 Oh! although in dungeons pent

- 1 — *At mute adieu* —[MS]  
 2 *Dear as they have seemed to me* —[MS]  
 3 *I: the faith I pledged to thee* —[MS]  
 4 *Glory lightened from thy soul*  
     *Never did I grieve till now* —[MS]  
 5 *When the hearts of coward foes* —[MS]

1 [ At Waterloo one man was seen whose left arm was shattered by a cannon ball, to wrench it off with the other and throwing it up in the air exclaimed to his comrades *Vive l'Empereur jusqu'à la mort!* There were many other instances of the like this you may however depend on as true —*Private Letter from Brussels* ]

All their chains were light to me,  
Gazing on thy soul unbent

## IV.

Would the sycophants of him  
Now so deaf to duty's prayer,<sup>1</sup>  
Were his borrowed glories dim,  
In his native darkness share?  
Were that world this hour his own,  
All thou calmly dost resign,  
Could he purchase with that throne  
Hearts like those which still are thine?<sup>11</sup>

## V.

My Chief, my King, my Friend, adieu!<sup>1</sup>  
Never did I droop before,  
Never to my Sovereign sue,  
As his foes I now implore  
All I ask is to divide  
Every peril he must brave,  
Sharing by the hero's side  
His fall—his exile and his grave<sup>111</sup>

[First published, *Poems*, 1816]

- <sup>1</sup>        *to Friendship's prayer* —[MS]  
<sup>11</sup>    'Twould not gather round his throne  
       *Half the hearts that still are thine* —[MS]  
<sup>111</sup> *Let me but partake his doom,*  
       *Be it exile or the grave*  
 or, *All I ask is to abide*  
       *All the perils he must brave,*  
       *All my hope was to divide* —[MS]  
 or, *Let me still partake his gloom,*  
       *Late his soldier, now his slave—*  
       *Grant me but to share the gloom*  
       *Of his exile or his grave* —[MS]

ODE FROM THE FRENCH<sup>1</sup>

## I

WE do not curse thee, Waterloo !  
 Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew ,  
 There twas shed, but is not sunk—  
 Rising from each gory trunk,  
 Like the water spout from ocean  
 With a strong and growing motion—  
 It soars and mingles in the air  
 With that of lost La Bédoyère—<sup>2</sup>  
 With that of him whose honoured grave  
 Contains the bravest of the brave  
 A crimson cloud it spreads and glows  
 But shall return to whence it rose  
 When tis full twill burst asunder—  
 Never yet was heard such thunder  
 As then shall shake the world with wonder—  
 Never yet was seen such lightning  
 As o'er heaven shall then be bright ning<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [These lines are said to have been done into English verse by R S — P L P R Master of the Royal Spanish Inqn etc etc — *Morn'g Chronicle* March 15 1816] The French have their *Poems* and *Odes* on the famous Battle of Waterloo as well as ourselves Nay they seem to glory in the battle as the source of great events to come We have received the following poetical version of a poem the original of which is circulating in Paris and which is ascribed (we know not with what justice) to the Muse of M de Chateaubriand If so it may be inferred that in the poet's eye a new change is at hand and he wishes to prove his secret indulgence of old principles by reference to this effusion — *Note ibid* ]

<sup>2</sup> [Charles Angelique François Huchet Comte de La Bédoyère born 1786 was in the retreat from Moscow and in 1813 distinguished himself at the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen On the return of Napoleon from Elba he was the first to bring him a regiment He was promoted and raised to the peerage but being found in Paris after its occupation by the Allied army he was tried by a court martial and suffered death August 15 1815 ]

Like the Wormwood Star foretold  
 By the sainted Seer of old,  
 Show'ring down a fiery flood,  
 Turning rivers into blood <sup>1</sup>

## II

The Chief has fallen, but not by you,  
 Vanquishers of Waterloo <sup>1</sup>  
 When the soldier citizen  
 Swayed not o'er his fellow-men—  
 Save in deeds that led them on  
 Where Glory smiled on Freedom's son  
 Who, of all the despots banded,  
 With that youthful chief competed?  
 Who could boast o'er France defeated.  
 Till lone Tyranny commanded?  
 Till, goaded by Ambition's sting,  
 The Hero sunk into the King?  
 Then he fell so perish all,  
 Who would men by man enthrall <sup>1</sup>

## III

And thou, too, of the snow-white plume <sup>1</sup>  
 Whose realm refused thee ev'n a tomb <sup>2</sup>

1 See *Rev* Chap viii v 7, etc "The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood," etc v 8, "And the second angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea and the third part of the sea became blood," etc v 10, "And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters" v 11, "And the name of the star is called *Wormwood* and the third part of the waters became *wormwood*, and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter"

2 Murat's remains are said to have been torn from the grave and burnt ["Poor dear Murat, what an end" <sup>1</sup> His white plume used to be a rallying point in battle, like Henry the Fourth's He refused a confessor and a bandage, so would neither suffer his soul

Better hadst thou still been leading  
 France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding  
 Than sold thyself to death and shame  
 For a meanly royal name  
 Such as he of Naples wears  
 Who thy blood bought title bears  
 Little didst thou deem when dashing  
     On thy war horse through the ranks  
     Like a stream which burst its banks  
 While helmets cleft and sabres clashing  
 Shone and shivered fast around thee—  
 Of the fate at last which found thee  
 Was that haughty plume laid low  
 By a slave's dishonest blow?  
 Once—as the Moon sways o'er the tide  
 It rolled in air the warrior's guide  
 Through the smoke created night  
 Of the black and sulphurous fight  
 The soldier raised his seeking eye  
 To catch that crest's ascendancy —  
 And as it onward rolling rose  
 So moved his heart upon our foes  
 There where death's brief pang was quickest  
 And the battle's wreck lay thickest  
 Strewed beneath the advancing banner  
     Of the eagle's burning crest—  
 (There with thunder clouds to fan her  
     *Who* could then her wing arrest—  
     Victory beaming from her breast ?)  
 While the broken line enlarging  
     Fell or fled along the plain

or body to be bandaged —Letter to Moore November 4 1815  
*Letters* 1899 ii 245 See too for Joachim Murat (born 1771)  
 proclaimed King of Naples and the Two Sicilies August 1808  
*ib d note 1* ]



There be sure was Murat charging !  
 There he ne'er shall charge again !

## IV

O'er glories gone the invaders march,  
 Weeps Triumph o'er each levelled arch—  
 But let Freedom rejoice,  
 With her heart in her voice ,  
 But, her hand on her sword,  
 Doubly shall she be adored ,  
 France hath twice too well been taught  
 The " moral lesson " <sup>1</sup> dearly bought  
 Her safety sits not on a throne,  
 With Capet or Napoleon !  
 But in equal rights and laws,  
 Hearts and hands in one great cause  
 Freedom, such as God hath given  
 Unto all beneath his heaven,  
 With their breath, and from their birth,  
 Though guilt would sweep it from the earth ,  
 With a fierce and lavish hand  
 Scattering nations' wealth like sand ,  
 Pouring nations' blood like water,  
 In imperial seas of slaughter !

## V

But the heart and the mind,  
 And the voice of mankind,  
 Shall arise in communion—  
 And who shall resist that proud union ?  
 The time is past when swords subdued  
 Man may die—the soul's renewed

1 [ " Write, Britain, write the moral lesson down "   
 Scott's *Field of Waterloo*, Conclusion, stanza vi line 3 ]

Even in this low world of care  
 Freedom ne'er shall want an heir  
 Millions breathe but to inherit  
 Her for ever bounding spirit—  
 When once more her hosts assemble  
 Tyrants shall believe and tremble—  
 Smile they at this idle threat?  
 Crimson tears will follow yet<sup>1</sup>

[First published *Morning Chronicle* March 15 1816]

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC

## I

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters  
 With a magic like thee  
 And like music on the waters  
 Is thy sweet voice to me  
 When as if its sound were causing  
 The charmed Ocean's pausing  
 The waves lie still and gleaming  
 And the lulled winds seem dreaming

1 [ Talking of politics as Caleb Quotem says pray look at the conclusion of my *Ode on Waterloo* written in the year 1815 and comparing it with the Duke de Berri's catastrophe in 1820 tell me if I have not as good a right to the character of *Vates* in both senses of the word as Fitzgerald and Coleridge?—

Crimson tears will follow yet

and have not they? —Letter to Murray April 24 1820

In the Preface to *The Tyrant's Downfall etc* 1814 W. L. Fitzgerald (see *English Bards etc* line 1 *Poetical Works* 1898 1 297 note 3) beg leave to refer his reader to the dates of his Napoleonic to prove his legitimate title to the prophetic meaning of *Vates* (*Cent Mag* July 1814 vol lxxxiv p 58) Coleridge claimed to have foretold the restoration of the Bourbons (see *Biographia Literaria* cap x ) ]

## 2

And the midnight Moon is weaving  
 Her bright chain o'er the deep ,  
 Whose breast is gently heaving,  
 As an infant's asleep  
 So' the spirit bows before thee,  
 To listen and adore thee ,  
 With a full but soft emotion,  
 Like the swell of Summer's ocean

March 28 [1816]

[First published, *Poems*, 1816 ]

# ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF HONOUR " <sup>1</sup>

[FROM THE FRENCH ]

## 1

STAR of the brave ! whose beam hath shed  
 Such glory o'er the quick and dead  
 Thou radiant and adored deceit !  
 Which millions rushed in arms to greet,  
 Wild meteor of immortal birth !  
 Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth ?

## 2

Souls of slain heroes formed thy rays ,  
 Eternity flashed through thy blaze ,  
 The music of thy martial sphere  
 Was fame on high and honour here ,

<sup>1</sup> [“The Friend who favoured us with the following lines, the poetical spirit of which wants no trumpet of ours, is aware that they imply more than an impartial observer of the late period might feel, and are written rather as by Frenchman than Englishman,—but certainly, neither he nor any lover of liberty can help feeling and regretting that in the latter time, at any rate, the symbol he speaks of was once more comparatively identified with the cause of Freedom”—*Examiner*, April 7, 1816 ]

And thy light broke on human eyes  
Like a Volcano of the skies

## 3

Like lava rolled thy stream of blood  
And swept down empires with its flood  
Earth rocked beneath thee to her base  
As thou didst lighten through all space  
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air  
And set while thou wert dwelling there

## 4

Before thee rose and with thee grew  
A rainbow of the loveliest hue  
Of three bright colours <sup>1</sup> each divine  
And fit for that celestial sign  
For Freedom's hand had blended them  
Like tints in an immortal gem

## 5

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes,  
One the blue depth of Seraph's eyes  
One the pure Spirit's veil of white  
Had robed in radiance of its light  
The three so mingled did beseem  
The texture of a heavenly dream

## 6

Star of the brave ! thy ray is pale  
And darkness must again prevail !  
But oh thou Rainbow of the free !  
Our tears and blood must flow for thee  
When thy bright promise fades away  
Our life is but a load of clay

1 The tricolor

## 7.

And Freedom hallows with her tread  
 The silent cities of the dead,  
 For beautiful in death are they  
 Who proudly fall in her array,  
 And soon, oh, Goddess ! may we be  
 For evermore with them or thee !

[First published, *Examiner*, April 7, 1816]

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

## I

THEY say that Hope is happiness,  
 But genuine Love must prize the past,  
 And Memory wakes the thoughts that bless  
 They rose the first they set the last,

## II

And all that Memory loves the most  
 Was once our only Hope to be,  
 And all that Hope adored and lost  
 Hath melted into Memory

## III

Alas ! it is delusion all  
 The future cheats us from afar,  
 Nor can we be what we recall,  
 Nor dare we think on what we are.

[First published, *Fugitive Pieces*, 1829]

# THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

Guns Trumpets Blunderbusses Drums and Thunder

Pope *Sat* 1 26<sup>1</sup>

1 [ With Gun Drum Trumpet Blunderbuss and Thunder ]



## INTRODUCTION TO *THE SIEGE OF CORINTH*

IN a note to the Advertisement to the *Siege of Corinth* (*vide post* p. 447) Byron puts it on record that during the years 1809-10 he had crossed the Isthmus of Corinth eight times and in a letter to his mother dated 14<sup>th</sup> July 30 1810 he alludes to a recent visit to the town of Corinth in company with his friend Lord Sligo (See too his letter to Coleridge dated October 7 1815, *Letters* 1899 III 8). It is probable that he revisited Corinth more than once in the autumn of 1810 and we may infer that just as the place and its surroundings—the temple with its two or three columns” (line 497) and the view across the bay from Acro Corinth—are sketched from memory so the story of the siege which took place in 1715 is based upon tales and legends which were preserved and repeated by the grand children of the besieged and were taken down from their lips. There is point and meaning in the apparently insignificant line (stanza xxiv line 765) “We have heard the hearers say” (see *arrint* I p. 483) which is slipped into the description of the final catastrophe. It bears witness to the fact that the *Siege of Corinth* is not a poetical expansion of a chapter in history but a heightened reminiscence of local tradition.

History has indeed very little to say on the subject. The anonymous *Complete History of the Turks* (London 1719) which Byron quotes as an authority is meagre and inaccurate. Hammer Purlstall (*Histoire de l'Empire Ottoman*, 1839 xiii 69) who gives as his authorities Girolamo Ferrari and Raschid dismisses the siege in a few lines and it was not till the publication of Finlay's *History of Greece*



(vol v, A D 1453-1821), in 1856, that the facts were known or reported. Finlay's newly discovered authority was a then unpublished MS of a journal kept by Benjamin Brue, a connection of Voltaire's, who accompanied the Grand Vizier, Ali Cumurğı, as his interpreter, on the expedition into the Morea. According to Brue (*Journal de la Campagne en 1715* Paris, 1870, p 18), the siege began on June 28, 1715. A peremptory demand on the part of the Grand Vizier to surrender at discretion was answered by the Venetian provveditor-general, Giacomo Minetto, with calm but assured defiance ("Your menaces are useless, for we are prepared to resist all your attacks, and, with confidence in the assistance of God, we will preserve this fortress to the most serene Republic. God is with us"). Nevertheless, the Turks made good their threat, and on the 2nd of July the fortress capitulated. On the following day at noon, whilst a party of Janissaries, contrary to order, were looting and pillaging in all directions, the fortress was seen to be enveloped in smoke. How or why the explosion happened was never discovered, but the result was that some of the pillaging Janissaries perished, and that others, to avenge their death, which they attributed to Venetian treachery, put the garrison to the sword. It was believed at the time that Minetto was among the slain, but, as Brue afterwards discovered, he was secretly conveyed to Smyrna, and ultimately ransomed by the Dutch Consul.

The late Professor Kolbing (*Siege of Corinth*, 1893, p xxvii), in commenting on the sources of the poem, suggests, under reserve, that Byron may have derived the incident of Minetto's self-immolation from an historic source—the siege of Zsigetvar, in 1566, when a multitude of Turks perished from the explosion of a powder magazine which had been fired at the cost of his own life by the Hungarian commander Zrínyi.

It is, at least, equally probable that local patriotism was, in the first instance, responsible for the poetic colouring, and that Byron supplemented the meagre and uninteresting historic details which were at his disposal by "intimate knowledge" of the Corinthian version of the siege. (See *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Right Hon Lord Byron*,

London 1827, p. 22. and *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lord Byron*, by George Clinton London 1825 p. 284.)

It has been generally held that the *Siege of Corinth* was written in the second half of 1815 (Kolbing's *Siege of Corinth* p. vii) 'It appears' says John Wright (*Works* 1832 x 100) by the original MS, to have been begun in July 1815 and Moore (*Life*, p. 307) who probably relied on the same authority speaks of both the *Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina* having been produced but a short time before the Separation (i.e. spring 1816). Some words which Medwin (*Conversations* 1824 p. 55) puts into Byron's mouth point to the same conclusion. Byron's own testimony, which is completely borne out by the MS itself (dated J<sup>y</sup> [i.e. January not July] 31, 1815) is in direct conflict with these statements. In a note to stanza xix lines 521-532 (*vide post*, pp. 471-473) he affirms that it was not till after these lines were written that he heard that wild and singularly original and beautiful poem [*Christabel*] recited and in a letter to S. T. Coleridge dated October 27 1815 (*Letters* 1899 iii 28) he is careful to explain that the enclosed extract from an unpublished poem (i.e. stanza xix lines 521-532) was written before (not seeing your *Christabelle* [sic] for that you know I never did till this day) but before I heard Mr S[cott] repeat it which he did in June last and this thing was begun in January, and more than half written before the Summer. The question of plagiarism will be discussed in an addendum to Byron's note on the lines in question but subject to the correction that it was probably at the end of May (see Lockhart's *Memoir of the Life of Sir W. Scott* 1871 pp. 311-313), not in June that Scott recited *Christabel* for Byron's benefit the date of the composition of the poem must be determined by the evidence of the author himself.

The copy of the MS of the *Siege of Corinth* was sent to Murray at the beginning (probably on the 2nd the date of the copy) of November and was placed in Gifford's hands about the same time (see letter to Murray November 4 1815 *Letters* 1899 iii 245 and Murray's undated letter on Gifford's great delight in the poem and his three critical remarks *Memoir of John Murray* 1891 i 356). As with *Lara*, Byron began by insisting that the *Siege* should not be

published separately, but slipped into a fourth volume of the collected works, and once again (possibly when he had at last made up his mind to accept a thousand guineas for his own requirements, and not for other beneficiaries—Godwin, Coleridge, or Maturin) yielded to his publisher's wishes and representations. At any rate, the *Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*, which, says Moore, "during the month of January and part of February were in the hands of the printers" (*Life*, p. 300), were published in a single volume on February 7, 1816. The greater reviews were silent, but notices appeared in numerous periodicals, e.g. the *Monthly Review*, February, 1816, vol. lxxix p. 196, the *Eclectic Review*, March, 1816, N.S. vol. v p. 269, the *European*, May, 1816, vol. lxxix p. 427, the *Literary Panorama*, June, 1816, N.S. vol. iv p. 418, etc. Many of these reviews took occasion to pick out and hold up to ridicule the illogical sentences, the grammatical solecisms, and general imperfections of *technique* which marked and disfigured the *Siege of Corinth*. A passage in a letter which John Murray wrote to his brother-publisher, William Blackwood (*Annals of a Publishing House*, 1897, i. 53), refers to these cavillings, and suggests both an apology and a retaliation—

"Many who by 'numbers judge a poet's song' are so stupid as not to see the powerful effect of the poems, which is the great object of poetry, because they can pick out fifty careless or even bad lines. The words may be carelessly put together, but this is secondary. Many can write polished lines who will never reach the name of poet. You see it is all poetically conceived in Lord B's mind."

In such wise did Murray bear testimony to Byron's "splendid and imperishable excellence, which covers all his offences and outweighs all his defects—the excellence of sincerity and strength."

TO  
JOHN HOBHOUSE ESQ

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS

FRIEND

*January and 1816*



## ADVERTISEMENT

'THE grand army of the Turks (in 1715), under the Prime Vizier to open to themselves a way into the heart of the Morea and to form the siege of Napoli di Romania the most considerable place in all that country <sup>1</sup> thought it best in the first place to attack Corinth upon which they made several storms. The garrison being weakened and the governor seeing it was impossible to hold out such a place against so mighty a force thought it fit to beat a parley but while they were treating about the articles one of the magazines in the Turkish camp

1 Napoli di Romania is not now the most considerable place in the Morea but Tripolitza where the Pacha resides and maintains his government. Napoli is near Argos. I visited all three in 1810-11 and in the course of journeying through the country from my first arrival in 1809 I crossed the Isthmus eight times in my way from Attica to the Morea over the mountains or in the other direction when passing from the Gulf of Athens to that of Lepanto. Both the routes are picturesque and beautiful though very different that by sea has more sameness but the voyage being always within sight of land and often very near it presents many attractive views of the islands Salamis, Egina, Poros etc and the coast of the Continent.

[ Independently of the suitableness of such an event to the power of Lord Byron's genius, the Fall of Corinth afforded local attractions by the intimate knowledge which the poet had of the place and surrounding objects. Thus furnished with that topographical information which could not be well obtained from books and maps he was admirably qualified to depict the various operations and progress of the siege. —*Memoir of the Life and Writings of the Right Honourable Lord Byron* London 1820 p. 2 ]

wherein they had six hundred barrels of powder, blew up by accident, whereby six or seven hundred men were killed, which so enraged the infidels, that they would not grant any capitulation, but stormed the place with so much fury, that they took it, and put most of the garrison, with Signior Minotti, the governor, to the sword The rest, with Signior or Antonio Bembo, Proveditor Extraordinary, were made prisoners of war " *A Compleat History of the Turks* [London, 1719], iii 151

## NOTE ON THE MS OF *THE SIEGE OF CORINTH*

THE original MS of the *Siege of Corinth* (now in the possession of Lord Glenesk) consists of sixteen folio and nine quarto sheets, and numbers fifty pages. Sheets 1-4 are folios, sheets 5-10 are quartos, sheets 11-22 are folios, and sheets 23-25 are quartos.

To judge from the occasional and disconnected pagination, this MS consists of portions of two or more fair copies of a number of detached scraps written at different times, together with two or three of the original scraps which had not been transcribed.

The water-mark of the folios is, with one exception (No 8, 1815), 1813, and of the quartos, with one exception (No 8, 1814), 1812.

Lord Glenesk's MS is dated January 31, 1815. Lady Byron's transcript, from which the *Siege of Corinth* was printed, and which is in Mr Murray's possession, is dated November 2, 1815.

# THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

IN the year since Jesus died for men <sup>1</sup>  
Eighteen hundred years and ten  
We were a gallant company  
Riding o'er land and sailing o'er sea  
Oh ! but we went merrily ! <sup>3</sup>  
We forded the river and clomb the high hill  
Never our steeds for a day stood still ,

1 [The introductory lines 1-45 are not included in the copy of the poem in Lady Byron's handwriting nor were they published in the First Edition. On Christmas Day 1815 Byron enclosing this fragment to Murray says "I send some lines written some time ago and intended as an opening to the *Siege of Corinth* I had forgotten them and am not sure that they had not better be left out now —on that you and your Synod can determine. They are headed in the MS. The Stranger's Tale. October 23rd. First published in *Letters and Journals* 1830 i. 638 they were included among the *Occasional Poems* in the edition of 1831 and first prefixed to the poem in the edition of 1832.]

2 [The metrical rendering of the date (miscalculated from the death instead of the birth of Christ) may be traced to the opening lines of an old ballad (Kolbing' *Siege of Corinth* p. 53)—

Upon the sixteen hunder year  
Of God and fifty three  
From Christ was born that bought us dear  
As writings testifie etc

See *The Life and Age of Man* (*Burns Selected Poems* ed by J. L. Robertson 1889 p. 191.)]

3 [Compare letter to Hodgson July 16 1809. How merrily we live that travellers be! —*Letters* 1898 i. 233.]



Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,  
 Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed ,  
 Whether we couched in our rough capote,<sup>1</sup> 10  
 On the rougher plank of our gliding boat,  
 Or stretched on the beach, or our saddles spread,  
 As a pillow beneath the resting head,  
 Fresh we woke upon the morrow  
     All our thoughts and words had scope,  
     We had health, and we had hope,  
 Toil and travel, but no sorrow.  
 We were of all tongues and creeds ,  
 Some were those who counted beads,  
 Some of mosque, and some of church, 20  
     And some, or I mis-say, of neither ,  
 Yet through the wide world might ye search,  
     Nor find a mother crew nor blither

But some are dead, and some are gone,  
 And some are scattered and alone,  
 And some are rebels on the hills <sup>2</sup>  
     That look along Epirus' valleys,  
     Where Freedom still at moments rallies,  
 And pays in blood Oppression's ills ,  
     And some are in a far countree, 30  
 And some all restlessly at home ,  
     But never more, oh ! never, we  
 Shall meet to revel and to roam.

1 [For "capote," compare *Childe Harold*, Canto II stanza 111 line 7, and Byron's note (24 B ), *Poetical Works*, 1899, 11 132, 181 Compare, too, letter to Mrs Byron, November 12, 1809 (*Letters*, 1899, 1 253) "Two days ago I was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war I wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote (an immense cloak), and lay down on deck to wait the worst "]

2 The last tidings recently heard of Dervish (one of the Arnauts who followed me) state him to be in revolt upon the mountains, at the head of some of the bands common in that country in times of trouble

But those hardy days flew cheery 1<sup>a</sup>  
 And when they now fall drearily,  
 My thoughts, like swallows skim the main<sup>1</sup>  
 And bear my spirit back again  
 Over the earth and through the air,  
 A wild bird and a wanderer  
 'Tis this that ever wakes my strain 40  
 And oft too oft, implores again  
 The few who may endure my lay<sup>2</sup>  
 To follow me so far away  
 Stranger wilt thou follow now  
 And sit with me on Acro-Corinth's brow?

I<sup>1</sup>

Many a vanished year and age<sup>3</sup>  
 And Tempest's breath and Battle's rage  
 Have swept o'er Corinth, yet she stands  
 A fortress formed to Freedom's hands  
 The Whirlwinds with the Earthquake's shock 50  
 Have left untouched her hoary rock  
 The keystone of a land which still  
 Though fallen looks proudly on that hill  
 The landmark to the double tide  
 That purpling rolls on either side  
 As if their waters chased to meet,  
 Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet

i *Put those winged days — — [MS]*

ii *The kindly few who love my lay — [MS]*

iii *Many a year and many a age — [MS G C fr]*

iv *A marvel from her Master's hands — [MS G]*

i [Compare Kingsley's *Last Beacon*—

If I might but be a sea-dove I'll fly across the main—  
 To the pleasant isle of Aves to look at it once again.]

— [The MS is dated J<sup>r</sup> (January) 31 1815 Lady Byron's copy is dated November 7 1815.]

But could the blood before her shed  
 Since first Timoleon's brother bled,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or baffled Persia's despot fled, 60  
 Arise from out the Earth which drank  
 The stream of Slaughter as it sank,  
 That sanguine Ocean would o'erflow  
 Her isthmus idly spread below  
 Or could the bones of all the slain,<sup>1</sup>  
 Who perished there, be piled again,  
 That rival pyramid would rise  
 More mountain-like, through those clear skies "  
 Than yon tower-capp'd Acropolis,  
 Which seems the very clouds to kiss 70

## II

On dun Cithæron's ridge appears  
 The gleam of twice ten thousand spears ,  
 And downward to the Isthmian plain,  
 From shore to shore of either main,<sup>ii</sup>  
 The tent is pitched, the Crescent shines  
 Along the Moslem's leaguering lines ,  
 And the dusk Spahr's bands<sup>2</sup> advance  
 Beneath each bearded Pacha's glance ,  
 And far and wide as eye can reach "  
 The turbaned cohorts throng the beach , 80

1 *Or could the dead be raised again* —[MS G erased ]

ii *through yon clear skies*  
*Than that tower-capt Acropolis* —[MS G ]

iii *Stretched on the edge* —[MS G erased ]

iv *The turbaned crowd of dusky hue*  
*Whose march Morea's fields may rue* —[MS G erased ]

1 [Timoleon, who had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in battle, afterwards put him to death for aiming at the supreme power in Corinth. Warton says that Pope once intended to write an epic poem on the story, and that Akenside had the same design (*Works of Alexander Pope, Esq* , 1806, ii 83) ]

2 [Turkish holders of military fiefs ]

And there the Arab's camel kneels  
 And there his steed the Tartar wheels  
 The Turcoman hath left his herd,<sup>1</sup>  
 The sabre round his loins to gird,  
 And there the volleying thunders pour  
 Till waves grow smoother to the roar  
 The trench is dug, the cannon's breath  
 Wings the far hissing globe of death.<sup>2</sup>  
 Fast whirl the fragments from the wall,  
 Which crumbles with the ponderous ball 90  
 And from that wall the foe replies  
 O'er dusty plain and smoky skies  
 With fires that answer fast and well  
 The summons of the Infidel

## III

But near and nearest to the wall  
 Of those who wish and work its fall  
 With deeper skill in War's black art  
 Than Othman's sons and high of heart  
 As any Chief that ever stood  
 Triumphant in the fields of blood, 100  
 From post to post and deed to deed  
 Fast spurring on his reeking steed  
 Where sallying ranks the trench assail  
 And make the foremost Moslem quail  
 Or where the battery, guarded well  
 Remains as yet impregnable  
 Alighting cheerly to inspire  
 The soldier slackening in his fire,

1 The life of the Turcomans is wandering and patriarchal they dwell in tents

2 [Compare *The Giaour* line 639 (*vide ante* p. 116)—

The deathshot hissing from afar ]

The first and freshest of the host  
 Which Stamboul's Sultan there can boast, 110  
 To guide the follower o'er the field,  
 To point the tube, the lance to wield,  
 Or whirl around the bickering blade,—  
 Was Alp, the Adrian renegade!<sup>1</sup>

## IV.

From Venice—once a race of worth  
 His gentle Sires—he drew his birth,  
 But late an exile from her shore,<sup>1</sup>  
 Against his countrymen he bore  
 The arms they taught to bear, and now  
 The turban girt his shaven brow. 120  
 Through many a change had Corinth passed  
 With Greece to Venice' rule at last,  
 And here, before her walls, with those  
 To Greece and Venice equal foes,  
 He stood a foe, with all the zeal  
 Which young and fiery converts feel,  
 Within whose heated bosom throngs  
 The memory of a thousand wrongs  
 To him had Venice ceased to be  
 Her ancient civic boast “the Free,” 130

1 *But now an exile* —[MS G]

1 [Professor Kolbing admits that he is unable to say how “Byron met with the name of Alp” I am indebted to my cousin, Miss Edith Coleridge, for the suggestion that the name is derived from Mohammed (Lhaz-ed-Dyn-Abou-Choudr), surnamed Alp-Arslan (Arsslan), or “Brave Lion,” the second of the Seljuk dynasty, in the eleventh century “He conquered Armenia and Georgia but was assassinated by Yussuf Cothuol, Governor of Berzem, and was buried at Merw, in Khorassan” His epitaph moralizes his fate “O vous qui avez vu la grandeur d’Alparslan élevée jusqu’au ciel, regardez! le voici maintenant en poussière”—Hammer-Purgstall, *Histoire de l’Empire Ottoman*, 1 13-15]

And in the palace of St Mark  
 Unnamed accusers in the dark  
 Within the ' Lions mouth had placed  
 A charge against him uneffaced <sup>1</sup>  
 He fled in time and saved his life,  
 To waste his future years in strife  
 That taught his land how great her loss  
 In him who triumphed o'er the Cross,  
 Gainst which he reared the Crescent high  
 And battled to avenge or die

140

## V

Coumourgi <sup>2</sup>—he whose closing scene  
 Adorned the triumph of Eugene  
 When on Carlowitz bloody plain  
 The last and mightiest of the slain  
 He sank regretting not to die  
 But cursed the Christian's victory—  
 Coumourgi—can his glory cease,

<sup>1</sup> *To waste its future* — —[MS G]

<sup>1</sup> [The *Lions Mouths* under the arcade at the summit of the Giants Stairs which gaped widely to receive anonymous charges were no doubt far more often employed as vehicles of private malice than of zeal for the public welfare —*Sketches from Venetian History* 1832 ii 380]

<sup>2</sup> Ali Coumourgi [Damad Ali or Ali Cumurğı (i.e. son of the charcoal burner)] the favourite of three sultans and Grand Vizier to Achmet III after recovering Peloponnesus from the Venetians in one campaign was mortally wounded in the next against the Germans at the battle of Peterwaradin (in the plain of Carlowitz) in Hungary endeavouring to rally his guards. He died of his wounds next day [August 16 1716]. His last order was the decapitation of General Breuner and some other German prisoners and his last words 'Oh that I could thus serve all the Christian dogs!' a speech and act not unlike one of Caligula. He was a young man of great ambition and unbounded presumption on being told that Prince Eugene then opposed to him was a great general he said 'I shall become a greater and at his expense'

[For his letter to Prince Eugene 'Eh bien! la guerre va decider entre nous' etc and for an account of his death see Hammer Purgstall *Historie de l'Empire Ottoman* xiii 300 312]

That latest conqueror of Greece,  
 Till Christian hands to Greece restore  
 The freedom Venice gave of yore? 150  
 A hundred years have rolled away  
 Since he reversed the Moslem's sway  
 And now he led the Mussulman,  
 And gave the guidance of the van  
 To Alp, who well repaid the trust  
 By cities levelled with the dust,  
 And proved, by many a deed of death,  
 How firm his heart in novel faith.

## VI

The walls grew weak, and fast and hot  
 Against them poured the ceaseless shot, 160  
 With unabating fury sent  
 From battery to battlement,  
 And thunder-like the pealing din<sup>i</sup>  
 Rose from each heated culverin,  
 And here and there some crackling dome  
 Was fired before the exploding bomb,  
 And as the fabric sank beneath  
 The shattering shell's volcanic breath,  
 In red and wreathing columns flashed  
 The flame, as loud the ruin crashed, 170  
 Or into countless meteors driven,  
 Its earth-stars melted into heaven,<sup>ii</sup>  
 Whose clouds that day grew doubly dun,  
 Impervious to the hidden sun,  
 With volumed smoke that slowly grew<sup>iii</sup>  
 To one wide sky of sulphurous hue

<sup>i</sup> *And death-like rolled* —[MS G *crased*]

<sup>ii</sup> *Like comets in convulsion risen* —[MS G *Copy crased*]

<sup>iii</sup> *Impervious to the powerless sun,  
 Through sulphurous smoke whose blackness grew* —  
 [MS G *crased*]

## VII

But not for vengeance, long delayed  
 Alone did Alp the renegade,  
 The Moslem warriors sternly teach  
 His skill to pierce the promised breach 180  
 Within these walls a Maid was pent  
 His hope would win without consent  
 Of that inexorable Sire  
 Whose heart refused him in its ire  
 When Alp beneath his Christian name  
 Her virgin hand aspired to claim  
 In happier mood and earlier time  
 While unimpeached for traitorous crime  
 Gayest in Gondola or Hall  
 He glittered through the Carnival 190  
 And tuned the softest serenade  
 That e'er on Adria's waters played  
 At midnight to Italian maid<sup>1</sup>

## VIII

And many deemed her heart was won  
 For sought by numbers, given to none  
 Had young Francesca's hand remained  
 Still by the Church's bonds unchained  
 And when the Adriatic bore  
 Lanciotto to the Paynim shore  
 Her wonted smiles were seen to fail 200  
 And pensive waxed the maid and pale,  
 More constant at confessional,  
 More rare at masque and festival,  
 Or seen at such with downcast eyes  
 Which conquered hearts they ceased to prize

1 *In midnight courtship to Italian maid* —[MS G]



With listless look she seems to gaze  
 With humbler care her form arrays,  
 Her voice less lively in the song,  
 Her step, though light, less fleet among  
 The pairs, on whom the Morning's glance 210  
 Breaks, yet unsated with the dance

## IX

Sent by the State to guard the land,  
 (Which, wrested from the Moslem's hand,<sup>1</sup>  
 While Sobieski tamed his pride  
 By Buda's wall and Danube's side,<sup>2</sup>  
 The chiefs of Venice wrung away  
 From Patra to Eubœa's bay,)  
 Minotti held in Corinth's towers"  
 The Doge's delegated powers,  
 While yet the pitying eye of Peace 220  
 Smiled o'er her long forgotten Greece  
 And ere that faithless truce was broke  
 Which freed her from the unchristian yoke,  
 With him his gentle daughter came,  
 Nor there, since Menelaus' dame  
 Forsook her lord and land, to prove  
 What woes await on lawless love,  
 Had fairer form adorned the shore  
 Than she, the matchless stranger, bore<sup>3</sup>

1 *By Buda's wall to Danube's side* —[MS G]

11 *Pisani held* —[MS G]

111 *Than she, the beautiful stranger, bore* —[MS G erased]

I [The siege of Vienna was raised by John Sobieski, King of Poland (1629-1696), September 12, 1683. Buda was retaken from the Turks by Charles VII, Duke of Lorraine, Sobieski's ally and former rival for the kingdom of Poland, September 2, 1686. The conquest of the Morea was begun by the Venetians in 1685, and completed in 1699.]

## X

The wall is rent the ruins yawn , 230  
 And with to morrow s earliest dawn  
 O er the disjointed mass shall vault  
 The foremost of the fierce assault  
 The bands are ranked—the chosen van  
 Of Tartar and of Mussulman  
 The full of hope misnamed “forlorn,”<sup>1</sup>  
 Who hold the thought of death in scorn,  
 And win their way with falchion s force,  
 Or pave the path with many 1 corse  
 O er which the following brave may rise 240  
 Their stepping stone—the last who dies !

## XI

Tis midnight on the mountains brown<sup>2</sup>  
 The cold round moon shines deeply down ,  
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high  
 Bespangled with those isles of light<sup>3</sup>

1 *By stepping o er* — —[MS G ]

11 *Bespan led with her isles* — —[MS G ]

1 [For Byron s use of the phrase Forlorn Hope as an equivalent of the Turkish Delhis or Delis see *Childe Harold* Canto II ( The Albanian War Song ) *Poetical Works* 1899 ii 149 note 1 ]

2 [ Brown is Byron s usual epithet for land cape seen by moon light Compare *Childe Harold* Canto II stanza xxii line 6 etc *Poetical Works* 1899 ii 113 note 3 ]

3 [ Stars are likened to isles by Campbell in *The Pleasures of Hope* Part II —

The seraph eye shall count the starry train  
 Like distant isles embosomed on the main

And isles to stars by Byron in *The Island* Canto II stanza xi lines 14 15—

The studded archipelago  
 O er whose blue bo om rose the starry isles

So wildly, spiritually bright,  
 Who ever gazed upon them shining  
 And turned to earth without repining,  
 Nor wished for wings to flee away, 250  
 And mix with their eternal ray?  
 The waves on either shore lay there  
 Calm, clear, and azure as the air,  
 And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,  
 But murmured meekly as the brook  
 The winds were pillowed on the waves,  
 'The banners drooped along their staves,  
 And, as they fell around them furling,  
 Above them shone the crescent curling,  
 And that deep silence was unbroke, 260  
 Save where the watch his signal spoke,  
 Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,  
 And echo answered from the hill,  
 And the wide hum of that wild host  
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,  
 As rose the Muezzin's voice in air  
 In midnight call to wonted prayer,  
 It rose, that chanted mournful strain,  
 Like some lone Spirit's o'er the plain  
 'Twas musical, but sadly sweet, 270  
 Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,  
 And take a long unmeasured tone,  
 To mortal minstrelsy unknown.<sup>1</sup>  
 It seemed to those within the wall  
 A cry prophetic of their fall

1 *And take a dark unmeasured tone* —[MS G]  
*And make a melancholy moan,*  
*To mortal voice and ear unknown* —[MS G erased]

For other "star-similes," see *Childe Harold*, Canto III stanza lxxviii. line 9, *Poetical Works*, 1899, II 270, note 2 ]

It struck even the besieger's ear  
 With something ominous and drear<sup>1</sup>  
 An undefined and sudden thrill  
 Which makes the heart a moment still  
 Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed ~80  
 Of that strange sense its silence framed  
*Such as a sudden passing bell*  
 Wakes though but for a stranger's knell<sup>1</sup>

## XII

The tent of Alp was on the shore  
 The sound was hushed, the prayer was o'er  
 The watch was set the night round made  
 All mandates issued and obeyed  
 'Tis but another anxious night  
 His pains the morrow may requite  
 With all Revenge and Love can pay ~90  
 In guerdon for their long delay  
 Few hours remain, and he hath need  
 Of rest to nerve for many a deed  
 Of slaughter but within his soul  
 The thoughts like troubled waters roll<sup>1</sup>  
 He stood alone among the host  
 Not his the loud fanatic boast  
 To plant the Crescent o'er the Cross  
 Or risk a life with little loss  
 Secure in paradise to be 300  
 By Houris loved immortally

<sup>1</sup> — by fancy framed  
*Which rings a deep internal knell*  
*A visionary passing bell* — [MS G erased]  
<sup>11</sup> *The thoughts tumultuously roll* — [MS G]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Scott's *Marmion* III xvi 4—  
 And that strange Palmer's boding say  
 That fell so ominous and drear ]

Nor his, what burning patriots feel,  
 The stern exaltedness of zeal,  
 Profuse of blood, untired in toil,  
 When battling on the parent soil.  
 He stood alone a renegade  
 Against the country he betrayed ,  
 He stood alone amidst his band,  
 Without a trusted heart or hand  
 They followed him, for he was brave, 310  
 And great the spoil he got and gave ,  
 They crouched to him, for he had skill  
 To warp and wield the vulgar will <sup>1</sup>  
 But still his Christian origin  
 With them was little less than sin.  
 They envied even the faithless fame  
 He earned beneath a Moslem name ,  
 Since he, their mightiest chief, had been  
 In youth a bitter Nazarene  
 They did not know how Pride can stoop, 320  
 When baffled feelings withering droop ,  
 They did not know how Hate can burn  
 In hearts once changed from soft to stern ,  
 Nor all the false and fatal zeal  
 The convert of Revenge can feel.  
 He ruled them man may rule the worst,  
 By ever daring to be first  
 So lions o'er the jackals sway ,  
 The jackal points, he fells the prey," <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *To triumph o'er* —[MS G erased ]

<sup>11</sup> *They but provide, he fells the prey —[MS G ]*  
*As lions o'er the jackal sway*  
*By springing dauntless on the prey ,*  
*They follow on, and yelling press*  
*To gorge the fragments of success —[MS G erased ]*

<sup>1</sup> [Lines 329-331 are inserted in the copy They are in Byron's

Then on the vulgar, yelling press  
To gorge the relics of success

380

## XIII

His head grows fevered and his pulse  
The quick successive throbs convulse,  
In vain from side to side he throws  
His form in courtship of repose,<sup>i</sup>  
Or if he dozed a sound a start  
Awoke him with a sunken heart  
The turban on his hot brow pressed  
The mail weighed lead like on his breast  
Though oft and long beneath its weight 340  
Upon his eyes had slumber sate  
Without or couch or canopy  
Except a rougher field and sky<sup>ii</sup>  
Than now might yield a warrior's bed,  
Than now along the heaven was spread  
He could not rest, he could not stay  
Within his tent to wait for day<sup>iii</sup>  
But walked him forth along the sand,  
Where thousand sleepers strewed the strand  
What pillowed them? and why should he 350  
More wakeful than the humblest be  
Since more their peril worse their toil?  
And yet they fearless dream of spoil  
While he alone, where thousands passed  
A night of sleep perchance their last

<sup>i</sup> *He vainly turned from side to side  
And each reposing posture tried* — [MS G erased]

<sup>ii</sup> *Beyond a rougher* — — [MS G]

<sup>iii</sup> *— to sigh for day* — [MS G]

handwriting Compare *Don Juan* Canto IX stanza xxvii line  
1 seq —

*That's an appropriate simile that jackal }*

In sickly vigil wandered on,  
And envied all he gazed upon

## XIV.

He felt his soul become more light  
Beneath the freshness of the night.  
Cool was the silent sky, though calm, 360  
And bathed his brow with airy balm  
Behind, the camp before him lay,  
In many a winding creek and bay,  
Lepanto's gulf, and, on the brow  
Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,<sup>1</sup>  
High and eternal, such as shone  
Through thousand summers brightly gone,  
Along the gulf, the mount, the clime,  
It will not melt, like man, to time  
Tyrant and slave are swept away, 370  
Less formed to wear before the ray,  
But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,<sup>1</sup>  
Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,  
While tower and tree are torn and rent,  
Shines o'er its craggy battlement,  
In form a peak, in height a cloud,  
In texture like a hovering shroud,  
Thus high by parting Freedom spread,  
As from her fond abode she fled,

<sup>1</sup> *Of Liakura—his unmelting snow*  
*Bright and eternal* —[MS G erased]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare *The Giaour*, line 566 (*vide ante*, p 113)—

“For where is he that hath beheld  
The peak of Liakura unveiled?”

The reference is to the almost perpetual “cap” of mist on Parnassus (Mount Likeri or Liakura), which lies some thirty miles to the north-west of Corinth.]

And lingered on the spot where long 380  
 Her prophet spirit spake in song<sup>1</sup>  
 Oh<sup>1</sup> still her step at moments falters  
 O'er withered fields, and ruined altars,  
 And fain would wake, in souls too broken  
 By pointing to each glorious token  
 But vain her voice, till better days  
 Dawn in those yet remembered rays  
 Which shone upon the Persian flying  
 And saw the Spartan smile in dying

## xv

Not mindless of these mighty times 390  
 Was Alp despite his flight and crimes  
 And through this night as on he wandered<sup>1</sup>  
 And o'er the past and present pondered  
 And thought upon the glorious dead  
 Who there in better cause had bled  
 He felt how faint and feebly dim  
 The fame that could accrue to him  
 Who cheered the band and waved the sword,<sup>1</sup>  
 A traitor in a turbaned horde  
 And led them to the lawless siege 400  
 Whose best success were sacrilege  
 Not so had those his fancy numbered<sup>1</sup>  
 The chiefs whose dust around him slumbered  
 Their phalanx marshalled on the plain  
 Whose bulwarks were not then in vain

<sup>1</sup> *Her spirit spoke a deathless song* —[MS G erased]

<sup>11</sup> *And in this night* — —[MS G]

<sup>111</sup> *He felt how little and how dim* —[MS G erased]

<sup>1v</sup> *Who led the band* — —[MS G]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare *The Giaour* lines 103 seq (*vide ante* p 91)—  
 Clime of the unforgotten brave<sup>1</sup> etc.]



They fell devoted, but undying ,  
 The very gale their names seemed sighing ,  
 The waters murmured of their name ,  
 The woods were peopled with their fame ,  
 The silent pillar, lone and grey, 410  
 Claimed kindred with their sacred clay ,  
 Their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain,  
 Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain ,<sup>1</sup>  
 The meanest rill, the mightiest river  
 Rolled mingling with their fame for ever  
 Despite of every yoke she bears,  
 That land is Glory's still and theirs <sup>1</sup> "  
 'Tis still a watch-word to the earth  
 When man would do a deed of worth  
 He points to Greece, and turns to tread, 420  
 So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head  
 He looks to her, and rushes on  
 Where life is lost, or Freedom won <sup>11</sup>

## XVI.

Still by the shore Alp mutely mused,  
 And wooed the freshness Night diffused  
 There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which changeless rolls eternally ,  
 So that wildest of waves, in their angriest mood,<sup>11</sup>  
 Scarce break on the bounds of the land for a rood ,

<sup>1</sup> *Then memory hallowed every fountain* —[MS G *erased*]

<sup>11</sup> Here follows, in the MS —

*Immortal—boundless—undecayed—*

*Their souls the very soil pervade —*

[*In the Copy the lines are erased*]

<sup>111</sup> *Where Freedom loveliest may be won* —[MS G *erased*]

<sup>112</sup> *So that fiercest of waves* —[MS G]

<sup>1</sup> The reader need hardly be reminded that there are no perceptible tides in the Mediterranean

And the powerless moon beholds them flow 430  
 Heedless if she come or go  
 Calm or high in main or bay  
 On their course she hath no sway  
 The rock unworn its base doth bare  
 And looks o'er the surf, but it comes not there  
 And the fringe of the foam may be seen below  
 On the line that it left long ages ago  
 A smooth short space of yellow sand<sup>1</sup>  
 Between it and the greener land.

He wandered on along the beach, 110  
 Till within the range of a carbine's reach  
 Of the leaguered wall, but they saw him not  
 Or how could he scape from the hostile shot?<sup>ii</sup>  
 Did traitors lurk in the Christians' hold?  
 Were their hands grown stiff or their hearts waxed cold?  
 I know not in sooth, but from yonder wall<sup>iii</sup>  
 There flashed no fire and there hissed no ball  
 Though he stood beneath the bastions frown  
 That flanked the seaward gate of the town,  
 Though he heard the sound and could almost tell 450  
 The sullen words of the sentinel  
 As his measured step on the stone below  
 Clanked as he paced it to and fro  
 And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall  
 Hold o'er the dead their Carnival<sup>2</sup>

i A little space of light grey sand—[MS G erased]

ii Or would not waste on a single head  
 The ball on numbers better sped—[MS G erased]

iii I know not in faith — —[MS G]

1 [Compare *The Island* Canto IV sect. ii lines 11 12—

A narrow segment of the yellow sand  
 On one side forms the outline of a strand ]

[Gifford has drawn his pen through lines 456-478 If as the

Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb ,  
 They were too busy to bark at him !  
 From a Tartar's skull they had stripped the flesh,  
 As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh ,  
 And their white tusks crunched o'er the white skull,<sup>1</sup> 460  
 As it slipped through their jaws, when their edge grew  
 dull,  
 As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,  
 When they scarce could rise from the spot where they  
 fed ,  
 So well had they broken a lingering fast  
 With those who had fallen for that night's repast  
 And Alp knew, by the turbans that rolled on the sand,  
 The foremost of these were the best of his band  
 Crimson and green were the shawls of their wear,  
 And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair,<sup>2</sup>  
 All the rest was shaven and bare 470  
 The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,  
 The hair was tangled round his jaw  
 But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf,  
 There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,

editor of *The Works of Lord Byron* 1832 (v. 100), maintains, "Lord Byron gave Mr Gifford *carte blanche* to strike out or alter anything at his pleasure in this poem as it was passing through the press," it is somewhat remarkable that he does not appear to have paid any attention whatever to the august "reader's" suggestions and strictures. The sheets on which Gifford's corrections are scrawled are not proof-sheets, but pages torn out of the first edition and it is probable that they were made after the poem was published, and with a view to the inclusion of an emended edition in the collected works. See letter to Murray, January 2, 1817.]

1 This spectacle I have seen, such as described, beneath the wall of the Seraglio at Constantinople, in the little cavities worn by the Bosphorus in the rock, a narrow terrace of which projects between the wall and the water. I think the fact is also mentioned in Hobhouse's *Travels [in Albania]*, 1855, ii. 215]. The bodies were probably those of some refractory Janizaries.

2 This tuft, or long lock, is left from a superstition that Mahomet will draw them into Paradise by it.

Who had stolen from the hills, but kept away  
 Scared by the dogs from the human prey  
 But he seized on his share of a steed that lay  
 Picked by the birds, on the sands of the bay

## XVII

Alp turned him from the sickening sight  
 Never had shaken his nerves in fight, 480  
 But he better could brook to behold the dying  
 Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying, <sup>1</sup>  
 Scorched with the death thirst and writhing in vain  
 Than the perishing dead who are past all pain <sup>2</sup>  
 There is something of pride in the perilous hour  
 Whate'er be the shape in which Death may lower  
 For Fame is there to say who bleeds  
 And Honour's eye on daring deeds! <sup>3</sup>  
 But when all is past, it is humbling to tread  
 O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead <sup>4</sup> 490  
 And see worms of the earth and fowls of the air  
 Beasts of the forest all gathering there  
 All regarding man as their prey  
 All rejoicing in his decay <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Deep in the tide of their lost blood lying* —[MS G Copy]

<sup>11</sup> *Than the rotting dead* — — — — —[MS G erased]

<sup>111</sup> *And when all* — — — — —[MS G]

<sup>1v</sup> *All that lieth on man will prey*

*All rejoicing in his decay*

or *Nature rejoicing in his decay*

*All that can kindle dismay and disgust*

*Follow his frame from the bier to the dust* —[MS G erased]

<sup>1</sup> [Than the mangled corpse in its own blood lying — GIFFORD]

<sup>2</sup> [Strike out—

Scorch'd with the death thirst and writhing in vain

Than the perishing dead who are past all pain

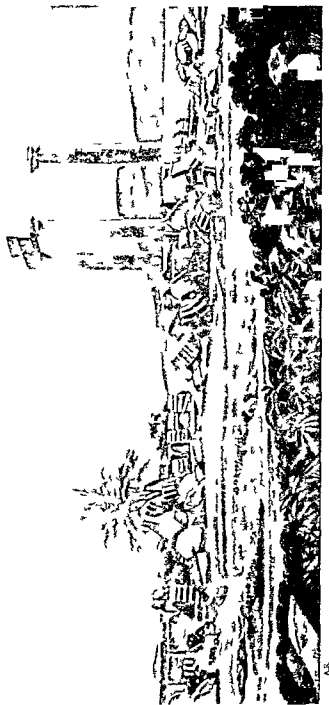
What is a perishing dead? — GIFFORD]

<sup>3</sup> [Lines 487-488 are inserted in the copy in Byron's handwriting]

<sup>4</sup> [O'er the weltering *forms* of the tombless dead — GIFFORD]

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*The Temple of Jupiter - Iguazu*  
*1142 1900*



His head was drooping on his breast,  
 Fevered, throbbing and oppressed  
 And o'er his brow, so downward bent  
 Oft his beating fingers went,  
 Hurriedly, as you may see  
 Your own run over the ivory key  
 Ere the measured tone is taken  
 By the chords you would awaken  
 There he sat all heavily,  
 As he heard the night wind sigh 50  
 Was it the wind through some hollow stone<sup>1</sup>  
 Sent that soft and tender moan?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Is it the wind that through the stone  
 or — o'er the heavy stone — [MS G erased]*

I must here acknowledge a close though unintentional resemblance in these twelve lines to a passage in an unpublished poem of Mr Coleridge called *Christabel*. It was not till after these lines were written that I heard that wild and singularly original and beautiful poem recited and the MS of that production I never saw till very recently by the kindness of Mr Coleridge himself who I hope is convinced that I have not been a wilful plagiarist. The original idea undoubtedly pertains to Mr Coleridge whose poem has been composed above fourteen years. Let me conclude by a hope that he will not longer delay the publication of a production of which I can only add my mite of approbation to the applause of far more competent judges.

[The lines in *Christabel* Part the First 43-5 57 58 are these—

The night is chill the forest bare  
 Is it the wind that moaneth bleak  
 There is not wind enough in the air  
 To move away the ringlet curl  
 From the lovely lady's cheek—  
 There is not wind enough to twirl  
 The one red leaf the last of its clan  
 That dances as often as dance it can  
 Hanging so light and hanging so high  
 On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky

What sees she there?  
 There she sees a damsel bright  
 Drest in a silken robe of white

Byron (*vide ante* p 443) in a letter to Coleridge dated October 27 1815 had already expressly guarded himself against a charge of



He lifted his head, and he looked on the sea,  
 But it was unrippled as glass may be,  
 He looked on the long grass it waved not a blade,  
 How was that gentle sound conveyed?  
 He looked to the banners—each flag lay still,  
 So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,

plagiarism, by explaining that lines 521-532 of stanza 111 were written before he heard Walter Scott repeat *Christabel* in the preceding June. Now, as Byron himself perceived, perhaps for the first time, when he had the MS. of *Christabel* before him, the coincidence in language and style between the two passages is unquestionable, and, as he hoped and expected that Coleridge's fragment, when completed, would issue from the press, he was anxious to avoid even the semblance of pilfering, and went so far as to suggest that the passage should be cancelled. Neither in the private letter nor the published note does Byron attempt to deny or explain away the coincidence, but pleads that his lines were written before he had heard Coleridge's poem recited, and that he had not been guilty of a "wilful plagiarism." There is no difficulty in accepting his statement. Long before the summer of 1815 *Christabel* "had a pretty general circulation in the literary world" (Medwin, *Conversations*, 1824, p. 261), and he may have heard without heeding this and other passages quoted by privileged readers, or, though never a line of *Christabel* had sounded in his ears, he may (as Kolbing points out) have caught its lilt at second hand from the published works of Southey, or of Scott himself.

Compare *Thalaba the Destroyer*, v. 20 (1838, iv. 187)—

"What sound is borne on the wind?"

Is it the storm that shakes

The thousand oaks of the forest?

Is it the river's roar

Dashed down some rocky descent?" etc

Or compare *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, I. 111 5, seq. (1812, p. 24)—

"And now she sits in secret bower

In old Lord David's western tower,

And listens to a heavy sound,

That moans the mossy turrets round

Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,

That chafes against the scaur's red side?

Is it the wind that swings the oaks?

Is it the echo from the rocks?" etc

Certain lines of Coleridge's did, no doubt, "find themselves" in the *Siege of Corinth*, having found their way to the younger poet's ear and fancy before the Lady of the vision was directly and formally introduced to his notice.]



He lifted his head, and he looked on the sea,  
 But it was unrippled as glass may be,  
 He looked on the long grass it waved not a blade  
 How was that gentle sound conveyed?  
 He looked to the banners—each flag lay still,  
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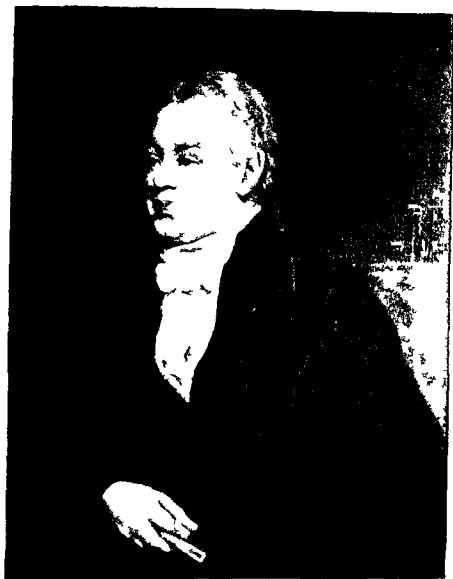
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 Is it the wind that swings the oaks?  
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Samuel Taylor Coleridge  
 1st State 50 1/2



And he felt not a breath come over his cheek  
 What did that sudden sound bespeak? 530  
 He turned to the left—is he sure of sight?  
 There sate a lady, youthful and bright!<sup>1 1</sup>

## XX

He started up with more of fear  
 Than if an armed foe were near  
 God of my fathers! what is here?  
 Who art thou? and wherefore sent  
 So near a hostile armament?  
 His trembling hands refused to sign  
 The cross he deemed no more divine  
 He had resumed it in that hour!<sup>11</sup> 540  
 But Conscience wrung away the power  
 He gazed he saw he knew the face  
 Of beauty, and the form of grace  
 It was Francesca by his side  
 The maid who might have been his bride!<sup>12</sup>

The rose was yet upon her cheek  
 But mellowed with a tenderer streak

<sup>1</sup> *There sate a lady young and bright* —[MS G erased]

<sup>11</sup> *He would have made it* — —[MS G erased]

<sup>12</sup> *She who would* — —[MS G erased]

<sup>1</sup> [Contemporary critics fell foul of these lines for various reasons. The *Critical Review* (February 1816 vol iii p 151) remarks that the following couplet [i.e. lines 531–53] reminds us of the *per siflage* of Lewis or the pathos of a vulgar ballad while the *Dublin Examiner* (May 1816 vol i p 19) directs a double charge against the founders of the schism and their proselyte. If the Cumberland *Lakers* were not well known to be personages of the most pious and saintly temperament we would really have serious apprehensions lest our noble Poet should come to any harm in consequence of the envy which the two following lines and a great many others through the poems might excite by their successful rivalry of some of the finest effects of babyism that these Gentlemen can boast.]

Where was the play of her soft lips fled?  
 Gone was the smile that enlivened their red.  
 'The Ocean's calm within their view,' 550  
 Beside her eye had less of blue,  
 But like that cold wave it stood still,  
 And its glance, though clear, was chill<sup>1</sup>  
 Around her form a thin robe twining,  
 Nought concealed her bosom shining,  
 Through the parting of her hair,  
 Floating darkly downward there,  
 Her rounded arm showed white and bare  
 And ere yet she made reply,  
 Once she raised her hand on high, 560  
 It was so wan, and transparent of hue,  
 You might have seen the moon shine through.

## XXI.

"I come from my rest to him I love best,  
 That I may be happy, and he may be blessed.  
 I have passed the guards, the gate, the wall,  
 Sought thee in safety through foes and all  
 'Tis said the lion will turn and flee<sup>2</sup>

1 *The ocean spread before their view* —[*Copy*]

1 ["And its *thrilling* glance, etc."—GIFFORD]

2 [Warton (*Observations on the Fairy Queen*, 1807, II 131), commenting on Spenser's famous description of "Una and the Lion" (*Fairy Queene*, Book I canto III stanzas 5, 6, 7), quotes the following passage from *Seven Champions of Christendom*: "Now, Sabra, I have by this sufficiently proved thy true virginity for it is the nature of a lion, be he never so furious, not to harme the unspotted virgin, but humbly to lay his bristled head upon a maiden's lap"]

Byron, according to Leigh Hunt (*Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*, 1828, I 77), could not "see anything" in Spenser, and was not familiar with the *Fairy Queen*, but he may have had in mind Scott's allusion to Spenser's Una—

"Harpers have sung and poets told  
 That he, in fury uncontrolled,  
 The shaggy monarch of the wood,

From a maid in the pride of her purity ,  
 And the Power on high, that can shield the good  
 Thus from the tyrant of the wood 570  
 Hath extended its mercy to guard me as well  
 From the hands of the leaguering Infidel  
 I come—and if I come in vain  
 Never, oh never we meet again !  
 Thou hast done a fearful deed  
 In falling away from thy fathers' creed  
 But dash that turban to earth and sign  
 The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine ,  
 Wring the black drop from thy heart  
 And to-morrow unites us no more to part 580

“ And where should our bridal couch be spread ?  
 In the midst of the dying and the dead ?  
 For to-morrow we give to the slaughter and flame  
 The sons and the shrines of the Christian name  
 None, save thou and thine, I've sworn  
 Shall be left upon the morn  
 But thee will I bear to a lovely spot  
 Where our hands shall be joined and our sorrow forgot  
 There thou yet shalt be my bride,  
 When once again I've quelled the pride 590  
 Of Venice, and her hated race  
 Have felt the arm they would debase  
 Scourge, with a whip of scorpions those  
 Whom Vice and Envy made my foes

Upon his hand she laid her own—  
 Light was the touch but it thrilled to the bone

Before a virgin fair and good  
 Hath pacified his savage mood

*Marmion* Canto II stanza vii line 3 seq

(See Kolbing's note to *Sege of Corinth* 1893 pp 110-11- )



And shot a chillness to his heart,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which fixed him beyond the power to start.  
 Though slight was that grasp so mortal cold,  
 He could not loose him from its hold, 600  
 But never did clasp of one so dear  
 Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,  
 As those thin fingers, long and white,  
 Froze through his blood by their touch that night  
 The feverish glow of his brow was gone,  
 And his heart sank so still that it felt like stone,  
 As he looked on the face, and beheld its hue,"  
 So deeply changed from what he knew  
 Fair but faint without the ray  
 Of mind, that made each feature play 610  
 Like sparkling waves on a sunny day,  
 And her motionless lips lay still as death,  
 And her words came forth without her breath,  
 And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's swell,"  
 And there seemed not a pulse in her veins to dwell  
 Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fixed,<sup>1</sup>  
 And the glance that it gave was wild and unmixed  
 With aught of change, as the eyes may seem  
 Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream,  
 Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare, 620

<sup>1</sup> *She laid her fingers on his hand,*  
*Its coldness thrilled through every bone* —[MS G erased]

<sup>11</sup> *As he looked on her face* —[MS G]

<sup>111</sup> *on her bosom's swell* —[MS G erased Copy]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, act v sc 1, line 30—

"You see, her eyes are open,  
 Aye, but their sense is shut"

Compare, too, *Christabel*, Conclusion to Part the First (lines 292, 293)—

"With open eyes (ah, woe is me!)  
 Asleep, and dreaming fearfully"

Stirred by the breath of the wintry air<sup>1</sup>  
 So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light<sup>1</sup>  
 Lifeless but life-like, and awful to sight  
 As they seem through the dimness about to come down  
 From the shadowy wall where their images frown,  
 Fearfully flitting to and fro  
 As the gusts on the tapestry come and go<sup>1</sup>

If not for love of me be given  
 Thus much, then for the love of Heaven,—  
 Again I say—that turban tear 630  
 From off thy faithless brow, and swear  
 I hine injured country's sons to spare  
 Or thou art lost, and never shalt see—  
 Not earth—that's past—but Heaven or me  
 If this thou dost accord albeit  
 A heavy doom tis thine to meet  
 That doom shall half absolve thy sin  
 And Mercy's gate may receive thee within  
 But pause one moment more, and take  
 The curse of Him thou didst forsake, 640  
 And look once more to Heaven and see

<sup>1</sup> *Like a picture that magic had charmed from its frame  
 Lifeless but life-like and ever the same*  
 or *Like a picture come forth from its canvas and frame —*  
[MS G erased]

<sup>11</sup> *And seen — — [MS G]  
 — its fleecy mail — [MS G erased]*

<sup>1</sup> [In the summer of 1803 Byron then turned fifteen though offered a bed at Annesley used at first to return every night to Newstead alleging that he was afraid of the family pictures of the Chaworths, which he fancied had taken a grudge to him on account of the duel and would come down from their frames to haunt him. Moore thinks this passage may have been suggested by the recollection (*Life* p. 27). Compare *Lara* Canto I stanza xi line 1 *seq* (*vide ante* p. 331 note 1).]

<sup>2</sup> [Compare Southey's *Roderick* Canto XXI (ed. 1838 ix. 195)—  
 and till the grave  
 Open the gate of mercy is not closed.]

Its love for ever shut from thee  
 There is a light cloud by the moon <sup>1</sup>  
 'Tis passing, and will pass full soon  
 If, by the time its vapoury sail  
 Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,  
 Thy heart within thee is not changed,  
 Then God and man are both avenged,  
 Dark will thy doom be, darker still  
 Thine immortality of ill "

650

Alp looked to heaven, and saw on high  
 The sign she spake of in the sky ,

I I have been told that the idea expressed in this and the five following lines has been admired by those whose approbation is valuable I am glad of it, but it is not original—at least not mine, it may be found much better expressed in pages 182-3-4 of the English version of "Vathek" (I forget the precise page of the French), a work to which I have before referred, and never recur to, or read, without a renewal of gratification —[The following is the passage " 'Deluded prince ' said the Genius, addressing the Caliph 'This moment is the last, of grace, allowed thee give back Nouronihar to her father, who still retains a few sparks of life destroy thy tower, with all its abominations drive Carathis from thy councils be just to thy subjects respect the ministers of the Prophet compensate for thy impieties by an exemplary life, and, instead of squandering thy days in voluptuous indulgence, lament thy crimes on the sepulchres of thy ancestors Thou beholdest the clouds that obscure the sun at the instant he recovers his splendour, if thy heart be not changed, the time of mercy assigned thee will be past for ever '"]

"Vathek, depressed with fear, was on the point of prostrating himself at the feet of the shepherd but, his pride prevailing he said, 'Whoever thou art, withhold thy useless admonitions If what I have done be so criminal there remains not for me a moment of grace I have traversed a sea of blood to acquire a power which will make thy equals tremble, deem not that I shall retire when in view of the port, or that I will relinquish her who is dearer to me than either my life or thy mercy Let the sun appear ! let him illumine my career ' it matters not where it may end !' On uttering these words Vathek commanded that his horses should be forced back to the road

"There was no difficulty in obeying these orders, for the attraction had ceased, the sun shone forth in all his glory, and the shepherd vanished with a lamentable scream " (ed. 1786, pp 183-185) ]

But his heart was swollen and turned aside  
 By deep interminable pride<sup>1</sup>  
 This first false passion of his breast  
 Rolled like a torrent o'er the rest.  
*He* sue for mercy ! *He* dismayed  
 By wild words of a timid maid !  
*He*, wronged by Venice vow to save  
 Her sons devoted to the grave ! 660  
 No—though that cloud were thunder's worst  
 And charged to crush him—let it burst !

He looked upon it earnestly  
 Without an accent of reply  
 He watched it passing—it is flown  
 Full on his eye the clear moon shone  
 And thus he spake— Whatever my fate  
 I am no changeling—tis too late  
 The reed in storms may bow and quiver  
 Then rise again, the tree must shiver 670  
 What Venice made me I must be  
 Her foe in all save love to thee  
 But thou art safe—oh fly with me !  
 He turned, but she is gone !  
 Nothing is there but the column stone  
 Hath she sunk in the earth or melted in air ?  
 He saw not—he knew not—but nothing is there

## XXII

The night is past, and shines the sun  
 As if that morn were a jocund one<sup>1</sup>  
 Lightly and brightly breaks away 680

1 *By rooted and unhallowed pride*—[MS *G erased*]

1 [Leave out this couplet—GIFFORD]

The Morning from her mantle grey,<sup>1</sup>  
 And the Noon will look on a sultry day.<sup>2</sup>  
 Hark to the trump, and the drum,  
 And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,  
 And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're borne,  
 And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,  
 And the clash, and the shout, "They come! they come!"  
 The horsetails<sup>3</sup> are plucked from the ground, and the  
     sword  
 From its sheath, and they form, and but wait for the  
     word  
 Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman, 690  
 Strike your tents, and throng to the van,  
 Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,<sup>4</sup>  
 That the fugitive may flee in vain,  
 When he breaks from the town, and none escape,  
 Agéd or young, in the Christian shape,  
 While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,  
 Bloodstain the breach through which they pass.<sup>5</sup>

1 [Compare—

"While the still morn went out with sandals grey "

*Lycidas*, line 187 ]

2 [Strike out—

"And the Noon will look on a sultry day "

—GIFFORD ]

3 The horsetails, fixed upon a lance, a pacha's standard

[ "When the vizir appears in public, three *thoughts*, or horse-tails, fastened to a long staff, with a large gold ball at top, is borne before him "—*Mœurs des Ottomans*, par A. L. Castellan (Translated, 1821), iv 7

Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto II, "Albanian War-Song," stanza 10, line 2, and *Bride of Abydos*, line 714 (*vide ante*, p 189) ]

4 [Compare—

"Send out moe horses, skirr the country round "

*Macbeth*, act v sc 3, line 35 ]

5 [Omit—

"While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,  
 Bloodstain the breach through which they pass "

—GIFFORD ]

The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein  
 Curved is each neck and flowing each mane,  
 White is the foam of their champ on the bit, 700  
 The spears are uplifted, the matches are lit,  
 The cannon are pointed and ready to roar,  
 And crush the wall they have crumbled before <sup>1</sup>  
 Forms in his phalanx each Janizár  
 Alp at their head his right arm is bare  
 So is the blade of his scimitar  
 The Khan and the Pachas are all at their post  
 The Vizier himself at the head of the host  
 When the culverin's signal is fired then on,  
 Leave not in Corinth a living one— 710  
 A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,  
 A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls  
 God and the prophet—Alla Hu <sup>1</sup>  
 Up to the skies with that wild halloo <sup>1</sup>

There the breach lies for passage the ladder to scale  
 And your hands on your sabres and how should ye fail?  
 He who first downs with the red cross may crave <sup>3</sup>  
 His heart's dearest wish let him ask it and have <sup>1</sup>  
 Thus uttered Coumourgi the dauntless Vizier <sup>4</sup>

1 [ And crush the wall they have *shaken* before —GIFFORD ]

2 [Compare *The Giaour* line 734 (*vide ante* p 10)—

At solemn sound of Alla Hu <sup>1</sup>

And *Don Juan* Canto VIII stanza viii ]

3 [ He who first *downs* with the red cross may crave etc  
 What vulgarism is this!—

He who *lowers* —or *plucks down* etc

—GIFFORD ]

4 [The historian George Finlay who met and frequently conversed with Byron at Mesolonghi with a view to illustrating Lord Byron's *Siege of Corinth* subjoins in a note the full text of the summons sent by the grand vizier and the answer (See Finlay's *Greece under Othoman and Venetian Domination* 1856 p 266 note 1 and for the original authority see Brue's *Journal de la Campagne en 1715* Paris 1871 p 18 )]

The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear, 720  
 And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous ire  
 Silence—hark to the signal fire!

## XXIII.

As the wolves, that headlong go  
 On the stately buffalo,  
 Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,  
 And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,  
 He tramples on earth, or tosses on high  
 The foremost, who rush on his strength but to die  
 Thus against the wall they went,  
 Thus the first were backward bent,<sup>1</sup> 730  
 Many a bosom, sheathed in brass,  
 Strewed the earth like broken glass,<sup>1</sup>  
 Shivered by the shot, that tore  
 The ground whereon they moved no more  
 Even as they fell, in files they lay,  
 Like the mower's grass at the close of day,<sup>1</sup>  
 When his work is done on the levelled plain,  
 Such was the fall of the foremost slain.<sup>2</sup>

## XXIV.

As the spring-tides, with heavy plash,  
 From the cliffs invading dash 740  
 Huge fragments, sapped by the ceaseless flow,  
 Till white and thundering down they go,

<sup>1</sup> *With such volley yields like glass* —[MS G *erased*]

<sup>11</sup> *Like the mower's ridge* —[MS G *erased*]

<sup>1</sup> [“Thus against the wall they *bent*,  
 Thus the first were backward *sent*”]

—GILFORD ]

<sup>2</sup> [“Such was the fall of the foremost train” —GILFORD ]

Like the avalanche's snow  
 On the Alpine vales below ,  
 Thus at length outbreathed and worn,  
 Corinth's sons were downward borne  
 By the long and oft renewed  
 Charge of the Moslem multitude  
 In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,  
 Heaped by the host of the Infidel 750  
 Hand to hand, and foot to foot  
 Nothing there save Death, was mute <sup>1</sup>  
 Stroke, and thrust, and flash and cry  
 For quarter, or for victory  
 Mingle there with the volleying thunder  
 Which makes the distant cities wonder  
 How the sounding battle goes  
 If with them or for their foes  
 If they must mourn, or may rejoice  
 In that annihilating voice, 760  
 Which pierces the deep hills through and through  
 With an echo dread and new  
 You might have heard it, on that day  
 O'er Salamis and Megara ,  
 (We have heard the hearers say )  
 Even unto Piræus' bay

## XXV

From the point of encountering blades to the hilt  
 Sabres and swords with blood were gilt ,

<sup>1</sup> *I have heard* — — [ *MS G* ]

<sup>1</sup> [Compare *The Deformed Transformed* Part I sc 2 ( Song of the Soldiers )—

Our shout shall grow gladder  
 And death only be mute ]

<sup>2</sup> [Compare *Macbeth* act II sc 2 line 55—

If he do bleed  
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal ]



But the rampart is won, and the spoil begun,  
 And all but the after carnage done. 770  
 Shriller shrieks now mingling come  
 From within the plundered dome  
 Hark to the haste of flying feet,  
 That splash in the blood of the slippery street,  
 But here and there, where 'vantage ground  
 Against the foe may still be found,  
 Desperate groups, of twelve or ten,  
 Make a pause, and turn again  
 With banded backs against the wall,  
 Fiercely stand, or fighting fall. 780  
 There stood an old man <sup>1</sup> his hairs were white,  
 But his veteran arm was full of might  
 So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,  
 The dead before him, on that day,  
 In a semicircle lay,  
 Still he combated unwounded,  
 Though retreating, unsurrounded.  
 Many a scar of former fight  
 Lurked <sup>2</sup> beneath his corslet bright,  
 But of every wound his body bore. 790  
 Each and all had been ta'en before  
 Though aged, he was so iron of limb,  
 Few of our youth could cope with him,  
 And the foes, whom he singly kept at bay,  
 Outnumbered his thin hairs <sup>3</sup> of silver grey  
 From right to left his sabre swept  
 Many an Othman mother wept  
 Sons that were unborn, when dipped <sup>4</sup>

1 [“There stood a man,” etc —GIFFORD.]

2 [“*Lurked*”—a bad word say “*was hid*”—GIFFORD]

3 [“Outnumbered his hairs,” etc —GIFFORD]

4 [“Sons that were unborn, when *he* dipped”—GIFFORD]

His weapon first in Moslem gore  
 Ere his years could count a score 800  
 Of all he might have been the sire <sup>1</sup>  
 Who fell that day beneath his ire  
 For sonless left long years ago  
 His wrath made many a childless foe,  
 And since the day when in the strait <sup>2</sup>  
 His only boy had met his fate,  
 His parent's iron hand did doom  
 More than a human hecatomb <sup>3</sup>  
 If shades by carnage be appeased  
 Patroclus spirit less was pleased 810  
 Than his Minotus son who died  
 Where Asia's bounds and ours divide  
 Buried he lay, where thousands before  
 For thousands of years were inhumed on the shore  
 What of them is left to tell  
 Where they lie, and how they fell?  
 Not a stone on their turf nor a bone in their graves  
 But they live in the verse that immortally saves <sup>4</sup>

## XXVI

Hark to the Allah shout! <sup>5</sup> a band  
 Of the Mussulman bravest and best is at hand 820

1 [Bravo!—this is better than King Priam's fifty sons — GIFFORD]

In the naval battle at the mouth of the Dardanelles between the Venetians and Turks

3 [There can be no such thing but the whole of this is poor and spun out — GIFFORD The solecism if such it be was repeated in *Marino Faliero* act iii sc 1 line 38]

4 [Compare *Childe Harold* Canto II stanza xxix lines 5 8 (*Poetical Works* 1899 ii 125)—

Dark Sappho! could not Verse immortal save?  
 If life eternal may await the lyre ]

5 [ Hark to the Alla Hu! etc — GIFFORD ]

Then leader's nervous aim is baie,  
 Swifter to smite, and never to spare  
 Unclothed to the shoulder it waves them on,  
 Thus in the fight is he ever known  
 Others a gaudier garb may show,  
 To tempt the spoil of the greedy foe;  
 Many a hand's on a richer hilt,  
 But none on a steel more ruddily gilt,  
 Many a loftier turban may wear,  
 Alp is but known by the white arm bare,      830  
 Look through the thick of the fight, 'tis there!  
 There is not a standard on that shore  
 So well advanced the ranks before,  
 There is not a banner in Moslem war  
 Will lure the Delhis half so far,  
 It glances like a falling star!  
 Where'er that mighty arm is seen,  
 The bravest be, or late have been,<sup>1</sup>  
 There the claven cries for quarter  
 Vainly to the vengeful Taitar,      840  
 Or the hero, silent lying,  
 Scorns to yield a groan in dying,  
 Mustering his last feeble blow  
 'Gainst the nearest levelled foe,  
 Though faint beneath the mutual wound,  
 Grappling on the gory ground

## XXVII

Still the old man stood erect,  
 And Alp's career a moment checked  
 "Yield thee, Minotti, quarter take,  
 For thine own, thy daughter's sake."      850

1 [Gifford has erased lines 839-847]

Never, Renegado never !  
 Though the life of thy gift would last for ever !

" Francesca !—Oh, my promised bride !"  
 Must she too perish by thy pride !

" She is safe —" Where? where? —" In Heaven  
 From whence thy traitor soul is driven—  
 Far from thee and undefiled  
 Grimly then Minotti smiled  
 As he saw Alp staggering bow  
 Before his words as with a blow 860

Oh God! when died she? — Yesternight—  
 Nor weep I for her spirit's flight  
 None of my pure race shall be  
 Slaves to Mahomet and thee—  
 Come on! —That challenge is in vain—  
 Alps already with the slain!  
 While Minotti's words were wreaking  
 More revenge in bitter speaking  
 I than his falchion's point had found,  
 Had the time allowed to wound 870  
 From within the neighbouring porch  
 Of a long defended church,  
 Where the last and desperate few  
 Would the failing fight renew  
 The sharp shot dashed Alp to the ground  
 Ere an eye could view the wound  
 That crashed through the brain of the infidel,  
 Round he spun and down he fell,

1 *Though the life of thy gift would last for ever —*

[MS G Copy]

11 *Where's Francesca!—my promised bride!—*[MS G Copy]

A flash like fire within his eyes  
 Blazed, as he bent no more to rise, 880  
 And then eternal darkness sunk  
 Through all the palpitating trunk ,'  
 Nought of life left, save a quivering  
 Where his limbs were slightly shivering  
 They turned him on his back , his breast  
 And brow were stained with gore and dust,  
 And through his lips the life-blood oozed,  
 From its deep veins lately loosed ,  
 But in his pulse there was no throb,  
 Nor on his lips one dying sob , 890  
 Sigh, nor word, nor struggling breath "  
 Heralded his way to death  
 Ere his very thought could pray,  
 Unaneled he passed away,  
 Without a hope from Mercy's aid,  
 To the last a Renegade <sup>1</sup>

1 Here follows in *MS G* —

*Twice and once he roll'd a space,  
 Then lead-like lay upon his face*

11 *Sigh, nor sign, nor parting word* — [*MS G erased* ]

1 [The Spanish "renegado" and the Anglicized "renegade" were favourite terms of reprobation with politicians and others at the beginning of the century. When Southey's *Wat Tyler* was reprinted in 1817, William Smith, the Member for Norwich, denounced the Laureate as a "renegado," an attack which Coleridge did his best to parry by contributing articles to the *Courier* on "Apostasy and Renegadoism" (Letter to Murray, March 26, 1817, *Memor. of John Murray*, 1891, 1 306). Byron himself, in *Don Juan* ("Dedication," stanza 1 line 5), hails Southey as "My Epic Renegade!" Compare, too, stanza xiv of "*Lines addressed to a Noble Lord* (His Lordship will know why), By one of the small Fry of the Lakes" (i.e. Miss Barker, the "Bhow Begum" of Southey's *Doctor*)—

"And our Ponds shall better please thee,  
 Than those now dishonoured seas,  
 With their shores and Cyclades  
 Stocked with Pachas, Seraskiers,  
 Slaves and turbaned Buccaneers,  
 Sensual Mussulmans atrocious,  
 Renegadoes more ferocious," etc ]

## XXVIII

Fearfully the yell arose  
 Of his followers, and his foes  
 These in joy, in fury those <sup>1</sup>  
 Then again in conflict mixing <sup>11</sup> 900  
 Clashing swords, and spears transfixing  
 Interchanged the blow and thrust  
 Hurling warriors in the dust  
 Street by street, and foot by foot  
 Still Minotti dares dispute  
 The latest portion of the land  
 Left beneath his high command  
 With him aiding heart and hand  
 The remnant of his gallant band  
 Still the church is tenable, 910  
     Whence issued late the fated ball  
     That half avenged the city's fall  
 When Alp her fierce assailant fell  
 Thither bending sternly back  
 They leave before a bloody track  
 And with their faces to the foe  
 Dealing wounds with every blow <sup>1</sup>  
 The chief and his retreating train  
 Join to those within the fane,  
 There they yet may breathe awhile 920  
 Sheltered by the massy pile

## XXIX

Brief breathing time! the turbaned host  
 With added ranks and raging boast

<sup>1</sup> *These in rage in triumph those* —[MS G Copy erased]

<sup>11</sup> *Then again in fury mixing* —[MS G]

<sup>1</sup> [ *Dealing death* with every blow —GIFFORD ]

Press onwards with such strength and heat,  
 Their numbers balk their own retreat,  
 For narrow the way that led to the spot  
 Where still the Christians yielded not,  
 And the foremost, if fearful, may vainly try  
 Through the massy column to turn and fly,  
 They perforce must do or die 930  
 They die, but ere their eyes could close,  
 Avengers o'er their bodies rose,  
 Fresh and furious, fast they fill  
 The ranks unthinned, though slaughtered still,  
 And faint the weary Christians wax  
 Before the still renewed attacks  
 And now the Othmans gain the gate,  
 Still resists its iron weight,  
 And still, all deadly aimed and hot,  
 From every crevice comes the shot, 940  
 From every shattered window pour  
 The volleys of the sulphurous shower  
 But the portal wavering grows and weak—  
 The iron yields, the hinges creak  
 It bends—it falls and all is o'er,  
 Lost Corinth may resist no more !

## XXX.

Darkly, sternly, and all alone,  
 Minotti stood o'er the altar stone  
 Madonna's face upon him shone,<sup>1</sup>

1 [Compare *Don Juan*, Canto XIII stanza lxi lines 1, seq —

“ But in a higher niche, alone, but crowned,  
 The Virgin-Mother of the God-born Child,  
 With her Son in her blessed arms, looked round  
 But even the funtest relics of a shrine  
 Of any worship wake some thoughts divine ”]

Painted in heavenly hues above 950  
 With eyes of light and looks of love  
 And placed upon that holy shrine  
 To fix our thoughts on things divine  
 When pictured there we kneeling see  
 Her, and the boy God on her knee  
 Smiling sweetly on each prayer  
 To Heaven, as if to waft it there  
 Still she smiled, even now she smiles  
 Though slaughter streams along her aisles  
 Minotti lifted his aged eye, 960  
 And made the sign of a cross with a sigh  
 Then seized a torch which blazed thereby  
 And still he stood, while with steel and flame  
 Inward and onward the Mussulman came

## XXI

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone<sup>1</sup>  
 Contained the dead of ages gone  
 Their names were on the graven floor  
 But now illegible with gore,  
 The carved crests and curious hues  
 The varied marble's veins diffuse, 970  
 Were smeared, and slippery—stained and strown  
 With broken swords and helms o'erthrown  
 There were dead above, and the dead below  
 Lay cold in many a confined row,  
 You might see them piled in sable state  
 By a pale light through a gloomy grate,  
 But War had entered their dark caves<sup>2</sup>

1 — beneath the { *chequered* } stone — [MS G *erised*]  
                                   *inlaid*

11 But no *half blotted* — — [MS G *erased*]

111 But War must make the most of means — [MS G *erased*]



And stored along the vaulted graves  
 Her sulphurous treasures, thickly spread  
 In masses by the fleshless dead 980  
 Here, throughout the siege, had been  
 The Christians' chiefest magazine,  
 To these a late formed train now led,  
 Minotti's last and stern resource  
 Against the foe's o'erwhelming force

## XXXII

The foe came on, and few remain  
 To strive, and those must strive in vain  
 For lack of further lives, to slake  
 The thirst of vengeance now awake,  
 With barbarous blows they gash the dead, 990  
 And lop the already lifeless head,  
 And fell the statues from their niche,  
 And spoil the shrines of offerings rich,  
 And from each other's rude hands wrest  
 The silver vessels Saints had blessed  
 To the high altar on they go,  
 Oh, but it made a glorious show !<sup>1</sup>  
 On its table still behold  
 The cup of consecrated gold,  
 Massy and deep, a glittering prize, 1000  
 Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes  
 That morn it held the holy wine,<sup>1</sup>  
 Converted by Christ to his blood so divine,  
 Which his worshippers drank at the break of day,"

<sup>1</sup> *the sacrament wine* —[MS G erased]

<sup>11</sup> *Which the Christians partook at the break of the day* —  
 [MS G Copy]

<sup>1</sup> ["Oh, but it made a glorious show !!!"]  
 Gifford erases the line, and adds these marks of exclamation ]

To shrive their souls ere they joined in the fray  
 Still a few drops within it lay,  
 And round the sacred table glow  
 Twelve lofty lamps in splendid row  
 From the purest metal cast  
 A spoil—the richest and the last 1010

## XXXIII

So near they came the nearest stretched  
 To grasp the spoil he almost reached  
 When old Minotti's hand  
 Touched with the torch the train—  
 'Tis fired!<sup>1</sup>  
 Spire vaults the shrine the spoil the slain  
 The turbaned victors the Christian band  
 All that of living or dead remain  
 Hurl'd on high with the shiver'd fane  
 In one wild roar expired!<sup>2</sup> 1020  
 The shattered town—the walls thrown down—  
 The waves a moment backward bent—  
 The hills that shake although unrent<sup>1</sup>  
 As if an Earthquake passed—  
 The thousand shapeless things all driven  
 In cloud and flame athwart the heaven  
 By that tremendous blast—

1 *The hills as by an earthquake bent* —[MS G erased]

1 [Compare *Sardanapalus* act v sc 1 (sf)—

*Myr* Art thou ready?

*Sard* As the torch in thy grasp

(*Myrrha fires the pile*)

*Myr* 'Tis fired! I come ]

2 [A critic in the *Edinburgh Review* (vol v N S 1816 p 273) commenting on the obvious carelessness of these lines remarks We know not how all that of dead remained could expire in that wild roar To apply the word expire to inanimate objects is no doubt, an archaism but Byron might have quoted Dryden as an authority The ponderous ball expires ]

Proclaimed the desperate conflict o'er  
 On that too long afflicted shore <sup>1</sup>  
 Up to the sky like rockets go 1030  
 All that mingled there below  
 Many a tall and goodly man,  
 Scorched and shrivelled to a span,  
 When he fell to earth again  
 Like a cinder strewed the plain  
 Down the ashes shower like rain,  
 Some fell in the gulf, which received the sprinkles  
 With a thousand circling wrinkles,  
 Some fell on the shore, but, far away,  
 Scattered o'er the isthmus lay, 1040  
 Christian or Moslem, which be they?  
 Let their mothers see and say <sup>1</sup>  
 When in cradled rest they lay,  
 And each nursing mother smiled  
 On the sweet sleep of her child,  
 Little deemed she such a day  
 Would rend those tender limbs away <sup>2</sup>  
 Not the matrons that them bore  
 Could discern their offspring more, <sup>3</sup>  
 That one moment left no trace 1050  
 More of human form or face  
 Save a scattered scalp or bone

1 *Who can see or who shall say?*—[MS G erased]

1 [Strike out from "Up to the sky," etc., to "All blackened there and reeking lay" Despicable stuff—GIFFORD]

2 [Lines 1043-1047 are not in the Copy or MS G, but were included in the text of the First Edition]

3 [Compare *Don Juan*, Canto II stanza cii line 1, *seq*—

"Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat, had done  
 Their work on them by turns, and thinned them to  
 Such things a mother had not known her son  
 Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew"

Compare, too, *The Island*, Canto I section ix lines 13, 14]

And down came blazing rafters strown  
 Around, and many a falling stone <sup>1</sup>  
 Deeply dinted in the clay,  
 All blackened there and reeking lay  
 All the living things that heard  
 The deadly earth shock disappeared  
 The wild birds flew, the wild dogs fled  
 And howling left the unburied dead, <sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup> 1060  
 The camels from the r keepers broke,  
 The distant steer forsook the yoke—  
 The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain  
 And burst his girth, and tore his rein,  
 The bull frog's note from out the marsh  
 Deep-mouthed arose, and doubly harsh,  
 The wolves yelled on the caverned hill  
 Where Echo rolled in thunder still <sup>11</sup>  
 The jackal's troop, in gathered cry <sup>1</sup> <sup>3</sup>  
 Bayed from afar complainingly 1070  
 With a mixed and mournful sound  
 Like crying babe, and beaten hound <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *And crashed each mass of stone* —[MS G erased]

<sup>11</sup> *And left their food the unburied dead* —[Copy]  
*And left their food the untasted dead* —[MS G]  
*And howling left* — —[MS G erased]

<sup>111</sup> *Where Echo rolled in horror still* —[MS G]

<sup>1v</sup> *The frightened jackal's shrill sharp cry* —[MS G erased]

<sup>v</sup> *Mixed and mournful as the sound* —[MS G]

<sup>1</sup> [Omit the next six lines —GIFFORD]

<sup>2</sup> [I have heard hyænas and jackall in the ruins of Asia and bull frogs in the marshes besides wolves and angry Mussulmans —*Journal* November 23 1813 *Letters* 1898 11 340]

<sup>3</sup> I believe I have taken a poetical licence to transplant the jackal from Asia. In Greece I never saw nor heard these animals but among the ruins of Ephesus I have heard them by hundreds. They haunt ruins and follow armies [Compare *Childe Harold* Canto IV stanza clui line 6 and *Don Juan* Canto IV stanza xxvii line 2]

<sup>4</sup> [Leave out this couplet —GIFFORD]

With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,  
 The eagle left his rocky nest,  
 And mounted nearer to the sun,  
 The clouds beneath him seemed so dun,  
 Their smoke assailed his startled beak,  
 And made him higher soar and shriek —  
 'Thus was Corinth lost and won' !<sup>1</sup>

1 [With lines 1058-1079, compare Southey's *Roderick* (Canto XVIII, ed 1838, iv 169)—

"Far and wide the thundering shout,  
 Rolling among reduplicating rocks,  
 Pealed o'er the hills, and up the mountain vales  
 The wild ass starting in the forest glade  
 Ran to the covert, the affrighted wolf  
 Skulked through the thicket to a closer brake  
 The sluggish bear, awakened in his den,  
 Roused up and answered with a sullen growl,  
 Low-breathed and long, and at the uproar scared,  
 The brooding eagle from her nest took wing"

A sentence in a letter to Moore, dated January 10, 1815 (*Letters*, 1899, iii 168), "*I have tried the rascals (i.e. the public) with my Harrys and Larrys, Pilgrims and Pirates. Nobody but Southey has done any thing worth a slice of bookseller's pudding, and he has not luck enough to be found out in doing a good thing,*" implies that Byron had read and admired Southey's *Roderick*—an inference which is curiously confirmed by a memorandum in Murry's handwriting "When Southey's poem, *Don Roderick* (s.c), was published, Lord Byron sent in the middle of the night to ask John Murry if he had heard any opinion of it, for he thought it one of the finest poems he had ever read." The resemblance between the two passages, which is pointed out by Professor Kolbing, is too close to be wholly unconscious, but Byron's expansion of Southey's lines hardly amounts to a plagiarism.]

1

PARISINA



## INTRODUCTION TO *PARISINA*

*PARISINA* which had been begun before the *Siege of Corinth*, was transcribed by Lady Byron and sent to the publisher at the beginning of December 1815 Murray confessed that he had been alarmed by some hints which Byron had dropped as to the plot of the narrative but was reassured when he traced the delicate hand that transcribed it. He could not say enough of this Pearl of great price. It is very interesting pathetic beautiful—do you know I would almost say moral" (*Memoir of John Murray* 1891 : 353) Ward, to whom the MS of *Parisina* was shown and Isaac D'Israeli who heard it read aloud by Murray were enthusiastic as to its merits and Gifford who had mingled censure with praise in his critical appreciation of the *Siege*, declared that the author ' had never surpassed *Parisina*

The last and shortest of the six narrative poems composed and published in the four years (the first years of manhood and of fame the only years of manhood passed at home in England) which elapsed between the appearance of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold* and the third *Parisina* has perhaps, never yet received its due. At the time of its appearance it shared the odium which was provoked by the publication of *Fare Thee Well* and *A Sketch* and before there was time to reconsider the new volume on its own merits the new canto of *Childe Harold* followed almost immediately by the *Prisoner of Chillon* and its brilliant and noticeable companion poems usurped the attention of friend and foe. Contemporary critics (with the exception of the *Monthly* and *Critical Reviews*) fell foul of the subject matter of the poem—the guilty passion of a



bastard son for his father's wife "It was too disgusting to be rendered pleasing by any display of genius" (*European Magazine*), "The story of *Parisina* includes adultery not to be named" (*Literary Panorama*), while the *Eclectic*, on grounds of taste rather than of morals, gave judgment that "the subject of the tale was purely unpleasing"—"the impression left simply painful"

Byron, no doubt, for better or worse, was in advance of his age, in the pursuit of art for art's sake, and in his indifference, not to morality—the *dénouement* of the story is severely moral—but to the moral edification of his readers. The tale was chosen because it is a tale of love and guilt and woe, and the poet, unconcerned with any other issue, sets the tale to an enchanting melody. It does not occur to him to condone or to reprobate the loves of Hugo and Parisina, and in detailing the issue leaves the actors to their fate. It was this aloofness from ethical considerations which perturbed and irritated the "canters," as Byron called them—the children and champions of the anti-revolution. The modern reader, without being attracted or repelled by the *motif* of the story, will take pleasure in the sustained energy and sure beauty of the poetic strain. Byron may have gone to the "nakedness of history" for his facts, but he clothed them in singing robes of a delicate and shining texture.

TO  
SCROPE BERDMORE DAVIES ESQ

THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS INSCRIBED

BY ONE WHO HAS LONG ADMIRERD HIS TALENTS

AND VALUED HIS FRIENDSHIP

*January 22 1816*



## ADVERTISEMENT

THE following poem is grounded on a circumstance mentioned in Gibbons' *Antiquities of the House of Brunswick*. I am aware that in modern times the delicacy or fastidiousness of the reader may deem such subjects unfit for the purposes of poetry. The Greek dramatists, and some of the best of our old English writers, were of a different opinion: as Alfieri and Schiller have also been more recently upon the Continent. The following extract will explain the facts on which the story is founded. The name of *Arto* is substituted for Nicholas, as more metrical —[B]

‘Under the reign of Nicholas III [A.D. 145] Ferrara was polluted with a domestic tragedy. By the testimony of a maid and his own observation the Marquis of Este discovered the incestuous loves of his wife Parisina and Hugo his bastard son, a beautiful and valiant youth. They were beheaded in the castle by the sentence of a father and husband who published his shame and survived their execution<sup>1</sup>. He was unfortunate if they were guilty: if they were innocent he was still more unfortunate: nor is there any possible situation in which I can sincerely approve the last act of the justice of a parent —GIBBON'S *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. iii. p. 470 —[Ed. 1837, p. 830]

1 [Ferrara is much decayed and depopulated: but the castle still exists entire: and I saw the court where Parisina and Hugo were beheaded according to the annal of Gibbon. —*Vide* Advertisement to *Lament of Tasso*]



## PARISINA<sup>1</sup>

### I

It is the hour when from the boughs  
The nightingale's high note is heard  
It is the hour when lovers' vows  
Seem sweet in every whispered word,

<sup>1</sup> This turned out a calamitous year for the people of Ferrara for there occurred a very tragical event in the court of their sovereign. Our annals both printed and in manuscript with the exception of the unpolished and negligent work of Sardi and one other have given the following relation of it—from which however are rejected many details and especially the narrative of Bandelli who wrote a century afterwards and who does not accord with the contemporary historians.

By the above mentioned Stella dell'Assassino the Marquis in the year 1405 had a son called Ugo a beautiful and inœnuous youth. Parisina Malatesta second wife of Niccolò like the generality of step mothers treated him with little kindness to the infinite regret of the Marquis who regarded him with fond partiality. One day she asked leave of her husband to undertake a certain journey to which he consented but upon condition that Ugo should bear her company for he hoped by these means to induce her in the end to lay aside the obstinate aversion which she had conceived against him. And indeed his intent was accomplished but too well since during the journey she not only divested herself of all her hatred but fell into the opposite extreme. After their return the Marquis had no longer any occasion to renew his former reproofs. It happened one day that a servant of the Marquis named Zoese or as some call him Giorgio passing before the apartments of Parisina saw going out from them one of her chamber maids all terrified and in tears. Asking the reason she told him that her mistress for some slight offence had been beating her and giving vent to her rage she added that she could easily be revenged if she chose to make known the criminal familiarity which subsisted

And gentle winds, and waters near,  
Make music to the lonely ear

between Parisina and her step-son The servant took note of the words, and related them to his master He was astounded thereat, but, scarcely believing his ears, he assured himself of the fact, alas ! too clearly, on the 18th of May, by looking through a hole made in the ceiling of his wife's chamber Instantly he broke into a furious rage, and arrested both of them, together with Aldobrandino Rangoni, of Modena, her gentleman, and also, as some say, two of the women of her chamber, as abettors of this sinful act He ordered them to be brought to a hasty trial, desiring the judges to pronounce sentence, in the accustomed forms, upon the culprits This sentence was death Some there were that bestirred themselves in favour of the delinquents, and, amongst others, Ugoccion Contrario, who was all-powerful with Niccolo, and also his aged and much deserving minister Alberto del Sale Both of these, their tears flowing down their cheeks, and upon their knees, implored him for mercy, adducing whatever reasons they could suggest for sparing the offenders, besides those motives of honour and decency which might persuade him to conceal from the public so scandalous a deed But his rage made him inflexible, and, on the instant, he commanded that the sentence should be put in execution

"It was, then, in the prisons of the castle, and exactly in those frightful dungeons which are seen at this day beneath the chamber called the Aurora, at the foot of the Lion's tower, at the top of the street Giovecca, that on the night of the 21st of May were beheaded, first, Ugo, and afterwards Parisina Zoese, he that accused her, conducted the latter under his arm to the place of punishment She, all along, fancied that she was to be thrown into a pit, and asked at every step, whether she was yet come to the spot ? She was told that her punishment was the axe She enquired what was become of Ugo, and received for answer, that he was already dead, at which, sighing grievously, she exclaimed, 'Now, then, I wish not myself to live,' and, being come to the block, she stripped herself, with her own hands, of all her ornaments, and, wrapping a cloth round her head, submitted to the fatal stroke, which terminated the cruel scene The same was done with Rangoni, who, together with the others, according to two calendars in the library of St Francesco, was buried in the cemetery of that convent Nothing else is known respecting the women

"The Marquis kept watch the whole of that dreadful night, and, as he was walking backwards and forwards, enquired of the captain of the castle if Ugo was dead yet ? who answered him, Yes He then gave himself up to the most desperate lamentations, exclaiming, 'Oh ! that I too were dead, since I have been hurried on to resolve thus against my own Ugo !' And then gnawing with his teeth a cane which he had in his hand, he passed the rest of the night in sighs and in tears, calling frequently upon his own dear Ugo On the following day, calling to mind that it would be necessary to

Each flower the dews have lightly wet  
 And in the sky the stars are met  
 And on the wave is deeper blue,  
 And on the leaf a browner hue 10  
 And in the heaven that clear obscure  
 So softly dark and darkly pure  
 Which follows the decline of day  
 As twilight melts beneath the moon away<sup>3</sup>

## II

But it is not to list to the waterfall  
 That Parisina leaves her hall

- 1 *Francesca walks in the shadow of night  
 But it is not to gaze on the heavenly light—  
 But if she sits in her garden bower  
 'Tis not for the sake of its blown flower —*

[Nathan 1815 1829]

make public his justification seeing that the transaction could not be kept secret he ordered the narrative to be drawn out upon paper and sent it to all the courts of Italy

On receiving this advice the Doge of Venice Francesco Foscarini gave orders but without publishing his reasons that stop should be put to the preparations for a tournament which under the auspices of the Marquis and at the expense of the city of Padua was about to take place in the square of St Mark in order to celebrate his advancement to the ducal chair

The Marquis in addition to what he had already done from some unaccountable burst of vengeance commanded that as many of the married women as were well known to him to be faithless like his Parisina should like her be beheaded Amongst others Barberina or as some call her Laodamia Romei wife of the court judge underwent this sentence at the usual place of execution that is to say in the quarter of St Giacomo opposite the present fortress beyond St Pauls It cannot be told how strange appeared this proceeding in a prince who considering his own disposition should as it seemed have been in such cases most indulgent Some however there were who did not fail to commend him [*Al morie per la Storia l'Ferrari Raccolte da Antonio Frizzi 1793 in 408-410 See too Celebri Famigli Italiane by Conte Pompeo Litta 183 Fasc xxvi Part III vol II*]

2 [The revise of *Parisina* 1 endorsed in Murray's handwriting Given to me by Lord Byron at his house Saturday January 13 1816]

3 The lines contained in this section were printed as set to music



And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light  
 That the Lady walks in the shadow of night ,  
 And if she sits in Este's bower,  
 'Tis not for the sake of its full-blown flower ,      20  
 She listens—but not for the nightingale  
 Though her ear expects as soft a tale  
 There glides a step through the foliage thick,  
 And her cheek grows pale, and her heart beats quick  
 There whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,  
 And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves  
 A moment more    and they shall meet  
 'Tis past    her Lover's at her feet

## III

And what unto them is the world beside,  
 With all its change of time and tide ?      30  
 Its living things    its earth and sky  
 Are nothing to their mind and eye  
 And heedless as the dead are they  
     Of aught around, above, beneath ,  
 As if all else had passed away,  
     They only for each other breathe ,  
 Their very sighs are full of joy  
     So deep, that did it not decay,  
 That happy madness would destroy  
     The hearts which feel its fiery sway      40  
 Of guilt, of peril, do they deem  
 In that tumultuous tender dream ?  
 Who that have felt that passion's power,  
 Or paused, or feared in such an hour ?

1 *There winds a step*      —[*Nathan*, 1815, 1829 ]

some time since, but belonged to the poem where they now appear ,  
 the greater part of which was composed prior to *Lara*, and other  
 compositions since published    [Note to *Siege*, etc , First Edition,  
 1816 ]

Or thought how brief such moments last ?  
But yet—they are already past !  
Alas ! we must awake before  
We know such vision comes no more

## IV

With many a lingering look they leave  
The spot of guilty gladness past 50  
And though they hope and vow they grieve  
As if that parting were the last  
The frequent sigh—the long embrace—  
The lip that there would cling for ever  
While gleams on Parisina's face  
The Heaven he fears will not forgive her  
As if each calmly conscious star  
Beheld her frailty from afar—  
The frequent sigh the long embrace  
Yet binds them to their trysting place 60  
But it must come and they must part  
In fearful heaviness of heart  
With all the deep and shuddering chill  
Which follows fast the deeds of ill

**v**

And Hugo is gone to his lonely bed  
To covet there another's bride  
But she must lay her conscious head  
A husband's trusting heart beside  
But fevered in her sleep she seems  
And red her cheek with troubled dreams  
And mutters she in her unrest  
A name she dare not breathe by day <sup>1</sup>

1 [Leigh Hunt in his *Autobiography* (1860 p 252) says I had the pleasure of supplying my friendly critic Lord Byron with a poem for his *Parisina* (the incident of the heroine talking in her sleep)

And clasps her Lord unto the breast  
 Which pants for one away  
 And he to that embrace awakes,  
 And, happy in the thought, mistakes  
 That dreaming sigh, and warm caress,  
 For such as he was wont to bless ,  
 And could in very fondness weep  
 O'er her who loves him even in sleep 80

## VI

He clasped her sleeping to his heart,  
 And listened to each broken word  
 He hears Why doth Prince Azo start,  
 As if the Archangel's voice he heard ?  
 And well he may a deeper doom  
 Could scarcely thunder o'er his tomb,  
 When he shall wake to sleep no more,  
 And stand the eternal throne before.  
 And well he may his earthly peace  
 Upon that sound is doomed to cease 90  
 That sleeping whisper of a name  
 Bespeaks her guilt and Azo's shame

Putting Lady Macbeth out of the question, the situation may be traced to a passage in Henry Mackenzie's *Julia de Roubigné* (1777, 11 101 "Montauban to Segarva," Letter xxxv) —

"I was last night abroad at supper, Julia was a-bed before my return I found her lute lying on the table, and a music-book open by it I could perceive the marks of tears shed on the paper, and the air was such as might encourage their falling Sleep, however, had overcome her sadness, and she did not awake when I opened the curtain to look on her When I had stood some moments, I heard her sigh strongly through her sleep, and presently she muttered some words, I know not of what import I had sometimes heard her do so before, without regarding it much, but there was something that roused my attention now I listened, she sighed again, and again spoke a few broken words At last I heard her plainly pronounce the name Savillon two or three times, and each time it was accompanied with sighs so deep that her heart seemed bursting as it heaved then"]

And whose that name? that o'er his pillow  
 Sounds fearful as the breaking billow  
 Which rolls the plank upon the shore  
 And dashes on the pointed rock  
 The wretch who sinks to rise no more —  
 So came upon his soul the shock.  
 And whose that name?— 'tis Hugo's — his —  
 In sooth he had not deemed of this! — 100  
 'Tis Hugo's — he the child of one  
 He loved — his own all-evil son —  
 The offspring of his wayward youth  
 When he betrayed Bianca's truth<sup>1</sup> 1  
 The maid whose folly could confide  
 In him who made her not his bride

## VII

He plucked his poniard in its sheath  
 But sheathed it ere the point was bare  
 Howe'er unworthy now to breathe  
 He could not slay a thing so fair — 110  
 At least not smiling — sleeping — there —  
 Nay, more — he did not wake her then  
 But gazed upon her with a glance  
 Which had she roused her from her trance  
 Had frozen her sense to sleep again  
 And o'er his brow the burning lamp  
 Gleamed on the dew drops big and damp  
 She spake no more — but still she slumbered —  
 While in his thought her days are numbered

1 — *Al dora's* — — [Copy erased]

1 [Compare *Christabel* Part II lines 408 409 —

Alas! they had been friends in youth  
 But whispering tongues can poison truth ]

## VIII

And with the morn he sought and found, 120  
 In many a tale from those around,  
 The proof of all he feared to know,  
 Their present guilt his future woe,  
 The long-conniving damsels seek  
     To save themselves, and would transfer  
     The guilt the shame—the doom—to her  
 Concealment is no more—they speak  
 All circumstance which may compel  
 Full credence to the tale they tell  
 And Azo's tortured heart and ear 130  
 Have nothing more to feel or hear

## IX

He was not one who brooked delay  
     Within the chamber of his state,  
 The Chief of Este's ancient sway  
     Upon his throne of judgement sate,  
 His nobles and his guards are there,  
 Before him is the sinful pair,  
 Both young, and *one* how passing fair !  
 With swordless belt, and fettered hand,  
 Oh, Christ ! that thus a son should stand 140  
     Before a father's face !  
 Yet thus must Hugo meet his sire,  
 And hear the sentence of his ire,  
     The tale of his disgrace !  
 And yet he seems not overcome,  
 Although, as yet, his voice be dumb.

## X

And still, and pale and silently  
     Did Parisina wait her doom,

How changed since last her speaking eye  
 Glanced gladness round the glittering room, 150  
 Where high born men were proud to wait—  
 Where Beauty watched to imitate  
 Her gentle voice—her lovely mien—  
 And gather from her air and gut  
 The graces of its Queen  
 Then—had her eye in sorrow wept  
 A thousand warriors forth had leapt  
 A thousand swords had sheathless shone  
 And made her quarrel all their own<sup>1</sup>  
 Now,—what is she? and what are they? 160  
 Can she command or these obey?  
 All silent and unheeding now  
 With downcast eyes and knitting brow  
 And folded arms and freezing air,  
 And lips that scarce their scorn forbear  
 Her knights her dames her court—is there  
 And he—the chosen one, whose lance  
 Had yet been couched before her glance  
 Who—were his arm a moment free—  
 Had died or gained her liberty, 170  
 The minion of his father's bride—  
 He too is fettered by her side,  
 Nor sees her swoln and full eye swim  
 Less for her own despair than him  
 Those lids—o'er which the violet vein

1 [Compare the famous eulogy of Marie Antoinette in Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France* in a Letter intended to have been sent to a Gentleman in Paris London 1790 pp 112 113—

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France then the dauphiness at Versailles Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fall upon her in a nation of gallant men in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult ]

Wandering, leaves a tender stain,  
 Shining through the smoothest white  
 That e'er did softest kiss invite  
 Now seemed with hot and livid glow  
 To press, not shade, the orbs below , 180  
 Which glance so heavily, and fill,  
 As tear on tear grows gathering still <sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup>

## XI.

And he for her had also wept,  
 But for the eyes that on him gazed  
 His sorrow, if he felt it, slept,  
 Stern and erect his brow was raised.  
 Whate'er the grief his soul avowed,  
 He would not shrink before the crowd ,  
 But yet he dared not look on her ,  
 Remembrance of the hours that were 190  
 His guilt his love—his present state  
 His father's wrath, all good men's hate  
 His earthly, his eternal fate—  
 And hers, oh, hers <sup>1</sup> he dared not throw  
 One look upon that death-like brow <sup>1</sup>  
 Else had his rising heart betrayed  
 Remorse for all the wreck it made.

## XII

And Azo spake .—" But yesterday  
 I gloried in a wife and son ,  
 That dream this morning passed away , 200  
 Ere day declines, I shall have none.  
 My life must linger on alone ,

<sup>1</sup> *As tear by tear rose gathering still* —[*Revise* ]

<sup>1</sup> [Lines 175-182, which are in Byron's handwriting, were added to the Copy ]

Well,—let that pass,—there breathes not one  
 Who would not do as I have done  
 Those ties are broken—not by me

Let that too pass,—the doom's prepared !  
 Hugo the priest awaits on thee

And then—thy crime's reward !  
 Away ! address thy prayers to Heaven

Before its evening stars are met 210  
 Learn if thou there canst be forgiven

Its mercy may absolve thee yet  
 But here, upon the earth beneath

There is no spot where thou and I  
 Together for an hour could breathe

Farewell ! I will not see thee die—  
 But thou frail thing ! shalt view his head—

Away ! I cannot speak the rest  
 Go ! woman of the wanton breast 220

Not I, but thou his blood dost shed  
 Go ! if that sight thou canst outlive,

And joy thee in the life I give

## XIII

And here stern Azo hid his face—

For on his brow the swelling vein  
 Throbbed as if back upon his brain

The hot blood ebbed and flowed again  
 And therefore bowed he for a space

And passed his shaking hand along  
 His eye to veil it from the throng, 230

While Hugo raised his chafed hands  
 And for a brief delay demands

His father's ear the silent sire  
 Forbids not what his words require



"It is not that I dread the death  
 For thou hast seen me by thy side  
 All redly through the battle ride,  
 And that not once a useless brand  
 Thy slaves have wrested from my hand  
 Hath shed more blood in cause of thine,  
 Than e'er can stain the axe of mine <sup>1</sup> 240

Thou gav'st, and may'st resume my breath,  
 A gift for which I thank thee not,  
 Nor are my mother's wrongs forgot,  
 Her slighted love and ruined name,  
 Her offspring's heritage of shame,  
 But she is in the grave, where he,  
 Her son thy rival—soon shall be  
 Her broken heart my severed head  
 Shall witness for thee from the dead  
 How trusty and how tender were 250  
 Thy youthful love paternal care  
 'Tis true that I have done thee wrong

But wrong for wrong this, deemed thy bride,  
 The other victim of thy pride,  
 Thou know'st for me was destined long,  
 Thou saw'st, and coveted'st her charms,  
 And with thy very crime my birth,  
 Thou taunted'st me—as little worth,  
 A match ignoble for her arms,  
 Because, forsooth, I could not claim 260  
 The lawful heirship of thy name,  
 Nor sit on Este's lineal throne,  
 Yet, were a few short summers mine,  
 My name should more than Este's shine

1 [The meaning is plain, but the construction is involved. The contrast is between the blood of foes, which Hugo has shed for Azo, and Hugo's own blood, which Azo is about to shed on the scaffold. But this is one of Byron's incurious infelicities.]

With honours all my own  
 I had a sword—and have a breast  
 That should have won as haught <sup>1</sup> a crest  
 As ever waved along the line  
 Of all these sovereign sires of thine  
 Not always knightly spurs are worn 70  
 The brightest by the better born  
 And mine have lanced my courser's flank  
 Before proud chiefs of princely rank  
 When charging to the cheering cry  
 Of Este and of Victory!  
 I will not plead the cause of crime  
 Nor sue thee to redeem from time  
 A few brief hours or days that must  
 At length roll o'er my reckless dust —  
 Such maddening moments as my past 280  
 They could not, and they did not last —  
 Albeit my birth and name be base,  
 And thy nobility of race  
 Disdained to deck a thing like me—  
 Yet in my lineaments they trace  
 Some features of my father's face  
 And in my spirit—all of thee  
 From thee this tamelessness of heart—  
 From thee—nay, wherefore dost thou start?—  
 From thee in all their vigour came 90  
 My arm of strength, my soul of flame—  
 Thou didst not give me life alone  
*But all that made me more thine own*  
 See what thy guilty love hath done!  
 Repaid thee with too like a son!

<sup>1</sup> Haught—haughty      Away *hau ht* man thou art insulting  
 me —SHAKESPEARE [*Richard II* act iv sc 1 line 254—

No lord of thine thou haught in ulting man ]

I am no bastard in my soul,  
 For that, like thine, abhorred control,  
 And for my breath, that hasty boon  
 'Thou gav'st and wilt resume so soon,  
 I valued it no more than thou, 300  
 When rose thy casque above thy brow,  
 And we, all side by side, have striven,  
 And o'er the dead our coursers driven  
 The past is nothing and at last  
 'The future can but be the past,<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet would I that I then had died

For though thou work'dst my mother's ill,  
 And made thy own my destined bride,

I feel thou art my father still  
 And harsh as sounds thy hard decree, 310  
 'Tis not unjust, although from thee  
 Begot in sin, to die in shame,  
 My life begun and ends the same  
 As erred the sire, so erred the son,  
 And thou must punish both in one.  
 My crime seems worst to human view,  
 But God must judge between us too!<sup>1 2</sup>

## XIV.

He ceased—and stood with folded arms,  
 On which the circling fetters sounded,  
 And not an ear but felt as wounded, 320  
 Of all the chiefs that there were ranked,  
 When those dull chains in meeting clanked  
 Till Parisina's fatal charms<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Lines 304, 305, and lines 310-317 are not in the Copy. They were inserted by Byron in the Revise.]

<sup>2</sup> [A writer in the *Critical Review* (February, 1816, vol. iii p. 151) holds this couplet up to derision "Too" is a weak ending, and, orally at least, ambiguous.]

<sup>3</sup> ["I sent for *Marmion*, because it occurred to me there

Again attracted every eye—  
 Would she thus hear him doomed to die !  
 She stood, I said, all pale and still,  
 The living cause of Hugo's ill  
 Her eyes unmoved, but full and wide  
 Not once had turned to either side—  
 Nor once did those sweet eyelids close      330  
 Or shade the glance over which they rose,  
 But round their orbs of deepest blue  
 The circling white dilated grew—  
 And there with glassy gaze she stood  
 As ice were in her curdled blood,  
 But every now and then a tear<sup>1</sup>  
     So large and slowly gathered slid  
     From the long dark fringe of that fair lid  
 It was a thing to see not hear !<sup>2</sup>

might be a resemblance between part of *Parisina* and a similar scene in Canto 2<sup>d</sup> of *Marmion*. I fear there is though I never thought of it before and could hardly wish to imitate that which is inimitable. I had completed the story on the passage from Gibbon which in fact leads to a like scene naturally without a thought of the kind but it comes upon me not very comfortably. —Letter to Murray February 3 1816 (*Letters* 1899 iii 260) The scene in *Marmion* is the one where Constance de Beverley appears before the conclave—

Her look composed and steady eye  
 Bespoke a matchless constancy  
 And there she stood so calm and pale  
 That but her breathing did not fail  
 And motion slight of eye and head  
 And of her bosom warranted  
 That neither sense nor pulse she lacks  
 You must have thought a form of wax  
 Wrought to the very life was there—  
 So still she was so pale so fair

Canto II stanza xxi lines 5-14 ]

<sup>1</sup> [ I admire the fabrication of the big Tear which is very fine—much larger by the way than Shakespeares —Letter of John Murray to Lord Byron (*Memoir of John Murray* 1891 354) ]

<sup>2</sup> [Compare *Christabel* Part I line 53—

A sight to dream of not to tell ! ]

And those who saw, it did surprise, 340  
Such drops could fall from human eyes.  
To speak she thought—the imperfect note  
Was choked within her swelling throat,  
Yet seemed in that low hollow groan  
Her whole heart gushing in the tone  
It ceased—again she thought to speak,  
Then burst her voice in one long shriek,  
And to the earth she fell like stone  
Or statue from its base o'erthrown,  
More like a thing that ne'er had life, 350  
A monument of Azo's wife,  
Than her, that living guilty thing,  
Whose every passion was a sting,  
Which urged to guilt, but could not bear  
That guilt's detection and despair  
But yet she lived—and all too soon  
Recovered from that death-like swoon—  
But scarce to reason—every sense  
Had been o'erstrung by pangs intense .  
And each frail fibre of her brain 360  
(As bowstrings, when relaxed by rain,  
The erring arrow launch aside)  
Sent forth her thoughts all wild and wide  
The past a blank, the future black,  
With glimpses of a dreary track,  
Like lightning on the desert path,  
When midnight storms are mustering wrath  
She feared she felt that something ill  
Lay on her soul, so deep and chill,  
That there was sin and shame she knew, 370  
That some one was to die but who?  
She had forgotten did she breathe?  
Could this be still the earth beneath,

The sky above and men around,  
 Or were they fiends who now so frowned  
 On one, before whose eyes each eye  
 Till then had smiled in sympathy?  
 All was confused and undefined  
 To her all jarred and wandering mind,  
 A chaos of wild hopes and fears 380  
 And now in laughter now in tears  
 But madly still in each extreme  
 She strove with that convulsive dream  
 For so it seemed on her to break  
 Oh! vainly must she strive to wake!

## XV

The Convent bells are ringing  
 But mournfully and slow  
 In the grey square turret swinging  
 With a deep sound, to and fro  
 Heavily to the heart they go! 390  
 Hark! the hymn is singing—  
 The song for the dead below,  
 Or the living who shortly shall be so!  
 For a departed being's soul!<sup>1</sup>  
 The death hymn peals and the hollow bells knoll!<sup>1</sup>  
 He is near his mortal goal,  
 Kneeling at the Friar's knee  
 Sad to hear and piteous to see—  
 Kneeling on the bare cold ground  
 With the block before and the guards around 400  
 And the headsman with his bare arm ready,  
 That the blow may be both swift and steady

<sup>1</sup> *For a departing being's soul* —[*Copy*]

<sup>1</sup> [For the peculiar use of *knoll* as a verb compare *Clilde Harold* Canto III stanza xcvi line 5 and *Werner* act iii sc 3]

Feels if the axe be sharp and true  
 Since he set its edge anew <sup>1</sup>  
 While the crowd in a speechless circle gather  
 To see the Son fall by the doom of the Father !

## XVI.

It is a lovely hour as yet  
 Before the summer sun shall set,  
 Which rose upon that heavy day,  
 And mock'd it with his steadiest ray , 410  
 And his evening beams are shed  
 Full on Hugo's fated head,  
 As his last confession pouring  
 To the monk, his doom deploring  
 In penitential holiness,  
 He bends to hear his accents bless  
 With absolution such as may  
 Wipe our mortal stains away.  
 That high sun on his head did glisten  
 As he there did bow and listen, 420  
 And the rings of chestnut hair  
 Curled half down his neck so bare ,  
 But brighter still the beam was thrown  
 Upon the axe which near him shone  
 With a clear and ghastly glitter  
 Oh ! that parting hour was bitter !  
 Even the stern stood chilled with awe  
 Dark the crime, and just the law  
 Yet they shuddered as they saw.

## XVII.

The parting prayers are said and over 430  
 Of that false son, and daring lover !

<sup>1</sup> [Lines 401-404, which are in Byron's handwriting, were added to the Copy ]

His beads and sins are all recounted <sup>1</sup>  
 His hours to their last minute mounted,  
 His mantling cloak before was stripped,  
 His bright brown locks must now be clipped  
 'Tis done—all closely are they shorn,  
 The vest which till this moment worn—  
 The scarf which Parisina gave—  
 Must not adorn him to the grave  
 Even that must now be thrown aside, 440  
 And o'er his eyes the kerchief tied  
 But no—that last indignity  
 Shall ne'er approach his haughty eye  
 All feelings seemingly subdued  
 In deep disdain were half renewed  
 When headsman's hands prepared to bind  
 Those eyes which would not brook such blind  
 As if they dared not look on death  
 No—yours my forfeit blood and breath,  
 These hands are chained but let me die 450  
 At least with an unshackled eye—  
 Strike —and as the word he said  
 Upon the block he bowed his head,  
 These the last accents Hugo spoke  
 Strike —and flashing fell the stroke—  
 Rolled the head—and gushing sunk  
 Back the stained and heaving trunk,  
 In the dust, which each deep vein  
 Slaked with its ensanguined rain,  
 His eyes and lips a moment quiver, 460  
 Convulsed and quick—then fix for ever

He died as erring man should die  
 Without display, without parade,

<sup>1</sup> *His latest beads and sins are counted* —[Copy]



Meekly had he bowed and prayed,  
 As not disdaining priestly aid,  
 Nor desperate of all hope on high  
 And while before the Prior kneeling,  
 His heart was weaned from earthly feeling,  
 His wrathful Sire his Paramour  
 What were they in such an hour? 470  
 No more reproach, no more despair,  
 No thought but Heaven, no word but prayer  
 Save the few which from him broke,  
 When, bared to meet the headsman's stroke,  
 He claimed to die with eyes unbound,  
 His sole adieu to those around.

## XVIII

Still as the lips that closed in death,  
 Each gazer's bosom held his breath  
 But yet, afar, from man to man,  
 A cold electric<sup>1</sup> shiver ran, 480  
 As down the deadly blow descended  
 On him whose life and love thus ended,  
 And, with a hushing sound compressed,  
 A sigh shrunk back on every breast,  
 But no more thrilling noise rose there,  
     Beyond the blow that to the block  
     Pierced through with forced and sullen shock,  
 Save one what cleaves the silent air  
 So madly shrill, so passing wild?  
 That, as a mother's o'er her child, 490

<sup>1</sup> *But no more thrilling voice rose there* —[*Copy*]

I [For the use of "electric" as a metaphor, compare Coleridge's *Songs of the Pixies*, v lines 59, 60—

"The electric flash, that from the melting eye  
 Darts the fond question and the soft reply"]

Done to death by sudden blow  
To the sky these accents go  
Like 7 souls in endless woe  
Through Azo's palace lattice driven  
That horrid voice ascends to heaven  
And every eye is turned thereon,  
But sound and sight alike are gone!  
It was a woman's shriek—and ne'er  
In madlier accents rose despair,  
And those who heard it as it past 500  
In mercy wished it were the last

## XIX

Hugo is fallen, and from that hour  
No more in palace hall or bower  
Was Parisina heard or seen  
Her name—as if she ne'er had been—  
Was banished from each lip and ear  
Like words of wantonness or fear,  
And from Prince Azo's voice by none  
Was mention heard of wife or son,  
No tomb—no memory had they 510  
Theirs was unconsecrated clay—  
At least the Knights who died that day  
But Parisina's fate lies hid  
Like dust beneath the coffin lid  
Whether in convent she abode  
And won to heaven her dreary road  
By blighted and remorseful years  
Of scourge and fast and sleepless tears  
Or if she fell by bowl or steel  
For that dark love she dared to feel 520  
Or if upon the moment smote  
She died by tortures less remote

Like him she saw upon the block  
 With heart that shared the headsman's shock,  
 In quickened brokenness that came,  
 In pity o'er her shattered frame,  
 None knew and none can ever know  
 But whatsoe'er its end below,  
 Her life began and closed in woe !

## XX

And Azo found another bride, 530  
 And goodly sons grew by his side ,  
 But none so lovely and so brave  
 As him who withered in the grave ,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or if they were—on his cold eye  
 Their growth but glanced unheeded by,  
 Or noticed with a smothered sigh.  
 But never tear his cheek descended,  
 And never smile his brow unbended ,  
 And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought  
 The intersected lines of thought , 540  
 Those furrows which the burning share  
 Of Sorrow ploughs untimely there ,  
 Scars of the lacerating mind  
 Which the Soul's war doth leave behind.<sup>2</sup>  
 He was past all mirth or woe  
 Nothing more remained below  
 But sleepless nights and heavy days,  
 A mind all dead to scorn or praise,  
 A heart which shunned itself and yet  
 That would not yield, nor could forget, 550

<sup>1</sup> [Here, again, Byron is *super grammaticam*. The comparison is between Hugo and "goodly sons," not between Hugo and "bride" in the preceding line ]

<sup>2</sup> [Lines 539-544 are not in the Copy, but were inserted in the Revise ]

Which when it least appeared to melt  
 Intensely thought—intensely felt  
 The deepest ice which ever froze  
 Can only o'er the surface close,  
 The living stream lies quick below,  
 And flows and cannot cease to flow <sup>1</sup>  
 Still was his sealed up bosom haunted <sup>1</sup>  
 By thoughts which Nature hath implanted  
 Too deeply rooted thence to vanish  
 However our stifled tears we banish, 560  
 When struggling as they rise to start  
 We check those waters of the heart,  
 They are not dried—those tears unshed  
 But flow back to the fountain head,  
 And resting in their spring more pure  
 For ever in its depth endure  
 Unseen—unwept—but uncongealed,  
 And cherished most where least revealed  
 With inward starts of feeling left  
 To throb o'er those of life bereft 570  
 Without the power to fill again  
 The desert gap which made his pain  
 Without the hope to meet them where  
 United souls shall gladness share  
 With all the consciousness that he  
 Had only passed a just decree, <sup>11</sup>  
 That they had wrought their doom of ill,  
 Yet Azos age was wretched still  
 The tainted branches of the tree  
 If lopped with care, a strength may give 580

<sup>1</sup> *As still unwelcomely was haunted —[Copy]*

<sup>11</sup> *Had only sealed a just decree —[Copy]*

<sup>1</sup> [Lines 551-556 are not in the Copy but were inserted in the Revise]

By which the rest shall bloom and live  
All greenly fresh and wildly free  
But if the lightning, in its wrath,  
The waving boughs with fury scathe,  
The massy trunk the ruin feels,  
And never more a leaf reveals

## POEMS OF THE SEPARATION



## INTRODUCTION TO POEMS OF THE SEPARATION

THE two poems, *Fare Thee Well* (March 17) and *A Sketch* (March 29 1816) which have hitherto been entitled *Domestic Pieces* or *Poems on His Own Circumstances*, I have ventured to rename *Poems of the Separation*. Of secondary importance as poems or works of art they stand out by themselves as marking and helping to make the critical epoch in the life and reputation of the poet. It is to be observed that there was an interval of twelve days between the date of *Fare Thee Well* and *A Sketch* that the composition of the latter belongs to a later episode in the separation drama and that for some reasons connected with the proceedings between the parties a pathetic if not uncritical resignation had given place to the extremity of exasperation—to hatred and fury and revenge. It follows that either poem in respect of composition and of publication must be judged on its own merits. Contemporary critics, while they were all but unanimous in holding up *A Sketch* to unqualified reprobation were divided with regard to the good taste and good faith of *Fare Thee Well*. Moore intimates that at first, and indeed for some years after the separation he was strongly inclined to condemn the *Fare Thee Well* as a histrionic performance—a showy effusion of sentiment "but that on reading the account of all the circumstances in Byron's *Memoranda*, he was impressed by the reality of the 'swell of tender recollections under the influence of which, as he sat one night musing in his study, these stanzas were produced—the tears as he said falling fast over the paper as he wrote them (*Life*, p. 30)



With whatever purpose, or under whatever emotion the lines were written, Byron did not keep them to himself. They were shown to Murray, and copies were sent to "the initiated." "I have just received," writes Murray, "the enclosed letter from Mrs Maria Graham [1785-1842, *née* Dundas, authoress and traveller, afterwards Lady Callcott], to whom I had sent the verses. It will show you that you are thought of in the remotest corners, and furnishes me with an excuse for repeating that I shall not forget you. God bless your Lordship. Fare Thee Well" [MSS M]

But it does not appear that they were printed in their final shape (the proof of a first draft, consisting of thirteen stanzas, is dated March 18, 1816) till the second copy of verses were set up in type with a view to private distribution (see *Letters*, 1899, iii 279). Even then there was no thought of publication on the part of Byron or of Murray, and, as a matter of fact, though *Fare Thee Well* was included in the "Poems" of 1816, it was not till both poems had appeared in over twenty pirated editions that *A Sketch* was allowed to appear in vol iii of the Collected Works of 1819. Unquestionably Byron intended that the "initiated," whether foes or sympathizers, should know that he had not taken his dismissal in silence, but it is far from certain that he connived at the appearance of either copy of verses in the public press. It is impossible to acquit him of the charge of appealing to a limited circle of specially chosen witnesses and advocates in a matter which lay between himself and his wife, but the aggravated offence of rushing into print may well be attributed to "the injudicious zeal of a friend," or the "malice prepense" of an enemy. If he had hoped that the verses would slip into a newspaper, as it were, *malgré lui*, he would surely have taken care that the seed fell on good ground under the favouring influence of Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, or Leigh Hunt of the *Examiner*. As it turned out, the first paper which possessed or ventured to publish a copy of the "domestic pieces" was the *Champion*, a Tory paper, then under the editorship of John Scott (1783-1821), a man of talent and of probity, but, as Mr Lang puts it (*Life and Letters* of John Gibson Lockhart, 1897, i 256), "Scotch, and a professed moralist." The date of publication

was Sunday, April 14, and it is to be noted that the *Od from the French* ( We do not curse thee Waterloo ) had been published in the *Morning Chronicle* on March 15 and that on the preceding Sunday, April 7 the brilliant but un-patriotic apostrophe to the *Star of the Legion of Honour* had appeared in the *Examiner* We notice it [this strain of his Lordship's harp]" writes the editor because we think it would not be doing justice to the merits of such political tenets if they were not coupled with their corresponding practice in regard to moral and domestic obligations There is generally a due proportion kept in the music of men's lives Of many of the *facts* of this distressing case we are not ignorant but God knows they are not for a newspaper Fortunately they fall within very general knowledge, in London at least if they had not they would never have found their way to us But there is a respect due to certain wrongs and sufferings that would be outraged by uncovering them It was all very mysterious very terrible but what wonder that the laureate of the ex emperor the contemner of the Bourbons the pæanist of the star of the brave, the rainbow of the free should make good his political heresy by personal depravity—by unmanly vice unmanly whining unmanly vituperation?

Wordsworth to whom Scott forwarded the *Champion* of April 14 outdid the journalist in virtuous fury Let me say only one word of Lord B The man is insane The verses on his private affairs excite in me less indignation than pity The latter copy is the Billingsgate of Bedlam

You yourself seem to labour under some delusion as to the merits of Lord B's poetry and treat the wretched verses the *Fare Well* with far too much respect They are disgusting in sentiment and in execution contemptible Though my many faults deface me etc Can worse doggerel than such a stanza be written? One verse is commendable All my madness none can know The criticism as criticism confutes itself and is worth quoting solely because it displays the feeling of a sane and honourable man towards a member of the 'opposition' who had tripped and fallen and now lay within reach of his lash (see *Life of William Wordsworth* 1889 ii 267 etc)

It was not only, as Macaulay put it, that Byron was "singled out as an expiatory sacrifice" by the British public in a periodical fit of morality, but, as the extent and the limitations of the attack reveal, occasion was taken by political adversaries to inflict punishment for an outrage on popular sentiment

The *Champion* had been the first to give tongue, and the other journals, on the plea that the mischief was out, one after the other took up the cry. On Monday, April 15, the *Sun* printed *Fare Thee Well*, and on Tuesday, April 16, followed with *A Sketch*. On the same day the *Morning Chronicle*, protesting that "the poems were not written for the public eye, but as having been inserted in a Sunday paper," printed both sets of verses, the *Morning Post*, with an ugly hint that "the noble Lord gives us verses, when he dare not give us circumstances," restricted itself to *Fare Thee Well*, while the *Times*, in a leading paragraph, feigned to regard "the two extraordinary copies of verses . . . the whining stanzas of *Fare Thee Well*, and the low malignity and miserable doggerel of the companion *Sketch*, as "an injurious fabrication." On Thursday, the 18th, the *Courier*, though declining to insert *A Sketch*, deals temperately and sympathetically with the *Fare Thee Well*, and quotes the testimony of a "fair correspondent" (? Madame de Staël), that if "her husband had bade her such a farewell she could not have avoided running into his arms, and being reconciled immediately—'Je n'aurais pu m'y tenir un instant'," and on the same day the *Times*, having learnt to its "extreme astonishment and regret," that both poems were indeed Lord Byron's, maintained that the noble author had "degraded literature, and abused the privileges of rank, by converting them into weapons of vengeance against an inferior and a female." On Friday, the 19th, the *Star* printed both poems, and the *Morning Post* inserted a criticism, which had already appeared in the *Courier* of the preceding day. On Saturday, the 20th, the *Courier* found itself compelled, in the interests of its readers, to print both poems. On Sunday, the 21st, the octave of the original issue, the *Examiner* devoted a long article to an apology for Byron, and a fierce rejoinder to the *Champion*, and on the same day the *Independent*

*Whig* and the *Sunday News* which favoured the 'opposition,' printed both poems with prefatory notices more or less favourable to the writer whereas the Tory *Antigallican Monitor*, which also printed both poems, added the significant remark that 'if everything said of Lord Byron be true it would appear that the Whigs were not altogether so immaculate as they themselves would wish the world to suppose'

The testimony of the press is instructive from two points of view. In the first place it tends to show that the controversy was conducted on party lines and secondly that the editor of the *Champion* was in some degree responsible for the wide diffusion and lasting publicity of the scandal. The separation of Lord and Lady Byron must in any case have been more than a nine days wonder but if the circulation of the 'pamphlet' had been strictly confined to the 'initiated,' the excitement and interest of the general public would have smouldered and died out for lack of material.

In his second letter on Bowles dated March 25, 1811 (*Observations upon Observations* Life 189 p 702) Byron alludes to the publication of these poems in the *Champion*, and comments on the behaviour of the editor, who had recently (February 16, 1811) been killed in a duel. He does not minimize the wrong but he pays a fine and generous tribute to the courage and worth of his assailant. 'Poor Scott is now no more he died like a brave man and he lived an able one etc. It may be added that Byron was an anonymous subscriber to a fund raised by Sir James Mackintosh Murray, and others for "the helpless family of a man of virtue and ability" (*London Magazine* April, 1811 vol iii p 359)

For chronological reasons and in accordance with the precedent of the edition of 1837 a third poem *Stan as to Augusta* has been included in this group



# POEMS OF THE SEPARATION

## FARE THEE WELL <sup>1</sup>

Alas ! they had been friends in youth  
But whispering tongues can poison truth  
And Constancy lives in realms above  
And Life is thorny and youth is vain  
And to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain

\* \* \* \*

But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining—  
They stood aloof the scars remaining  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder  
A dreary sea now flows between  
But neither heat nor frost nor thunder  
Shall wholly do away I ween  
The marks of that which once hath been

COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*

FARE thee well ! and if for ever  
Still for ever fare *thee well*  
Even though unforgiving never  
Gainst thee shall my heart rebel

1 The motto was prefixed in *Poems* 1816

1 [ He there (Byron in his *Memoranda*) described and in a manner whose sincerity there was no doubting the swell of tender recollections under the influence of which as he sat one night musing in the study these stanzas were produced—the tears as he said falling fast over the paper as he wrote them —*Life* p 30

It must have been a fair and *complete* copy that Moore saw (see *Life* p 302 note 3) There are no tear marks on this (the first draft sold at Sotheby's April 11 1885) draft which must be the

Would that breast were bared before thee<sup>1</sup>  
 Where thy head so oft hath lain,  
 While that placid sleep came o'er thee<sup>11</sup>  
 Which thou ne'er canst know again :  
 Would that breast, by thee glanced over,  
 Every inmost thought could show<sup>1</sup>  
 Then thou would'st at last discover  
 'Twas not well to spurn it so.  
 Though the world for this commend thee<sup>1</sup>  
 Though it smile upon the blow,  
 Even its praises must offend thee,  
 Founded on another's woe.  
 'Though my many faults defaced me,  
 Could no other arm be found,  
 Than the one which once embraced me,  
 To inflict a cureless wound ?  
 Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not  
 Love may sink by slow decay,  
 But by sudden wrench, believe not  
 Hearts can thus be torn away .

<sup>1</sup> *Thou my breast laid bare before thee* —[MS erased]

<sup>11</sup> *Not a thought is pondering on thee* —[MS erased]

first, for it is incomplete, and every line (almost) tortured with alterations

"Fare Thee Well" was printed in Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*, April 21, 1816, at the end of an article (by L. H.) entitled "Distressing Circumstances in High Life" The text there has two readings different from that of the pamphlet, viz —

*Examiner* "Than the soft one which embraced me"

*Pamphlet* "Than the one which once embraced me."

*Examiner* "Yet the thoughts we cannot bridle"

*Pamphlet* "But," etc

—MS *Notes taken by the late J. Dykes Campbell at Sotheby's, April 18, 1890, and re-transcribed for Mr Murray, June 15, 1894*

A final proof, dated April 7, 1816, was endorsed by Murray, "Correct 50 copies as early as you can to-morrow"

<sup>1</sup> [Lines 13-20 do not appear in an early copy dated March 18, 1816 They were added on the margin of a proof dated April 4, 1816]

Still thine own its life retaineth—  
 Still must mine though bleeding beat <sup>1</sup>  
 And the undying thought which paineth  
 Is—that we no more may meet  
 These are words of deeper sorrow <sup>1</sup>  
 Than the wail above the dead,  
 Both shall live—but every morrow <sup>1</sup>  
 Wake us from a widowed bed  
 And when thou wouldst solace gather—  
 When our child's first accents flow—  
 Wilt thou teach her to say ' Father '  
 Though his care she must forego?  
 When her little hands shall press thee—  
 When her lip to thine is pressed—  
 Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—  
 Think of him thy love *had* blessed <sup>1</sup>  
 Should her lineaments resemble  
 Those thou never more mayst see  
 Then thy heart will softly tremble  
 With a pulse yet true to me  
 All my faults perchance thou knowest—  
 All my madness—none can know <sup>1</sup>  
 All my hopes—where'er thou goest—  
 Wither—yet with *thee* they go  
 Every feeling hath been shaken,  
 Pride—which not a world could bow—  
 Bows to thee—by thee forsaken  
 Even my soul forsakes me now

- <sup>1</sup> Net result of many alterations  
<sup>11</sup> *And the lasting thought* — —[*MS* erased]  
<sup>111</sup> — — *of deadlier sorrow* —[*MS* erased]  
<sup>111</sup> *Every future night as d morrow* —[*MS* erased]  
<sup>v</sup> *Still thy heart* — —[*MS* erased]  
<sup>vi</sup> *All my follies* — —[*MS* erased]  
<sup>vii</sup> — — *which not the world could bow* —[*MS*]  
<sup>viii</sup> *Falls at once* — —[*MS* erased]



But 'tis done all words are idle  
 Words from me are vainer still ,'  
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle  
 Force their way without the will  
 Fare thee well ! thus disunited "  
 Torn from every nearer tie  
 Seared in heart and lone and blighted  
 More than this I scarce can die.

[First draft, *March* 18, 1816  
 First printed as published, April 4, 1816.]

### A SKETCH.<sup>1</sup>

"Honest—honest Iago !  
 If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee "  
 SHAKESPEARE

BORN in the garret, in the kitchen bred,  
 Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head ,"  
 Next for some gracious service unexpressed,  
 And from its wages only to be guessed

- <sup>1</sup> *Tears and sighs are idler still* —[MS erased]  
<sup>11</sup> *Fare thee well—thus lone and blighted* —[MS erased]  
<sup>111</sup> *A Sketch from Life* —[MS M]  
<sup>111</sup> *Promoted thence to comb* —[MS M erased]

<sup>1</sup> ["I send you my last night's dream, and request to have 50 copies (for private distribution) struck off I wish Mr Gifford to look at them, they are from life"—Letter to Murray, March 30, 1816]

"The original MS of Lord Byron's Satire, 'A Sketch from Private Life,' written by his Lordship, 30th March, 1816 Given by his Lordship to me on going abroad after his separation from Lady Byron, John Hanson To be carefully preserved" (This MS omits lines 19-20, 35-36, 55-56, 65-70, 77-78, 85-92)

A copy entitled, "A sketch from private Life," dated March 30, 1816, is in Mrs Leigh's handwriting The corrections and additions are in Byron's handwriting

A proof dated April 2, 1816, is endorsed by Murray, "Correct with most particular care and print off 50 copies, and keep standing"]

Raised from the toilet to the table,—where  
 Her wondering betters wait behind her chair  
 With eye unmoved and forehead unabashed  
 She dines from off the plate she lately washed  
 Quick with the tale and ready with the lie,  
 The genial confidante, and general spy— 10  
 Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess—  
 An only infant's earliest governess <sup>1</sup>  
 She taught the child to read, and taught so well,  
 That she herself, by teaching learned to spell  
 An adept next in penmanship she grows  
 As many a nameless slander deftly shows  
 What she had made the pupil of her art,  
 None know—but that high Soul secured the heart  
 And panted for the truth it could not hear  
 With longing breast and undeluded ear 20  
 Foiled was perversion by that youthful mind <sup>1</sup>  
 Which Flattery fooled not Baseness could not blind  
 Deceit infect not near Contagion soil  
 Indulgence weaken nor Example spoil  
 Nor mastered Science tempt her to look down  
 On humbler talents with a pitying frown  
 Nor Genius swell, nor Beauty render vain  
 Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain  
 Nor Fortune change, Pride raise nor Passion bow  
 Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now 30  
 Serenely purest of her sex that live <sup>1</sup>

1 — early governess —[MS M]

12. — but that pure spirit saved her heart —[MS M erased]

111 Vain was each effort — —[MS M]

17 Much Learning madden—when with scarce a peer  
 She soared through science with a bright career—  
 Nor talents swell — —[MS M]

v — big try provoke —[MS M erased]

v1 Serenely purest of the things that live —[MS M]

But wanting one sweet weakness to forgive,  
 Too shocked at faults her soul can never know,  
 She deems that all could be like her below  
 Foe to all vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,  
 For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme, now laid aside too long,  
 The baleful burthen of this honest song,<sup>i</sup>  
 Though all her former functions are no more,  
 She rules the circle which she served before 40  
 If mothers none know why before her quake,  
 If daughters dread her for the mothers' sake,  
 If early habits—those false links, which bind  
 At times the loftiest to the meanest mind " "  
 Have given her power too deeply to instil  
 The angry essence of her deadly will, " "  
 If like a snake she steal within your walls,  
 Till the black slime betray her as she crawls,  
 If like a viper to the heart she wind,  
 And leave the venom there she did not find, 50  
 What marvel that this hag of hatred works " "  
 Eternal evil latent as she lurks,  
 To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,  
 And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?  
 Skilled by a touch to deepen Scandal's tints  
 With all the kind mendacity of hints,  
 While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers with smiles -  
 A thread of candour with a web of wiles ;'

<sup>i</sup> *The trusty burthen of my honest song* —[MS M]

<sup>ii</sup> *At times the highest* .—[MS M]

<sup>iii</sup> *of her evil will* —[MS. M]

<sup>iv</sup> *What marvel that this mistress demon works*  
*Eternal evil* { *wheresoe'er she lurks* —[MS M]  
*when she latent works* —[Copy]

<sup>v</sup> *A gloss of candour of a web of wiles* —[MS M]

A plain blunt show of briefly spoken seeming,  
 To hide her bloodless heart's soul hardened scheming, 60  
 A lip of lies, a face formed to conceal  
 And without feeling mock at all who feel  
 With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown —  
 A cheek of parchment, and an eye of stone  
 Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood  
 Ooze to her skin and stagnate there to mud  
 Cased like the centipede in saffron mail  
 Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—  
 (For drawn from reptiles only may we trace  
 Congenial colours in that soul or face)— 70  
 Look on her features<sup>1</sup> and behold her mind  
 As in a mirror of itself defined  
 Look on the picture<sup>1</sup> deem it not overcharged—  
 There is no trait which might not be enlarged  
 Yet true to 'Nature's journeymen'<sup>2</sup> who made  
 This monster when their mistress left off trade—  
 This female dog star of her little sky,  
 Where all beneath her influence droop or die<sup>3</sup>

Oh<sup>4</sup> wretch without a tear—without a thought  
 Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought— 80  
 The time shall come nor long remote, when thou  
 Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now,  
 Feel for thy vile self loving self in vain  
 And turn thee howling in unpitied pain  
 May the strong curse of crushed affections light

1 Lines 65-68 were added April 1816

11 The parenthesis was added April 1816

111 *Look on her body* — — [MS M]

114 *Where all that gaze upon her droop or die* —

[MS altered April 2 1816]

1 [See *Hamlet* act III sc. 2 line 31]

2 [Lines 85-91 were added April 2 1816 on a page endorsed  
Quick—quick—quick—quick]

Back on thy bosom with reflected blight<sup>1</sup>  
 And make thee in thy leprosy of mind  
 As loathsome to thyself as to mankind<sup>1</sup>  
 Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,  
 Black as thy will for others would create. 90  
 Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,  
 And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.  
 Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,  
 The widowed couch of fire, that thou hast spread<sup>1</sup>  
 Then, when thou fain wouldst weary Heaven with prayer,  
 Look on thine earthly victims and despair<sup>1</sup>  
 Down to the dust<sup>1</sup> and, as thou rott'st away,  
 Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.<sup>1</sup>  
 But for the love I bore, and still must bear,  
 To her thy malice from all ties would tear 100  
 Thy name thy human name to every eye  
 The climax of all scorn should hang on high,  
 Exalted o'er thy less abhorred compeers—  
 And festering<sup>1</sup> in the infamy of years<sup>1</sup>

[First draft, *March* 29, 1816

First printed as published, April 4, 1816 ]

## STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.<sup>2</sup>

WHEN all around grew drear and dark,<sup>iii</sup>  
 And reason half withheld her ray

i *in thy poisoned clay* —[MS *M* erased ]

ii *And weltering in the infamy of years* —[MS *M* ]

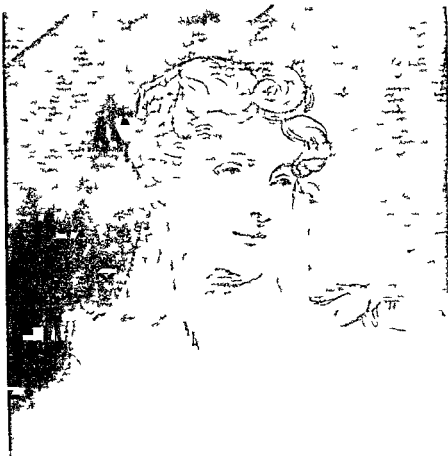
iii *grew waste and dark* —[MS *M* ]

i [“I doubt about ‘weltering’ but the dictionary should decide—look at it We say ‘weltering in blood’—but do they not also use ‘weltering in the wind’ ‘weltering on a gibbet’?—there is no dictionary, so look or ask In the meantime, I have put ‘fester-ing,’ which perhaps in any case is the best word of the two —P S Be quick Shakespeare has it often and I do not think it too strong for the figure in this thing”—Letter to Murray, April 2 ]

2 [His sister, the Honourable Mrs Leigh —These stanzas—the







Wm. A. Fisher

The Hon. Augusta Light  
from Dec 1871 to 1874 H. J.





And Hope but shed a dying spark  
 Which more misled my lonely way,  
 In that deep midnight of the mind,  
 And that internal strife of heart,  
 When dreading to be deemed too kind,  
 The weak despair—the cold depart  
 When Fortune changed—and Love fled far,<sup>i</sup>  
 And Hatred's shafts flew thick and fast  
 Thou wert the solitary star<sup>ii</sup>  
 Which rose and set not to the last<sup>iii</sup>  
 Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!  
 That watched me as a Seraph's eye  
 And stood between me and the night  
 For ever shining sweetly nigh  
 And when the cloud upon us came<sup>iv</sup>  
 Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—  
 Then purer spread its gentle flame<sup>v</sup>  
 And dashed the darkness all away  
 Still may thy Spirit dwell on mine<sup>vi</sup>  
 And teach it what to brave or brook—

i *If my Friend did part with —* —[MS. V.]

ii *Thou wast the solitary star* —[MS. V.]

iii *Which rose and set not to the last* —[MS. V.]

iv *And when the cloud that on us came* —[MS. V.]

*And when the cloud upon me came* —[Copy C. H.]

v *Which would have closed on that last ray* —[MS. V.]

vi *Then still stood the gentle Flame* —[MS. V.]

vii *Still may thy Spirit sit on mine* —[MS. V.]

parting tribute to her whose tenderness had been his sole consolation in the crisis of domestic misery—were we believe the last verses written by Lord Byron in England. In a note to Mr Rogers, dated April 16 [1816] he says "My sister is now with me and leaves town to-morrow we shall not meet again for some time at all events—*ever* and under these circumstances I trust to stand excused to you and Mr Sheridan for being unable to wait upon him this evening —Note to Edition of 183 x 193

A fair copy broken up into stanzas is endorsed by Murray Given to me (and I believe composed by L<sup>d</sup> B.) Friday April 1 1816 ]

There's more in one soft word of thine  
 Than in the world's defied rebuke.  
 Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,<sup>1</sup>  
 That still unbroke, though gently bent,  
 Still waves with fond fidelity  
 Its boughs above a monument.  
 The winds might rend the skies might pour,  
 But there thou wert and still wouldst be  
 Devoted in the stormiest hour  
 To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.  
 But thou and thine shall know no blight.  
 Whatever fate on me may fall,  
 For Heaven in sunshine will requite  
 The kind and thee the most of all.  
 Then let the ties of baffled love  
 Be broken thine will never break,  
 Thy heart can feel but will not move,  
 Thy soul, though soft, will never shake  
 And these, when all was lost beside,  
 Were found and still are fixed in thee;  
 And bearing still a breast so tried,  
 Earth is no desert—ev'n to me.

[First published, *Poems*, 1816]

1 *And thou wast as a lovely Tree  
 Whose branch unbroke but gently bent  
 Still waved with fond Fidelity* —[Copy C H]

END OF VOL III

